

Woburn



Journal

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WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1879.

NO. 14.

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Poetical Selection.

IS HEAVEN SO VERY FAR AWAY?

For hours along the crowded street,
With sinless steps I've trod,
Without a home or hope in life,
With scarce a hope in God.
This cruel night is fitting close
To such a crushing day;
The earth is, Oh! so dreary cold!
And Heaven so far away.

The friendless rouse no anxious thoughts,
The busy through sweeps on;
I've strayed beyond the city lights,
The twilight's gray has gone;
My useless arms have failed to win
A crust, a place to stay;
Earth has no work, no room for me,
And Heaven is so far away.

O, great, wide world! O, frowning sky!
So cheerless and so vast,
I dare your keen and cutting steel,
Your piercing, bitter blast;
Rage, howl and lash this living spark
From out the tortured clay,
That feels existence dark, all dark,
And Heaven so far away.

How dark and black beside my feet
The sluggish river rolls;
It beckons as a demon might,
To lure unhappy souls,
Its slimy voice is whispering,
Here, rest in peace for aye.
O, God, the river is so near,
And Heaven so far away.

—Herald.

Sermon.

FAREWELL SERVICES.

Last Sunday evening, the Unitarian church was filled to its utmost capacity, every seat being occupied, and large numbers standing in the aisles and doorways. The occasion was the farewell service of the pastor, Rev. W. S. Barnes, who closes a pastorate of ten years. The services opened with a voluntary on the organ, followed with an anthem, "Abide with me;" prayer by the pastor; solo: "Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patiently on Him;" reading of Scripture, 2 Peter 2:1; hymn, "Thou art the way." The sermon was a carefully prepared discourse, and its delivery was marked with deep feeling. We append a full report:—

John 15: 7. It is expedient for you that I go away.

The fourth Gospel is finely called the "Heart of Christ," and so truly, that the question of its authenticity has been considered of most vital importance. Skeptical criticism, however, has yielded more and more in favor of its early writing until it is fair to say that external evidences now leave hardly any room for serious misgiving that the author of this greatest of books was the Apostle John. While more decisive still, the answering consciousness of the Christian reader assures him beyond a doubt that this mystical and supremely holy exposure of the lovely compassions of the Son of God, could have come from no other than the disciple who leaned on Jesus' bosom, and best knew his Master's feelings.

I do not know how to speak of the Savior's parting words. They cannot be truly read without emotion. Jesus' whole life was a very passion of sacrifice; yet, as the perils of that "doleful night" crowded upon him, his loving solicitude for his little flock grew deeper, and he uttered himself in words that only a Christ could speak, or a beloved disciple could so adequately record. As it is said sometimes of the character of Jesus, so it may be said of these transcendent chapters—from the first word of infinite pleading, "Let not your heart be troubled," to the majestic prayer that all might be one in the grand will of our Father—this valedictory of the departing Master is its own supreme witness.

To it we turn first in our great needs. Its sayings fall comfortingly upon mourning hearts, as we read them by the dead. Whatever the phase of our varying troubled moods, these rare words give us back our feeling with an added peace, "not as this world giveth." O promised Comforter, and peace of Christ! Sweet will of God—in all our care, though it be of the saddest of all partings of the ways, we come to Thee!

"Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom Thou hast given me, that they may be one!"

My dear friends—my people no more—may I dare, with humbled feeling, to speak in this way of you and me? With the long-mingled and love-knotted strand fast ravelling, and ties which once seemed life-lasting, yielding to the strain of God's better providence, what more, my what less can I do, than seek for comforting parallels, and so for help in the manifoldness of our Master's typical life? Shall not "the King of his brothers" show us through the fellowship of his sufferings, how to bear our cross?

For long a student of the life of Jesus, its majesty and loveliness growing upon me as I have pressed through book and creed to "behold the man," I must assure you that it is in the deep-answering-deep of obedient suffering that I have best learned that in Him is life.

The simple-hearted shepherd of a lovely story, used to fancy that Jesus walked invisible over the hills and pastures, and that when the sheep lifted their heads to look far off, it was because the Good Shepherd had put his hand upon them, and told them not to mind being killed, for he was killed once, and it was all right; and so, as I have felt the mysterious providence forming, till I have foreseen in the parting, He who goes invisible, has seemed to come nearer, and, as one has said, I have understood as never before "how it was with him when he taught the men and women of Palestine to have faith in God." And I have prayed for you that your faith fail not; and I have tried to

tell you the desire with which I have desired that when I am gone you may love one another, and that you may show your love by keeping the commandments of Him whom I have sought to have you honor, even as you honor the Father who sent him.

In a spirit the farthest removed from self-justification, I take you to his life, his words, his passion, for the grand analogies of our lesser griefs. I would like to have my last service lead you to see the Christ himself, in the greatness of his consecration and death-bringing obedience. If you may come to understand our pastoral dissolution better by the strong lessons of his parting, you may be able—and this is more my desire—from the sorrow of our parting, to rise a little nearer to the knowledge of Him who is the way to that beautiful death of self that we believe in, in the all-perfect will of God.

It was hard for the disciples to understand how it could be expedient for them that Jesus should go away. Yet he said it was, and he told them further, that in no other way could he be to them and do for them all that he desired. They reasoned among themselves as to what he could have meant by his mystic saying: "What is this that he saith unto us, a little while and ye shall not see me; and again, a little while and ye shall see me? We cannot tell what he saith." They did not then perceive that his bodily presence among them might not only not be the best sense in which he could be among them, but that it might even stand in the way of that best sense. They could not then see how the going away might be really a coming nearer; how in the realm of the spirit the near and the far are unlike our mechanics; how going up higher might mean going in farther through the ascending heavens of the interior life, until the one whom they thought of as an associate, a local presence, ceasing to be seen, becomes an enthroned ideal, whom one need not go to Bethlehem or Genesaret to see, because "life of our life, he lives to-day."

But did they not understand him, though, at the Pentecost, when with fire-thrilled hearts they broke out in marvellous strains, and thence went forth by the power of the indwelling Christ to turn the world upside down? How else did Peter, who could so little bear to see his Master carried away to death, that he showed himself most unlike his Master by drawing a sword, grow so wise as to write in this radiant fashion: "We have a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts!"

Sometimes you have wished that you could see Christ. How many have attempted to idealize his face! An artist conjecturing where a lost portrait of Dante might be concealed, scraped through the discoloration of many years, and was rewarded by reproducing the pathetic face of the Tuscan poet. And we think that if we could work our way back through encrusting tradition and accretions of the ages, till Christ should live again, and we could kiss the feet "which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed for our advantage to the cross," we would go over seas and continents to be the slaves of such a man! But should we love him as well? Could we know him as well? Would it satisfy us to be told that Jesus were actually living to-day in Galilee? Men worship the tombs of historic saints; but how much more impressive it is to think of Moses' mysterious death, and his burial which was only known to God! If Jesus were now on earth, but a few could see him, and these would want to build tabernacles on the hill, instead of going down to cast out devils; while what multitudes more would think enviously of that remote Holy Land and its living gem, and mourn that they could not go to it, that Jesus' hand might be placed on their head!

Surely it is well for us that he went away from one place, that he might be in all places. The humblest peasant on Lebanon, and your troubled spirit in America, may feel his presence as Livingstone did in the very heart of Africa when alone he "went into his little hut and communed with Him who hears the sighing of the soul."

Yes it was true, and the disciples who thought themselves forsaken when Jesus died, came to see how grandly true it was, that it was best for them that he should go. He went away that he might come nearer to them, in innermost spheres of their spiritual life. He could not otherwise have come to them in this better way.

Their subsequent lives; the rapid and conquering growth of true Christianity; ten thousand times ten thousand of martyrs; and the forming kingdom of God which all truest souls are seeking—these prove the coming, so much, as it is his evermore becoming in the lives of those who keep his sayings.

A measurable illustration of my meaning may be found in the fine sense in which those who are dead, yet speak. Dear as they were when among us, they are more to us now. We saw their weakness then; we remember only their goodness now. They had a local habitation then; they are with us everywhere, now. In what a stupendous sense may it not be said that our friends are taken from us sometimes, that they may be given back to us in the wealth of a blessed memory; and—may it not be so—of spiritual nearness and help!

So when Jesus died, the disciples had no weakness indeed, to forget, but surely his matchless goodness was more emphatic than before. They became apostles, then, with their new enthroned, heart-filling and unseen Christ, to constrain their service, as he could not in the days of his flesh. In the mystic saying of Jesus, there is suggested this very distinction. "A little while, and ye shall not see me;" the verb meaning a physical act; "and again, a little while, and ye shall

see me"—a different verb of sight, and used more of mental perceptions or as we should say, of insight. In this delicate way, he told them that they should perceive him better if they were to see him no more; he should become a greater power in their lives, if he ceased to be an object before their eyes.

And now, my friends, is it wrong in me, to express the parting hope that in some small way, something like this remembrance may linger with the people to whom I have given the ten best years of my life? Surely I cannot close such years as these have been to me, in full view of all your faithfulness, and of what you yourselves know has been unstinted service, without desiring that the trailing influence of these years may make for truth and purity among you. Only so far as I may have followed the Master, I would have you remember me. You may not retain many of my teachings, but the spirit of my word and work, such as they may have been, you will remember, will you not, and may I without rashness hope that in such a remembrance I may still, if in no other ways, be your servant in the ministry?

When you forget all that was purely human—your late pastor's mistakes and imperfections, remember that with the consecration of the best he had, he endeavored to lead you into the perfect life. Remember that he sought above all things to have you Christian. If he tried to bring every thought of your heart into captivity to the obedience of Christ, it is because he believes that Christ has the secret of life, and that if any man will keep his words, he too shall live. Truth is of more importance than the voice which conveys it, and I am more than willing that the voice shall be still, if the truth shall sink more deeply into your hearts. Much as I love to preach, and especially to you whose spiritual needs I have learned to know so well, I am glad to go away, if I may believe that you will treasure what has been the more affectionately, that you will see my face no more.

And yet I will not conceal that it has been a sore trial to me to approach this parting. I have wished that it might be otherwise, but surely you would not wish me, nor could I consent ever, to preach what was not my inmost faith, and that too, in ways which seem to me wise. I have endeavored from the beginning to be an honest speaker, and have followed conscientiously, the light I saw. From the beginning I have tried to do an unsectarian and Christian work. My very first text in this pulpit, was "Have faith in God." You know how this has been the burden of my ministry, and that I have preached Christ to you because I believe that the way to highest faith in God is in obedience to the Son who hath declared Him.

In my first sermon as your Pastor, I told you that "the preacher should be recognized as a fellow inquirer with his people," and that "one of the worst conditions is to occupy a pulpit solely in the interests of a sect." I told you also that the preacher of a liberal faith comes "to preach Christianity and develop broad and Christly religious lives;" and that I rejoiced to feel that in your judgment "preacher and hearer will be glad to recognize themselves as learners in the school of Christ." In that first sermon, I said, "I call no one Master but Christ; Him do I love and honor. I am the champion of no creed, but of the rational truth contained in his dear words. Not to build up a party, but to help you in building up your life, I am here." So I talked to you ten years ago—and so I speak to you to-day—with deeper feeling indeed and added wisdom, for I am older than I was then, and I have seen labor and sorrow.

It is said of Clarkson that he once as a competitor for a prize, wrote an essay on African slavery. Afterwards he grew to realize the stern fact of slavery, and with the earnestness of conviction he resolved that "if the contents of this essay were true, it was time that some person should see these calamities to their end." A growing sentiment of a like nature has given increasing realism to my preaching, and I have tried to make you feel that God and Christ and eternal life were the realities which I believe, in the heart of me, that they surely are.

Ten years make a large deposit of experience in the life of one whose business is study and pastoral ministrations. Truths will be themselves more deeply in his faith as he tests their working value. Now light will break out of God's word as day after day he handles its treasures; and if he is a truth-loving disciple of Christ, it cannot be that the lovely humanity of his Master will yield him more and more of the knowledge that is promised to those who keep his words. With whatever embellishments of knowledge and artistic help I have been able to employ, I have sought above all things to have you seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. I knew that God cared "more for our goodness than for our comfort," and I was sure that all seekers-of-God before me would bless the candid preaching which opened to them the better life, and exposed the unrighteousness that lies in its way. I have felt that the Christian preacher is a prophet. Hence nothing can better define my mental habit as Sunday after Sunday I have appeared before you, than the prayer of Paul: "O merciful and eternal God! if it be Thy will, give me so to speak that Thy divine name may be praised and honored, and these men benefited thereby."

In my addresses to you, like the Ancient Mariner who held the wedding guest in his firm hand until he had told him all his story, so I have repeatedly tried to hold you in the focus of my passion until I could pour into your ears the story of the blessed life; and because the teachings of Jesus are the principles of highest life, the very elements of true godliness, I have tried as faithfully

as I could, to lay his commandments by the side of our living until we should feel our poverty and be inspired with a wholesome wish to be filled with the fullness of God. This has been solemn business with me, for I have too clear a desire to serve my God, to dare or to wish to evade the duty of shattering any comfort of my neighbor which prevents him from being good.

I have not time in this brief hour to speak of our manifold parish work. With ample resources you have organized well around my wishes. Your social activities have increased from year to year. Your Sunday School has done a noble part. The societies of young men and women have been diligent helpers. The Ladies' Charitable Society has been my steady and invaluable reliance. Whatever has been found useful we have tried among the methods of our pleasant parish home.

In the more strictly religious work I have had great encouragement. The growth of some of you has been to me a matter of delight and gratitude. I shall carry with me the belief that not a few of you have learned the preciousness of the eternal life. I have never known men and women of more virtuous characters and better faith than members of this church whom I could name. Much that is said in regard to the influence of this pastorate, I must dismiss as the loving partiality of friends; yet I have evidence numerous and to me of priceless value that we have not worked in vain to deepen the religious life of our people, especially in our beloved Friday evening service—a service that particularly for the last two years, has been like the open door to heaven to many of us.

If now, some of these agencies pass out of your sight, dear brothers and sisters, I believe that in no better way could they melt into your lives and abide with you forever.

There is another phase of our mutual relations that can hardly be spoken of for tenderness. What shall I say of the intimacies of sorrow; the pastoral confidences; the times when you have appealed to me with your troubles, living and dead; when I have carried your griefs in the ministry of exhausting compassion? I call you to witness that I have been ready to your appeals. To my best I have helped the poor, advised the bewildered, ministered to the sick, and comforted the mourners. Forgive me, dear friends, that I speak so frankly, for it is a solemn hour for you and me, and I feel humble enough, God knows.

In the ten years there has not been a time without demands of sickness in so large a parish as this. Moreover, the mortality among you has been exceptionally great. There is hardly a family in the society with a circumstance of sorrow. It has often seemed to me as though I had been sent among you to bury your dead. How they come back to me in thronging presence, as I look over the record we have made! Will you permit me to utter some of the names of our parish dead? There was my friend Benjamin Osgood, who was one of the first to die, and Conductor Gould, and Father Stoddard, and John W. Day. Nor shall I forget that good man, Albert Thompson, of North Woburn, or his splendid son Warren. Abraham Woods still will be dear to me, and Toppan Robie, my ready helper in your choir. How gladly I could linger upon the names of Frank Flanders, of Charles Carter of North Woburn, and Charles Bond and his excellent wife—they are all honored names. Then too, my kind friends and parishioners, Charles Lund and Horace W. Davis, faithful old William Walker, and Josiah Leathe. And the Winns, also, my friends of precious memory—what might I not say from my full heart of these sterling men—Timothy and Frank and Charles and George, and his pastor's first and lasting friend in Woburn, Jonathan Bowers Winn.

And how many useful women have passed away since my ministry began! I dare not dwell upon their names, though each one suggests some valued trait. I shall remember gratefully, Mrs. Reynolds, of North Woburn, and Mrs. Murdock, Mrs. Crane and Mrs. Thompson. Mrs. Weymouth also, Miss Ruth Parker, Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. Champney, Mrs. Flanders and Mrs. Ames. And not unfrequently shall I recall those other noble and devoted women of our church, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Lyman, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Smith. How can I fittingly speak of such as these!

And from among the young people, I need but name John and Horatio Weymouth, and Abbie Converse, Addie Emery, Lotie Grammer, and Belle Kendall, Carrie Walker, and Ella Dunbar, and Cora Jenkins. These names are not all, but perhaps they are the best known of our dead. What a suggestion of sorrowful, crippling loss to families and parish is the very reading of such a catalogue of death! Moreover, how much it will mean to some of you, when I say that to scores of families, also, I have been called to bury their lost little ones; and that in hundreds of instances again, I have come to your sick-rooms and commended you to God that he would let you live, or give you grace to die!

I recall these things, for they are very precious to me. Surely here strong ties have been formed. Those to whom I have tried to render these offices of consolation will not easily forget the holy bonds. Expedient as it may be for you that I go away, I dare to think that I shall seem to come again in the reflected light of these remembered scenes.

But I have been permitted to serve you in happy ways. Your children have grown to youth. I have married your sons and daughters. I have christened your babes. You have opened to me the beautiful free-

dom of your homes and have given me repeated and valuable tokens of your love. You have been a kind and helpful people. Your business dealings with me have always been honorable. You have made me a thousand times your debtor. Would that I could be a thousand times your servant!

Let me not even seem to forget the dear people of this society who by age or constant infirmities are seldom or never with us. What delightful old people you have, and what a benediction it has been to me to go to their homes and hear their words of interest in this church, their reminiscences of its past and the assurance of their presence in spirit while we hold our meetings—especially when we come to the table of our Lord.

And if these, God's waiting people, are your treasures, you are also rich in lovely and promising youth. Blessings be upon you, dear young people, for you have been a comfort to me! I am startled when I think that many of you, grown up from childhood since I came, can remember no other pastor. I hope that my teaching and acquaintance have been serviceable to you, and that when you pass out into the storm and stress of your future, I may be permitted to come to you in some strengthening remembrance of your early pastor and friend.

I cannot close without a brief utterance of my gratitude to the people of Woburn for their respect and cordial farewells. For the universal courtesy, the far more than merited goodwill which the churches and all societies, and almost all citizens have given me, and especially for the flattering evidences that come to me continually that I leave behind me in Woburn, a multitude of kind friends, I can only say these too brief thanks.

And now—my dear friends—farewell. No pastor could love his people more than I have loved you. I have carried more care for you than pastors usually assume. The parish will never know all. I thought that we were married, but it is the will of God that we part—and God's will is always right—nobly, beautifully right. For myself I have small care, for God knows that future which I do not know, and why then should I wish to know? That will come which God pleases, and what God pleases is good. I am learning more and more that a faith is good for little if it is not good for everything, and that if God is to be believed at all, he should be believed utterly, and so into His hands I commit my life.

And you, dear friends, you also, I commit to Him. Justify my teaching, I pray you, now, by your grand faith in God and your obedience to the Son who reveals Him, and all these things shall be for your good. And when he comes—as I hope he will speedily—receive your new minister as God's servant. Give him the encouragement which you have given to me. Open your homes to him as you have done to me. Let him work in his way, as you have let me work in mine—and may God grant that he may do far more work and better work, and win more love, and make your cause more honored in Woburn, than I have done!

Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

At the close of the sermon the choir sang, "Bow down thine ear, O Lord." The congregation joined with the choir in singing the hymn "In the cross of Christ I glory," and the services closed with the benediction.

THE HUMAN WILL.—One's life is, after all, given somewhat into one's own hand. If you say, "I will not," to any destiny that seems to shape itself for you, the seeming destiny is apt to undergo a decided change. There is a great deal in will. It is the men who say "I will not be poor," who become rich; the men who think "whatever is in me shall come out," who become known to the world; the men who resolve "I will be upright," who are never overcome by the temptations of vice. Historians have written of soldiers that "did not know when they were beaten," but these were the men who in the end, knew they were victorious; and in the battle of life, not to know when one is beaten is a great thing. Disagreeable people are usually so because they make no effort to be otherwise. A man may compel himself to be interesting by fighting with an unsocial disposition. It is only the woman who declares herself homely, and makes no effort to dress becomingly, who are ever really so to others.

Prince Bismarck tells this old story of redemption in Russia:—"One day I was walking with the Emperor of Russia in a Summer Garden of St. Petersburg, when, coming upon a sentinel in the center of a lawn, I took the liberty of inquiring why the man was placed there. The adjutant was then dispatched to ask the officer of the watch, whose reply tallied with the sentinel's—'Ordered.' Curiosity awakened, military records were searched without yielding any satisfactory solution. At last an old serving man was rooted out, who remembered hearing his father relate that the Empress Catherine II, one hundred years ago, had found a snowdrop on that particular spot, and given orders to protect it from being plucked. No other device could be thought of than guarding it with a sentinel. The order once issued was left in force for a century."

The Wheeling Leader is respectfully informed that we have discovered a man who is "more lonesome than an umbrella stand on a rainy day." He is the economical merchant who sits in his store waiting for customers. He hires no help and never advertises. He is the most perfect personification of solitary loneliness to be conceived, vacant umbrella stands not excepted.

Journal Club Column

As the Board of Aldermen were inspecting the Brook Street District, on Wednesday last, the hack containing His Honor the Mayor and two Aldermen drove up to one of the deserted houses in the district, and the occupants alighted in front of a house, upon which was painted "Imported Liquors, Ales, &c., for sale within," when the Mayor exclaimed, "Halloa, this place closed?" "Yes," said the son of Erin driving the hack, touching his hat, "but I can take your honors to a place around the corner where they sell it on the sly."—*Providence Journal.*

Jonnie June thinks girls should be taught to help themselves. Bless your soul, Jonnie, they do. We sat opposite to a delicate, blue-eyed, spirituelle creature of sixteen, at the boarding-house table, and saw her help herself to a plate of soup, a sirloin steak, a chicken's wing and drumstick, two baked potatoes, three plates of corn, two pickles, four hot rolls, a dish of macaroni, a quarter of a mince pie, a wedge of apple-pudding with wine sauce, and two dishes of vanilla ice cream. They do help themselves.

A member of the senior class read a sermon before the professor of rhetoric. When it came to a brother distinguished for his sensational style of writing to criticize, he took exception to one sentence—"I find no fault with the sentiment, but it strikes me as he has been more forcibly expressed." As he sat down, the writer rose, and quietly said: "That sentence is a quotation from the Bible." Nothing was said, but an audible smile passed around the room, in which the professor joined.

"Poor Herbert! How I wish you did not have to slave so at that horrible store from morning till night!" said his wife, with a fond caress, she seated herself on his knee, and gently stroked the auburn locks from his sloping brow. And the grave, stern man of business understood her at once, and answered, "Well, Susie, what is it—a bonnet or what? Go light on me, for money is scarcer than ever."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"See the moon," said a lady to her little nephew, a bright boy of five, as they sat looking out the window the other day. "The moon!" said the little man; "you can't see the moon in the day-time." "Yes you can," continued his aunt; "there it is over the trees." The little fellow had to admit that he saw it, but added, "Taint lighted, anyway."

Little Laura was tired and sleepy on New Year's night when she prepared for bed, and forgot to say her "Now I lay me, and in apology to her mother for the neglect, said, as she tugged away at her little stocking, "I couldn't do to heaven-to-night, mamma, anyway in the world, 'tis I'm too tired."

There was a funny incident at the Grand Opera house one night, in the last act of Jane Eyre. Lord Rochester had just told Jane that he had recovered his reason, but not his faith in God and humanity, when a man in the dress circle in front, exclaimed, "Korekt!"—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Wife: "Well, Jones, judging from your breath, I can really tell whether you have been drinking whiskey, or whether you have been swimming in it." Husband: (reproachfully), "Hannah, don't you—hitch—love me enough to gimme—hic—the benefit of the doubt?"

"Second class in grammar, stand up!" said the schoolmaster. "John is—who does John correspond with?" "I know," said the small boy at the foot of the class, holding up his hand; "if you mean John Smithers, he corresponds with my sister Susan."

"Sir," said a weary tramp, to the gentleman who stands behind the counter at the Barrett House, "Sir, I am a social conundrum." "Then," exclaimed Bell, pointing sadly toward the door, "Then never more be guessed of mine."

One of the brightest little sons residing on James street hill saw his father fixing the billiard table with a spirit level. After the old man had finished the job, he remarked: "Now, pa, see if my head's level!"—*Syracuse Standard.*

An Irishman, newly-arrived, and a member of the O'Regan family, was heard to exclaim, as the steamer Oregon was passing—"O-r-e-g-o-n! Be jabbers! I only four weeks in America, and a steamboat called by me name."

A fastidious Connecticut woman, who went to a lawyer to take steps to procure a divorce, admitted that her husband treated her well enough, but complained that he "had no style about him."

It was a citizen of Detroit that once imagined that the gas companies didn't keep track of any gas burned in the day-time. He alighted on that hallucination until the monthly bill came in.

A thing that is calculated to ruffle the calmest temper—to select with care a seat on the shady side of a street car, and then to recollect that the line turns off in an almost opposite direction.

A St. Louis lady has a husband who snores. She keeps a clothes pin under her pillow, and when his snoring awakes her, she places it gently on his nose, and then sleeps in peace.

When he commenced—"Why is a door?" She vowed she would not hear him more; "Confounders are flat." Now understand that? He smiled and said, "Why, indeed?"—*Utica Observer.*

A "bull" somewhere. A western paper says: "A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician, who had a beautiful calf four days old."

George, dear don't you think it's rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love; economical. Same piece of bread does for both."

A Western lawyer included in his bill against a client—"To waking up in the night, and thinking about your case, five dollars."

Communication.

Mr. Editor:—It is not at all surprising that my former communication should have called forth criticism. What may be considered surprising, however, is the fact that it should have been so thoroughly misunderstood by one who feels competent to sit in judgment, and condemn its statements as "crude fancies." I never advocated teaching the principles of geometry to eight-year old children; but what I do maintain is that the nomenclature and problems of the science should not be taught them: that the whole subject should be postponed until the pupil is of such age as to study it understandingly.

The authority which your correspondent so earnestly recommends to me, has by no means escaped my notice, and I cannot but justify my former communication, than by some quotations from the same article, only prefacing these quotations with the remark that it is extremely surprising to how little purpose my critic has read the book. I quote from Herbert Spencer on Intellectual Education:—

"Rule teaching is now condemned as imparting a merely empirical knowledge—as producing an appearance of understanding without the reality. To give the not prodigious inquiry, without the inquiry that leads to it, is found to be both enervating and inefficient. General truths, to be of due and permanent use, must be earned. 'Easy come, easy go,' is a saying as applicable to knowledge as to wealth. While rules, lying isolated in the mind, are better retained, other contents as outgrowths from them—are continually forgotten, the principles which those rules express piecemeal, become, when once reached by the understanding, enduring possessions. While the rule-taught youth is at sea when beyond his rules, the youth instructed in principles solves a new case as readily as an old one. Between a mind of rules and a mind of principles there exists a difference such as that between a confused heap of materials, and the same materials organized into a complete whole, with all its parts bound together. Of which types, this last has not only the advantage that its constituent parts are better retained, but the much greater advantage that it forms an efficient agent for inquiry, for independent thought, for discovery—ends for which the first is useless. Nor let it be supposed that this is a simile only; it is the literal truth. The union of facts into generalizations is the organization of knowledge, whether considered as an objective phenomenon or a subjective one; and the mental grasp may be measured by the extent to which this organization is carried."

Can anything be more direct or positive in confirmation of the views expressed in my former article? Again, from the very paragraph from which your correspondent quotes:—

"From all that has been said, it may be readily inferred that we wholly disapprove of the practice of drawing from copies, and still more so of that formal discipline in making straight lines and curved lines and compound lines, with which it is the fashion of some teachers to begin."

A sweeping condemnation of Prof. Smith's works, which I took occasion to criticize. And still further, in the very words your correspondent quotes:—

"It has been well said concerning the custom of prefacing the art of speaking any tongue by a drilling in the parts of speech, that it is about as reasonable as prefacing the art of walking by a course of lessons on the bones, muscles and nerves of the legs; and much the same thing may be said of the proposal to preface the art of representing objects by a nomenclature and a definition of the lines which they yield on analysis."

I have had the audacity to consider Prof. Smith's works on geometrical drawing as, "nomenclature and definitions of the lines which objects yield on analysis," which is a very fair statement of their nature. I have gazed upon the shield which Mr. Spencer presents to my view, and I find very few defects in its polish. Indeed, I am surprised that it should so vividly reflect the opinions I felt some hesitation in expressing four weeks ago. But the shield is safe in his hands; its polish will be preserved.

It is true that Mr. Spencer advocates teaching the principles of rational geometry as the last step in a student's geometrical education; but as may be seen by the first quotation above, he emphatically insists that these principles shall be taught, and the student not left in the dark. It must be remembered too, that the training which Mr. Spencer advocates, is to begin in childhood, and be continuously followed out to its full development, viz: to the teaching of the general principles of the science. Again, the scholar is never to learn rules or solutions, nor to be hampered in learning definitions; the latter being given him as the conceptions which he forms gradually require the use of names to indicate them. The solutions he is to be led to investigate of his own accord, and under no circumstances shall he accept them on authority. Thus while in order of sequence Mr. Spencer places principles last in order of importance, he places them first, and without them he insists, no education can be complete. In order to carry out this method of instruction, every teacher in our schools must be thoroughly acquainted with its nature, and in each successive grade through which the pupil passes, the teacher must be ready to carry forward systematically the scholar's training. Our teachers have no acquaintance with this method, and such systematic instruction as will alone make it effectual, cannot be obtained at present from them. Hence I have advocated the method which takes up the subject only when the student is capable of mastering its principles, and can be led to use his reasoning powers, and see for himself the rational basis of the problems he solves. This I consider the next best thing to the method of Mr. Spencer, and this can be done so long as we have a competent instructor of geometry in our High School. That Mr. Spencer's method is the best, I do not wish to deny; but I maintain without hesitation, that it cannot at present be followed in our schools, and that it is entirely at variance with, and condemnatory of, the American Text Books of Art Education by Prof. Smith.

Found Him.—"You find this pretty cold weather, don't you?" was asked of a Dutchman, who seemed half frozen. "Mein krassus," he returned, "you dakes me for a py krassus fool? You dinks I might be on a hunting party, were dere might be cold vedder! Mein gootness, dot vedder was come hunting around me and finds me shut so soon as idt vas arrivt hier."

The Post gives this good advice:—"Sick to your flannels till they stick to you."

"Comb to me, my honey," said John. Quoth Mary: "John, beehive yourself, and his shane waxed strong."

Miscellaneous.

THE GREATEST RUNNER IN HISTORY.

The present interest in pedestrianism, manifested by the gathering of throngs of people to witness walking and running matches, was equally great in the early part of the century, but was then excited by the wonderful and almost incredible performance of one man. This was Menses Ernst, born in Bergen, Norway, on October 19, 1799. He was the son of a sea captain, and when still a boy entered the English navy. Although his powers as a runner were displayed even in his boyhood, he had made three voyages to East Indies, and completed a three years' cruise on the frigate Caladonian, before he made a public exhibition of them, which he first did by running a race in London when nineteen years old. Though up to this time he had had no training, and had even lacked a pedestrian's ordinary opportunities for muscular development, he was famed throughout the navy as a runner, and wonderful stories as to his extraordinary powers circulated among all branches of the service.

At last a heavy sum of money was wagered by the officers of his ship that Menses would run from London to Portsmouth, a distance of 73 miles, in less than 10 hours. The feat was attempted and accomplished, the distance being covered by the young sailor in exactly nine hours. Shortly after he ran from London to Liverpool, a distance of 250 miles, in 92 hours. Although thus successful as a runner, Menses did not quit the sea until after having distinguished himself by bravery in the battle of Navarino, fought October 20, 1827. Soon after that date he became a professional runner, and, after winning a number of lesser matches, was induced to undertake the feat of running from Paris to Moscow. He started from the Place Vendôme at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of June 11, 1831, and entered the Kremlin at 10 o'clock A. M. of June 25, having accomplished the distance of 1760 miles in 13 days and 18 hours.

This feat created a decided sensation throughout Europe, and the employment of Menses as a courier extraordinary by kings and princes became a popular amusement in European courts. He ran from country to country and from court to court, bearing messages of congratulation, condolence or despatches of greater importance, and when ever matched against the regular couriers easily succeeded in beating them. He always carried with him a map, a compass, and as many biscuits and ounces of raspberry syrup as there were to be days occupied on the journey. In winter he took with him a pair of long, slender Norwegian shoe shoes, and in traveling he always chose the most direct line, turning out neither for mountains nor rivers, but climbing the one and swimming the other. He never walked, but invariably ran, keeping up a long, swinging lope for hours at a time without rest. His only refreshment was an omelet and an ounce of raspberry syrup per day, and two short rests of ten or fifteen minutes each in twenty-four hours. These rests he took while standing and leaning against a tree or other object of support.

At such times he covered his face with a handkerchief and slept, and after such a nap he would pursue his way apparently as refreshed as though he had slept for hours. He was very uneasy when compelled to be quiet, and could not sit still for an hour without feeling a sense of suffocation. He was a very amiable man, a favorite with all who knew him, and was made much of by his royal patrons.

In 1833 he started from Munich at 1 P. M., June 6, with despatches from the King of Bavaria to his son Otto, King of Greece. These despatches were delivered at Nauplia at 9 A. M., on July 1, or seven days sooner than if they had been sent by the regular post. In 1836, while in the employ of the British East India Company, Menses was charged with the conveying of despatches from Calcutta to Constantinople through Central Asia. The distance is 5615 miles, which the messenger accomplished in 59 days, or in one-third of the time made by the swiftest caravan. On this wonderful journey he made his way across terrible deserts, awful salt swamps, where, for hundreds of miles, he saw no living being, and through countries whose inhabitants were savage robbers, and who lived in a state of continual warfare.

The man seemed invested with supernatural powers, and his fame spread far and wide. One of the most interesting problems of the age being the discovery of the sources of the Nile, it was suggested that this wonderful man be employed to follow the course of the river to its sources, and thus determine them. Prince Puckler Muskan, who had himself traveled extensively in Egypt and had made several unsuccessful attempts to penetrate to the head waters of the Nile, offered to defray all expenses and reward Menses handsomely if he would undertake the trip. The indefatigable runner consented to make the attempt, and on May 11, 1842, set out from Muskan, in Silesia, whence he ran to Jerusalem, where he had some business to attend to. Thence he continued his way to Cairo and up the western bank of the Nile, through Lower and Middle into Upper Egypt. Here, just outside the village of Syene, he was seen on the morning of January 22, 1843, to stop to rest, leaning against a palm tree, with his face covered by a handkerchief. He rested so long that some persons tried to wake him, but they tried in vain, for he was dead. He was buried at the foot of the tree, and it was years before his friends in Europe knew what fate had befallen him.

Few parents realize how much their children may be taught at home by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day. Let a parent make the experiment with his son of ten years old for a single week, and only during the hours which are not spent in school. Let him make a companion of his child—converse with him familiarly—put to him questions—answer inquiries—communicate facts: the results of his reading or observation—the meaning of things, and the reason of things—and all this in an easy, playful manner, without seeming to impose a task, and he will himself be astonished at the progress which will be made.

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at the southwest corner of the premises on Main

road at land now or formerly of William H. Walker;

thence running northerly and by said road to land

now or formerly of Thomas Radford, thence easterly

southerly, easterly and northerly, by land now or

formerly of said Radford, to land now or formerly

of John Wood; thence northerly and easterly by land

of said Wood; thence southerly, southeasterly and

northerly, by land now or formerly of J. Carter,

to the new road; thence southeasterly and southerly

by said road to land now or formerly of Mrs. Walker;

Journal Club Column

HE THOUGHT SHE NEEDED A VACATION.—There isn't a day in the year but what one can see just such a parting as took place yesterday morning at the depot. Man and wife had come down to the train which was to bear her to her mother's. The husband had fully persuaded her that her health was failing, and that she ought to go home on a six week's visit. She thought she felt even better than usual, but husbands know best about such things, of course. This wife seemed to have made her preparations quickly, and had not yet said what was on her mind to say. It lacked thirty-five minutes of train time, and as they sat down in the waiting room, she said:—

"Now, Henry, the last time that I went away—"

"Just wait—I want to see if that's our train," interrupted the husband, as he rose up.

Going out, he was absent seven minutes. When he returned, she was all ready to say:—

"I wanted to say to you that the neighbors—"

"Did I give you the check for your trunk?" he suddenly inquired.

She found it in her pocket, restored it and began again.

"Of course I have confidence in you, but—"

"You remember that you must not change cars at the junction," he said, as he looked at his watch. "When you reach there you will hear men yelling change cars for this and that place, but sit right still."

"Haven't I been over the road four different times, and don't I know all the different stations? Now, Henry, although there will be no one in the house but you, I have—"

"Did you forget that lunch basket?" he excitedly asked, as he looked around and under the seat.

She had it on her lap at the time. As soon as she had assured him of its safety, she said:—

"You now come home from the office every evening at six, and of course I shall expect—"

"That's our train!" he exclaimed, as he leaped up and grabbed for the satchel.

"Dear me; but I wanted to say to you—"

He rushed down the depot, and put her aboard the coach as fast as possible, but while arranging the seat, she said:—

"Now, Henry, I am going away for six weeks, but I want to say that—"

"There goes the bell—I'll be left—let me kiss you—good bye, dear!" and he was out of sight in an instant.

A man across the aisle, who seemed to know how matters stood, looked at his watch and then called out:—

"It lacks twenty-two minutes of train time."

The wife rose up and walked to the door; but Henry was clear of the depot, and all she could do was to give one of her handboxes a kick and mutter:—

"I'll pay him for this—I'll return unexpectedly."

A Western father was so enraged at his incontinent son, that, one day when he came home "drunk again," he procured a box and placed him in it, leaving, of course, ventilation, and dug a grave, lowered the box into it, and then ranged whiskey bottles around the grave, and stood near out of sight to watch the result. About two hours after, the son awoke from his drunken sleep, and pushing off the top of the box, he stood up and surveyed the scene around him; but on seeing no one, his countenance seemed to wear a doubtful and perplexed look, when all of a sudden a smile rested upon his lips, and he exclaimed in a voice loud enough to be heard for three squares,—"Tah! tah! resurrection day—first man up!"

The wife of a printer in New Haven has applied for a divorce, on the ground that her husband had no style about him. He wouldn't brace up, had no dash, cut no figure, had no point, lived up to no rule, was of bad form and make-up, wasn't a man of letters, or up to the period, was a poor type of the genus, was out of quoin, and couldn't impose on her any longer.—*Chicago Commercial Advertiser.*

Gideon Cook, a Calvin Baptist preacher, was a man very eccentric in speech even to his last earthly moments. A few hours previous to his death, his brother, also a preacher, came to his bedside and inquired: "Do you think you are dying, Gideon?" And the reply, sharp and quick, came—"Don't know; can't tell; never died yet."

The Keokuk Constitution has about "sized" the weather in the following:—"The gentle snow-drops came cloy down this morning, and felt the damask cheek of the perambulating reporter as softly and tenderly as the touch of the tender, velvety finger of a fairy,—eh—er—ah—er—hitch up the mule and pull us out; stuck, by jingo."

A Yankee in Paris, who was listening to the boasts of some English and French about the wonderful genius of their respective countrymen, at last broke out and said:—"Oshaw! you got out! Why, there's Bill Devine, of our village, who kin paint a piece of chalk so 'zactly like marble, that the minute you throw it into water it will sink to the bottom 'jess like a stone."

"Come, now, stupid," said the school master, "you don't know how much two and five make. Now listen. In one pocket I have two dollars, and in the other five dollars. Now how many dollars have I got?" "Let me see them, and I will tell you," School was dismissed.

In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is a teacher finally asked,—"What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

The man who got into a barber's chair, pinned the newspaper around his neck and began to read the towel, may be called absent-minded.

"On this head," said the lecturer, "There is nothing left to be desired." The bald-headed man in the front row immediately rose to call to order.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AT THE BACK OF THE MOON; or Observations of Lunar Phases. By A. Lunar Wray. Lee & Shepard, pp. 120; 50 cts.

The singular title of this book will at once attract the attention of the reader, and once commenced, there is no danger of its being closed till the last page is read. Whoever the author may be, a more keen and smoothly polished satire on fraud in its financial, social, political and religious aspects, could not well be written. The work is dedicated to whom it may concern, and in the moonshine journey to dreamland, the peculiarities of some of the most noted characters and institutions of the cities of Boston and New York are described in a manner that shows the author to be one well versed in portraying the crooked ways of man. The gifted pulpit orator, seeking popularity at the expense of all other considerations, the pious fraud, who has robbed the widow and the orphan, the political gambler, who, to secure his own election, would sacrifice every principle of honesty and right, and by cunning and deceit, defeat his worthy competitor, are all shown in their true colors. The peculiar style in which it is written may not be apparent to all at first look, but a more careful view will show them that words sound very different when transposed.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS. By Charles Beecher. Lee & Shepard. pp. 322; \$1.50.

In the whole range of book review, we have never yet met one requiring a more thorough and careful reading in order to understand the author's full meaning, and to be able to do it justice, than this. It is sufficient to announce a book as written by any member of the Beecher family, whose reputation is world-wide, to secure for it a demand which is astonishing, no matter what the subject may be; but when we find one like this, on a subject in which a large portion of the human race are at least professed unbelievers, the ability of the author is at once acknowledged; his boldness in defending what is held by the masses as unpopular, is praised, and every reader at once becomes anxious to know what his views are. As might be expected, the views here advanced have been in some instances quite severely criticised, but however hard it may be to make a belief in spiritualism to the extent which Mr. Beecher seems to have, accord with the sound Orthodox doctrine, to which he so frequently declares his strong adherence, we must at least, give him credit for fairness, and a Christian spirit toward those who differ from him, not often shown in the discussion of this mystery. However far he may have wandered from the doctrine held by most evangelical divines, there runs through the whole work an evident honesty of purpose which will at least convince most readers that he is thoroughly in earnest, and truly sincere in the course he has taken. His firm adherence to the main truths of the Bible, however much he may vary from others in the interpretation of some of its passages, and his evident desire that all believers in spiritualism should acknowledge the Bible as the work of inspiration, and in that there is really no clashing between that and science, place him on a far higher plane than that occupied by many who reject the authority of inspiration, and in their blind devotion to science, as viewed in the light of their misguided judgment, reject the truths he so strongly adheres to. However much the readers of his work may differ from his views, we think all will be well repaid for a careful perusal of it.

ARCTIC COURTSHIP.—Ah, yes, fond youth! It may be very nice to court a girl in the far northern country where the nights are six months long! but just think of the vast amount of peanuts and gum-drops the young man, when going to see his girl, must lug along with him, in order to kill time, and induce her to believe that his affection for her is as strong as ever. And then the sad leave taking, a few weeks before sunrise! He whispers, "Good night, love!" And she softly murmurs, "Good night, dear. When shall I see you again?"

"To-morrow night," he replies, as he kisses her upturned face.

"To-morrow night!" she repeats, with a voice full of emotion. "Six long, weary months! Can't you call around a few days before breakfast, Charles?"

Finally Charles tears himself away, with a promise to write one hundred and sixty letters before the next day draws to a close.—*Norristown Herald.*

Forbearance is the key-note of married life. There can be no great discord, no large divergences from tuncfulness, so long as the husband forbears, and the wife forbears. Now this cannot be attained without some labors. Results are approached gradually in character, as they are in making a sand-hill. It is grain upon grain, shovelful upon shovelful and load upon load, that makes the mound to rise. So results of character come gradually. An act at a time, a deed yesterday, a word this morning, a word to-morrow morning, a cross answer today to repeat a month hence, and so on, till at last you find there is a bridge between you and wife's or husband's affections.

Honesty.—Some men are honest because they dare not be otherwise. The man who is honest when honesty is the best policy is not really an honest man. Honesty is not swerving policy, but stable principle. An honest man is honest from his soul, not designs to stoop to meanness, though great results hang on the petty fraud.

HIS FORMER ADDRESS.—A Milford man, stupefied by drink and cold, was found near the Fair Haven Rolling Mill the other night, and taken in and resuscitated amid the lurid glare of the molten iron and the din of the machinery. As he slowly came to, and was asked where he belonged, he looked about him in a frightened manner, and replied:—"Well, when I was on earth I lived in Milford."—*Springfield Republican.*

An admirer of Weston, O'Leary and other "tramps," purchased a copy of Walker's Dictionary, under the impression that it was a work on pedestrianism.

Murder, like the knees of a boy, will out.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

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Proprietors of the Celebrated Day State Colors,

EMERALD GREEN, HOPSON'S

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Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Artemus Glover to Jerome B. Jenkins, dated July 17, A. D. 1874, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, South District, libro 1316, folio 8, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Wednesday, the thirtieth day of April, 1879, at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, namely:—The following described parcel of land, situated in the Town of Winchester, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, being lot numbered twenty-seven, on a plan of Building Lots in said Winchester, drawn by Josiah Glover, July 17, 1874, and duly recorded, containing twenty thousand square feet of land, and bounded as follows, to-wit:—Northernly by lot twenty-seven on said plan, (revested lot) by Josiah Glover, one hundred and sixty-two on said plan, one hundred feet; southerly by lot twenty-nine on said plan, two hundred feet; westerly by Washington street, one hundred feet; being part of the same premises conveyed to Artemus Glover by Jerome B. Jenkins, by his deed dated July 17, A. D. 1874.

Said Mortgage was duly assigned to the Lexington Savings Bank, by said Jenkins, by deed dated November 7, A. D. 1874, and recorded with said deeds, lib. 1322, fol. 321, and by Thomas Savage et al., assignees, by the Charleston Five Cent Savings Bank, lib. 1443, fol. 399; and it is uncertain who is the owner of the equity in said premises.

\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

GEORGE W. ROBINSON, Receiver of Lexington Savings Bank.

No. 1 Pemberton Square, Boston.

April 2, 1879.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John F. Wilson, of Winchester, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, to the Lexington Savings Bank, dated August 6, 1874, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, South District, libro 1317, folio 627, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Wednesday, the thirtieth day of April, 1879, at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, namely:—The following described parcel of land, situated in the Town of Winchester, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, being lot numbered twenty-seven, on a plan of Building Lots in said Winchester, drawn by Josiah Glover, July 17, 1874, and duly recorded, containing twenty thousand square feet of land, and bounded as follows, to-wit:—Northernly by Hancock street, two hundred feet; easterly by lot fifty-eight, on said plan, one hundred feet; southerly by lot twenty-nine, on said plan, one hundred feet; and westerly by Washington street, one hundred feet; being part of the same premises conveyed to John F. Wilson, by said Wilson, by deed dated July 17, A. D. 1874.

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No. 1 Pemberton Square, Boston.

April 2, 1879.

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WHITMORE BROS., 128 and 130 South Market St., Boston.

By JOSIAH HOVEY, Auctioneer. Mortgagee's Sale.

BY virtue of a certain Mortgage Deed, and the order of the Court, in and for the County of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts, established by law at Fairhaven, in the State aforesaid, dated the 23rd day of December, 1874, and recorded with said Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, lib. 1335, fol. 481, the said Fairhaven Institution for Savings will sell at public auction, on the premises, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, on Thursday, the 14th day of April, 1879, at 12 o'clock and 30 minutes P. M., all and singular the premises described in said Mortgage Deed, to-wit:—All that parcel of land situated in the County of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, in the City of Boston, in the South District, being lot numbered sixteen, and the southerly portion of lot numbered fifteen, on a plan of Building Lots in said Boston, surveyed by Josiah Hoovey, dated August 27, 1874, and duly recorded with said Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, which said parcel is bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southerly corner thereof, on the northerly side of Summer street, as shown on said plan, and thence southerly by said Summer street, to said plan, fifty feet; and thence by lot seventeen on said plan, one hundred feet to the point beginning; containing five thousand two hundred and one and 40/100 square feet, and being the same premises conveyed to said Josiah Hoovey, by deed dated July 2, 1875, and to be recorded with said Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds.

The purchaser will be required to pay two hundred dollars at the time and place of sale, and the balance at the time and place of sale.

THE FAIRHAVEN INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS, By GEORGE H. TABER, President.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

BY virtue and in pursuance of a power of sale contained in a certain Deed of Mortgage, given by Joshua E. Littlefield, Clarence Littlefield and Mary J. Littlefield, to the Charleston Five Cent Savings Bank, the present holder thereof, dated September 28th, A. D. 1874, and recorded with said Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, lib. 1324, folio 372, and for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D. 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed in said mortgage, to-wit:—Three certain parcels of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows:—

First parcel.—Southernly by Cross street, sixty-two feet; westerly by land of J. Fay, eighty-nine feet; northerly by a private way, sixty-seven feet; and easterly by land of P. McKinney, eighty-nine feet; being a certain parcel of land, situated in the City of Boston, in the South District, and being the same premises conveyed to said Joshua E. Littlefield, Clarence Littlefield and Mary J. Littlefield, by deed dated Sept. 18, 1874, in said Middlesex South District Registry.

Second parcel.—Northernly by a private way, seventy-four and 9/10 feet; southerly by land of David G. Converse, eighty-four and 4/10 feet; and westerly by land of Susan H. Ellis, seventy-two and 7/10 feet, and northerly by land of John Clough, ninety-two feet for little see Book 1255, page 75, in said Registry.

Third parcel.—Westerly by Main street, seventy-nine and one-half feet; northerly by land of Joseph B. McDonald, one hundred and nine feet; easterly by the Woburn Branch Railroad, seventy-five and one-half feet, and southerly by other land of Joshua E. Littlefield, one hundred and fourteen feet; for title see Book 1255, page 75.

Terms of Sale. CHARLESTOWN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK. By AMOS STONE, Treasurer. John H. Shuburne, Attorney.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

BY virtue and in pursuance of a power of sale, contained in a certain deed of mortgage, given by Rufus Pickering to the Charleston Five Cent Savings Bank, the present holder thereof, dated August 28th, A. D. 1874, recorded with said Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, lib. 1324, folio 372, and for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of April, A. D. 1879, at three minutes after four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed in said mortgage, to-wit:—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the southerly corner of the present lot, on the intersection of Main and Pond streets; thence running westerly by said Pond street, about four hundred and seventy-four feet to land of said Pierce; thence running southerly by said land of said Pierce, about three hundred and twenty-nine feet to land of Joseph Buck; thence running easterly by land of said Buck, about four hundred and forty-four feet, to Main street, aforesaid; thence southerly by Main street, about two hundred and fifty-seven feet to the point beginning; at same premises conveyed to Rufus Pickering, by deed recorded with said Middlesex South District Registry, book 1255, page 75.

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WOBURN

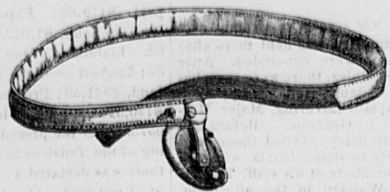


JOURNAL

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1879.

NO. 16.



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120

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JOHN G. MAGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
108 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

George H. Conn,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law,
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.
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Hours (At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.)

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No. 4 NASSAU BLOCK, BOSTON.
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139 1/2 Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.

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AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, - - MASS.

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E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main
street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention. 11

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Miss J. J. Campbell,
desires a few pupils on the
PIANO FORTE,
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to
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ley, Chelsea.

E. C. COLOMB,
TAILOR,
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Having had many years experience as a Practical
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all
who may favor him with their custom. 15

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Farming Tools & Seeds,
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Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
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W. N. GRAY,
Practical Roofer,
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Slate, Tin and Gravel Roofing furnished and ap-
plied. Special attention given to repairing Roofs
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HENRY H. LEATHE,
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Accounts adjusted. Bills made out. Writing of
any description done in a satisfactory manner, and on
reasonable terms. 55
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sultation free on all diseases. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Sundays included.
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FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,
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SEWING MACHINES
of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments.
Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange
for new ones. 25

Carpenters.

J. Horace Dean & Co.,
Carpenters and Builders,
Shop, Central Square, Woburn.
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-
tended to. 21

Machinists.

Parks & Freeman,
MACHINISTS,
And Manufacturers of
Leather Machinery,
GLASSING, STONING,
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Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shaping
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97, 99, and 101 Main Street,
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HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,
(Successor to Porter & Young.)
MACHINIST
Steam and Gas Fitter.
21 MANUFACTURER OF
STEAM ENGINES,
Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shaping,
Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to
fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.
SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Poetical Selection.

MY CHILD'S QUESTION.

"Papa, what made you go to war?"
Said Jennie, climbing from a chair
Upon my lap. "What did you for?"
And then she hugged me like a bear.
"Cause if you hadn't gone, you see,
You'd have two legs to canter me."

"Why, child, I went, because"—and then
I stopped to think. Of course I knew;
I often told her brother Ben
When the recital filled me through.
And still she urged, "What did you for?"
Papa, what made you go to war?"

I looked abroad. The blacks are free,
But voiceless, voiceless filled with woe,
Slaves of the masters seemed to be
As much as twenty years ago.
She said, "And what did Uncle Dorr
Get killed in front of Richmond for?"

A ride-club went wheeling by,
I saw the audacious Chisholm's ghost?
I heard the Hamburg martyrs cry—
The rebel yell—the vanishing host;
I saw the wounds of patriot dead.
"What made you go?" my Jennie said.

"My dear," I said—but nothing more,
For glancing through the Senate walls
The rebel generals had the floor,
And ruled the nation's council halls!
"Papa," she urged, "Why did you go?"
"My child," I said, "I do not know."

Selected Story.

The Girl He Left Behind Him.

The good ship Tamar was bearing up
channel before a brisk southwest wind. The
passengers were gathered on deck, convers-
ing in little groups, as they stood watching
the green English shores, lying bright and
still in the afternoon light. But one stood
apart from the rest, leaning over the stern
railing, gazing with fixed eyes and thought-
ful face. He was a man of about forty-five
years of age, of somewhat spare build, with
an ample brown beard and bronze-tanned
cheeks. A near scrutiny would have revealed
something of sadness in his eyes at the
moment, at though the prospect of again set-
ting foot on his native land, from which he
had been absent for many years, was not
wholly one of pleasure. It was not only the
green English shores that he gazed on from
the vessel's deck; all day, ever since the
ship had passed Plymouth, a vision, sum-
moned up by the memories which the
thoughts of that town brought back, had
been floating before his eyes. He saw a cot-
tage on the outskirts of the town, with a gar-
den sloping to the sea. In the soft twilight
of the June day, two figures, a youth and a
girl, stood in the garden beneath the lime
trees. They were bidding each other fare-
well with many protestations, undying love
and constancy, spoken from the heart in the
case of both. Circumstances were sending
the youth from his home to try his fortune in
a far-away land. But he would return, and
take the girl, his accepted wife, back with
him; and meanwhile she could wait content-
edly, assured of the strength of his constancy
and her affections. He had gone away, and
—well, events had not turned out quite as
the youth and the girl had intended.

George Herder had then looked forward
to returning to England with somewhat dif-
ferent feelings from those which he was at
present experiencing. Instead of thoughts
of wedding bells, he was coming back with
no deeper sentiment in his heart than a de-
sire to see once more the friends and home
of his boyhood, before finally settling in the
country of his adoption, where he had formed
stronger ties, he thought, than any that
now existed from him in the land of his
birth. And yet a dimness gathered in his
eyes as the past came back upon him, and
his memories were neither gloomy or mis-
anthropic.

On the afternoon of the following day the
Tamar dropped anchor off Gravesend.
Most of the unmarried men on board went
on shore at once, and among them George
Herder. On reaching London he took a cab
and gave the man his address to drive to.
He was set down in Heresford road, Bays-
water, at a house in a terrace. He gave the
servant who opened the door his name, and
following her up stairs, entered the room
into which she showed him. As he did so a
man rose from the table at which he was
seated, glanced a moment at the stranger, and
then came quickly forward, and grasped
him by both hands.

"George, old man, it is you. Welcome
back to England. But I can't tell how I feel
at seeing you again, old fellow!"
"Did you get my telegram?" asked Her-
der.

"Yes, I got it. I have been talking to
my landlady, and she can let you have a
bedroom here, if you like, and we can share
the room in common. The arrangement
might suit you for the present, at any rate.
What do you say?"

"It will do capital," answered Herder.
"It will be convenient, our being together
for we have much to say to each other. I'll
need to be piloted about London, too; I've
forgotten my way greatly, and I find many
of the places changed."

"I thought of that, too. I'm not very
busy just now, so we can have a good deal
of time together. I shall be free, every af-
ternoon at four o'clock."

Fred Hammond held a position of some
responsibility in the civil service. Next day
George Herder's time was chiefly occupied
in looking up the few friends in London with
whom he had kept up an acquaintance by
correspondence. Hammond and he had fin-
ished dinner in their lodgings, and had pro-
duced their pipes, when the former said:

"I've got an engagement for this evening,
which it's too late now to think of getting
off. Some very good friends of mine, who
live in a square close by, have a sort of mu-

sical party and conversation. I am on quite
such terms with them as to be able to use
the freedom of taking you with me, if you
would care to go. I can't promise that you
will be greatly interested among a lot of
people who are strangers to you; but we
need only stop an hour or so, and it may be
less dull than staying here by yourself. How-
ever if you don't feel inclined for it, you
must try and find something to amuse you
till I come back, and I'll get away as
soon as possible. There are two or three
of this month's magazines on the table yon-
der."

"I don't mind going with you for a short
time if you can use the liberty of introduc-
ing me to your friends," said Herder.

"All right, then; we'll finish our pipes,
and it will then be about time to fix our-
selves."

Mrs. Norcott entertained a sufficient num-
ber of guests that evening to fill her draw-
ing rooms comfortably without crowding.
Music, conversation and cards for the more
elderly of the company formed the staple of
the evening's amusements. The host and
hostess received Herder with agreeable ge-
nerality; but as the people about him were
all entire strangers, it could hardly be other-
wise than that George should every now and
then feel somewhat at a loss what to do with
himself. He had exchanged a few common-
places with an old Indian officer to whom he
had been introduced, and was standing in a
corner of the room gazing rather aimlessly
about him, when Hammond came up and
said: "I'm afraid this isn't very lively for
you, but I think we need not stay any longer.
I've explained matters to Mrs. Norcott. I
just want you to hear this lady play, and
then we'll go. She is one of the best amateur
pianoforte players I know, and I always
consider it a treat to hear her. You used
to be fond of music; I think you'll like this."

The piano stood at the opposite end of the
room. While Hammond was speaking, a
lady seated herself at it and began playing.
As Herder looked at her he started so evi-
dently that it did not escape his companion's
notice. Was it possible that he knew that
face and figure? The lady was middle-aged
of a rather small and slight figure, with a
face not regularly moulded, but soft, refined
and expressive; brown hair with a ripple in
it, and brown eyes. The face had lost the
rounded curves of girlhood, and all the color
that once mantled in it; the eyes had some-
what faded, and there were no wanting lines
above the brow; but surely George could not
be mistaken. The light from a bracket
above the piano fell upon the player and
revealed her face and figure in clear outline.
She played an arrangement of Irish melo-
dies, old and familiar airs of all, played, but
so delicately and sympathetically played that
the whole room was hushed to listen.
Conversation ceased for the time, and sev-
eral of the card-players from the adjoining
room, abandoning their game, came toward
and stood at the doors while the music con-
tinued. It was evident that the skill of the
performer was well known to many of the
company. Herder listened with rapt ears.
The music was stirring old remedies in his
heart, reviving them with a strange power.
If anything had been needed to confirm him
in his recognition of the performer, the mu-
sic she had happened to choose would have
done so. Were not some of these old airs
once his chief favorite airs that used to
haunt him day and night, and that still
came back upon him now and then? The
music ceased; a murmur of applause went
around the room, and the performer rose
and left the piano.

"That lady plays admirably," observed
Herder to his companion, with an effort to
appear calmer than he really felt.
"Ah! I thought you would like her," an-
swered Hammond. "The music is simple
enough; but whatever Mrs. Vallance plays
is played in a way you don't often meet
with."

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is played in a way you don't often meet
with."

"Vallance! Are you sure that is the
name?" asked George, and the disappoint-
ment in his voice was evident.
"Perfectly," replied Hammond, a little
surprised. "I know her very well. Why
do you doubt it?"

"Oh, it's of no consequence; I suppose I
was mistaken; but it's very strange." The
last part of Herder's sentence was spoken in
an absent, half-musing way, as though the
speaker had suddenly grown unconscious of
his companion's presence.

"What is strange?" said Mr. Hammond.
"You seem greatly interested in Mrs. Val-
lance, George. What is the mystery?"
"Have you known Mrs. Vallance long,
Fred?"

"Yes; and I have the pleasure of know-
ing her pretty intimately. There is some-
what of a little history connected with her."
"Is there? Would you mind telling it to
me, if it is not a private matter?"

"Certainly, if you wish; it is no secret.
But we can't talk here. Let us find Mrs.
Norcott, and make our adieux."

"I can tell you what I know of Mrs. Val-
lance," began Hammond, when the two men
had reached their lodgings and were again
seated, each in an easy chair, at the open
window, for it was summer time, "in a few
sentences, for it is, after all, a simple enough
story. When Mrs. Vallance was a girl of
twenty, she was engaged at Plymouth, where
she resided, to a young fellow a few years
older than herself. Unfortunately, however,
he had not the wherewithal to keep a wife,
and with the hope of increasing his worldly
circumstances more rapidly than he was
doing in England, he resolved to emigrate
to Australia. He was to return in a short
time and take the girl out with him. In
Australia he started sheep farming; I be-
lieve; but his success was by no means as
rapid as he had hoped for. Years passed on,
and still there seemed no prospect of his
being soon able to return to England. At

last the girl received a letter in which her
affiliated lover—whose name I never hap-
pened to hear—stated that he could not pos-
sibly say when he would be in a position to
fulfill his promises to her. Under these cir-
cumstances, he could not ask her to wait
any longer for him; and he therefore re-
leased her from her engagement. Well, the
girl was sad and depressed enough for a while
they say, but by-and-by she seemed to get
over it. About this time, Mr. Vallance, an
old friend of the father's came a good deal
about the house, and it was soon evident
that he was attracted by the daughter. Val-
lance was a partner in a long established
mercantile house in London, and was rep-
resented to be rich. He was a kind-hearted and
estimable man in many ways. The par-
ents looked favorably upon his suit, and
when he proposed for the daughter's hand
she accepted him. They were married. Mr.
Vallance took a handsome house in London,
and made a kind husband and a generous
son-in-law. But this prosperous condition
of things did not last long. In little more
than two years after his marriage the house
to which Vallance belonged, to the astonish-
ment of the mercantile world, stopped pay-
ment. The affair made a considerable talk
in the city at the time. Nobody seemed to
have anticipated the firm's failure, and I
don't think Mr. Vallance could have had any
thought of the possibility of such a change
in his circumstances when he married his
wife, from the way he took the matter to
heart. He never recovered from the shock,
and in a year after the firm had suspended
payment he died. His widow was left al-
most entirely dependent upon her own ex-
ertions for the support of herself and two
young children. She removed to Plym-
outh again, began to give music lessons,
and in this way has maintained herself and
family ever since; and very nobly she has
done it. It was shortly after her husband's
death that I became acquainted with her. I
have given you the most favorable view
of her story. As regards her engagement
to Mr. Vallance, there were not wanting
people in Plymouth who hinted their doubt-
s at the time as to whether she had received
such a letter as I have mentioned from the
young fellow in Australia. Gossips said
that she lent a willing enough ear to Mr.
Vallance's addresses."

"Was that the general report?" asked
Herder.

"Well, it was not uncommon to hear the
matter talked of in that way."
"And what is your own opinion?"

"There is no lady of my acquaintance for
whom I have a greater respect and liking
than for Mrs. Vallance," answered Ham-
mond; "and I would not believe anything
unworthy of her. But it is perhaps too
much to expect from average human nature,
and I don't claim anything ideal of Mrs.
Vallance, that a woman should be able to
keep up a strong affection for a man away
in Australia for a number of years, and under
the cheerless conditions I have described,
with nothing to feed it on but an occasional
letter. No doubt, the girl's sentiments lasted
longer than the young man's. Possibly she
may not have received such a letter; and
what Mr. Vallance could offer her, every-
thing that is pleasant and attractive to a
woman, may have had its effect. Her father's
worldly circumstances, too, which were lat-
terly not in a very prosperous state, would
very likely have an influence in the matter."

"There was a short pause, during which
the two men puffed their pipes in silence.
Then Herder said: "I think a life spent as
mine has been, has at least one advantage
over yours, Fred—it is not so apt to make
a man become so rapidly sceptical about every-
thing as one passes in cities; not so prone
to think that people are much the same
everywhere, or so content to assign the last
noble motives for human action. Now, in
this case of Mrs. Vallance, I am able to in-
form you that both common report and your-
self were wrong, at least in one important re-
spect. Miss Maurice—that was the young
lady's maiden name, I think, though you did
not mention it—did receive such a letter as
you describe, from her friend in Australia;
a letter, too, that released her completely
from her engagement."

"And how on earth do you know all this?"
asked Hammond.

"For the simple reason that I am the
young fellow that went to Australia."

"You, George!" exclaimed Hammond,
starting from his chair and staring in his
companion's face. "How is it I never heard
a word of this before? I thought we knew
most of each other's Affairs as young men."

"Well, Fred, for a year before I became
engaged to Miss Maurice, you were in Ger-
many with your mother and sister; and I
was away, you know before you came back.
I never mentioned my acquaintance with
Miss Maurice to you; I was rather shy and
shame-faced fellow, somehow, about that
sort of thing, and I did not tell even so
close a chum about it, though I was on the
point of doing so when I started so sudden-
ly for Australia. After that, I felt the less
inclined to write about the subject; my pros-
pects were so vague and uncertain in every
way."

"It was rather strange, George, that I
never heard your name mentioned in the
matter, and there was nothing to make me
think of connecting you with Miss Maurice's
friend. You knew Mrs. Vallance again
then, to-night? I could not think what your
manner so odd."

"Yes, I knew her. She is much changed,
of course, though not more so, I suppose,
than was to be expected. I left behind me
a girl of twenty, with a bloom on her cheek
like a June rose, and eyes like sunshine.
Both the rose-red and the light in her eyes
have faded; but she is still Kate Maurice,
the same sweet-looking woman I knew long
ago. One thing only made me hesitate to

night as to whether I was not mistaken, af-
ter all, and I don't understand it yet. I
heard in Australia that the Miss Maurice
married was a Mr. Ewing; but I sup-
pose there was some mistake about the
name."

"It was a mistake," said Hammond, "but
I can see how it probably occurred. The ti-
tle of the firm of which Mr. Vallance was a
junior partner, was Griffith & Ewing. Your
informant must have heard that Miss Mau-
rice married the junior partner, and con-
cluded that it was Mr. Ewing, or the story
got mixed up in some such way."

"Yes; the more easily as it had passed
through several mouths by the time it
reached me."

"And I suppose that letter of yours ex-
pressed the real state of things with you at
the time."

"Exactly; you have got the gist of the
letter quite correctly. When I wrote that, I
saw no prospect for years to come of being
able to marry. When things did at length
take a turn in the right direction with me,
I made fair progress. And now, though I
am not a wealthy man, I have as much as I
had any right to expect."

"Well, George, how is this little story of
yours to end?" And as Hammond spoke, he
looked quietly into his friend's face, but with
not a little curiosity.

"Ah, how?" answered the other, and the
friends again for a little relapsed into si-
lence.

"Is Mrs. Vallance staying in London for
any time, do you know?" inquired Herder,
presently.

"She has been paying a short visit to
Mrs. Norcott, and is to return home in a day
or two, she told me," replied Hammond.
"When do you think of going to Plymouth
yourself?"

"This is Wednesday. I think I shall go
on Friday or Saturday. When I have got
my things out of the ship, and arranged on
or two small matters of business, I shall
have nothing further to keep me in London,
and I am anxious to see my old aunt. She
is almost my only relative left now; I was a
favorite of hers, you remember."

"I think you are perfectly right in visit-
ing her at once," Hammond answered, qui-
etly.

The Friday following found Herder at
Plymouth. Early next morning he visited
his aunt, and one or two old friends, and
then made his way in the direction of the
house in which he had spent his boyhood.
It lay two or three miles out of town, among
fields and low hills, and Herder found it
without difficulty. A few villas had sprung
up in the neighborhood, but otherwise the
place and its surroundings were but little al-
tered. Time had been less busy in this part
of the vicinity of Plymouth than in most
others. George walked round the house, stood
gazing over the low garden-walk for a while,
and then strolled away in the direction of
the hills in the rear. By and by he came
upon a stream flowing between grassy banks
and shaded by willow trees. The recollec-
tions of the place came fully back upon him
now, and he recalled point after point in the
landscape. As he followed the windings of
the stream, he felt himself once more on fa-
miliar ground, and he almost forgot for the
moment the years that had elapsed, since
last he trod those name paths. He had fallen
into the sort of reverie which the circum-
stances naturally induced, when he reached
a point where the stream widened into a lit-
tle pool, with an overhanging rock on the
other, a close line of willows, whose droop-
ing boughs swept the clear-brown waters be-
neath. A boy who was on the bank, looked
up as Herder approached. He had a
frank, intelligent face, and brown, wavy
hair.

"Good sport this morning?" asked Her-
der, addressing him.

"Not first-rate;" and the speaker lifted
the lid of the small creel in that lay on the
grass beside, for the stranger's inspection of
the morning's take.

"This used to be a good sport, and this
not a bad morning either; a little bright, per-
haps," continued Herder.

"The river is not as good as it was once,
I think, sir; at least, if all the stories old
fishermen tell of it are true; but I dare say
the grass beside, for the stranger's inspection of
the morning's take. I get a good lot of fish sometimes, though
generally higher up than this. Do you ever
fish here, sir? I never saw you."

"I did once," answered George; "I
think I knew every yard of it from this to
the Bridgeland Inn. Is the inn still to the
fore?"

"Oh, yes; but I suppose it would be old
Marley who kept it when you were a boy,
sir. His nephew, Fred, has it now."

"Ah! so old Dave has gone."

The two fell into a conversation about
trout-fishing and all pertaining to it. In a
little while the youth left the pool and moved
slowly up the stream, Herder walking by his
side—a frank, bright, intelligent boy, who
gossiped on with the open-hearted freedom
of an English youth. What was it in the
tone of his voice every now and then, that
puzzled Herder with a faint sense of fami-
liarity? He looked more narrowly at his
companion's face, and as he did so another
face came slowly back and filled his mental
vision. A strong desire to learn his young
companion's name possessed him, and he
asked it.

"John Vallance," was the answer. "May
I ask yours?"

George seemed to hear the words with no
feeling of surprise, but he was conscious
that his interest in the youth beside him
deepened with the confirmation of his sus-
picion. He hesitated a moment, and then
told his surname.

"Herder," repeated the youth, "I know
that name. There's an old lady, Miss Field,
who lives near us, —a great friend of my

mother's, who has a nephew named Herder.
She often talks of him—George, she always
calls him. But he's in Australia; been there
for ever so long."

Herder did not answer. The two resumed
their talk upon fishing, and from that it
turned upon other subjects. Herder encour-
aged young Vallance to talk, and gradually
drew from him the leading particulars of his
life. He spoke of his mother, his sister
Katy, himself and his school life, freely and
unconstrainedly, for there was nothing to
conceal.

The two had now reached the Bridgeland
inn, a small, old-fashioned looking hostelry,
frequented by anglers, standing close to the
bank of the stream, where it was crossed by
a rustic wooden bridge. Herder and John

NEW PUBLICATIONS.
Harper's Magazine for May.—The May number of Harper's magazine is very richly illustrated, containing over one hundred engravings that may confidently challenge comparison. The illustrated subjects offer unusual opportunities for picturesque treatment. At the outset the reader, in "A Peninsular Canaan," is transported to that wonderful region known—though it can scarcely be said to be known at all—as the "Eastern Shore," on the Chesapeake Bay. Howard Pyle, who writes the article, also illustrates it with eighteen novel pictures of character and scenery. Colonel Waring's third Tyrol paper takes us from Botzen to Waldruck, and then unveils the wonders of Grodnor Thal—the most curious and interesting of the Tyrolean valleys—where to this day the "old Rhaeto-Roman" heathen hold to their old Romance language, and make wooden toys for the world. The illustrations of character and of the mountain scenery are superb. Not the least interesting feature of the paper is Colonel Waring's account of his visit to William Howitt (who has recently died) in his summer tent at Dietenheim. A beautiful portrait of this literary veteran accompanies the description. The art paper of the number is devoted to "The Study of Art in Boston,"—an admirable and comprehensive treatment of the subject by George P. Lathrop, with twenty-eight fine illustrations. After showing what and by what methods the student in the Boston schools learns of art, the remainder of the paper is a description of the Boston Art Museum, with its principal and subsidiary art schools. Julius Wilcox contributes an interesting article, amply illustrated, on "The Piano and its Antecedents." The principal article in the number, as regards timely interest, is William Winter's beautiful paper about Stratford-upon-Avon,—now the theatre of a festival commemorating the occasion of the dedication of the Shakespeare Memorial building. Mr. Winter happily groups the Shakespearean associations of Stratford, and the twenty-two illustrations of his paper—several of which are from Mr. Abbey's drawings—are as remarkable engravings as they are interesting pictures. One of the illustrations represents O'Donovan's recent visit of Shakespeare. The paper is in itself a beautiful Shakespearean memorial. Mr. P. W. White contributes a masterly personal sketch of Motley, the historian. William Blake's paper on "The Risks of Athletic Work," is timely and important. The illustrated story of the number, "The Lord of the Deceit," by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, is full of thrilling incident. Alice Perry contributes a lighter story, "Miss May," and Miss Mulock's "Young Mrs. Jardine" is continued, increasing in interest with every number. Poems are contributed by R. H. Stoddard, Will Wallace Harney, and Fannie R. Robinson. The Editor's Easy Chair, besides much that is interesting in the way of social and literary gossip, has a timely discussion of the present outlook of the question of international copyright. The Literary Record, with its full review of scientific progress, meets a want not otherwise ministered to in current literature; and the Editor's Drawer contains a rich fund of amusement for every class of readers.
For sale by Horton.

"Puss in Boots."—This Easter holiday attraction, which is to be presented at the Boston Museum on Monday next, is a new fairy musical spectacle, adapted from the French "Le Chat Botte," the great Parisian success of the past year. It has been translated expressly for this establishment by Messrs. T. R. Sullivan and Fred Williams, and is said to be a very brilliant and important effort yet made here in this direction. It has been in preparation for several months, and its presentation will introduce new and grotesque scenery, original and selected music. The St. Felix Sisters will appear in their beautiful ballet divertissements, new and handsome costumes, new tricks and mechanical illusions. The cast, which consists of the singing members of the Museum company, is a very brilliant one, and is as follows:—Toto XXIII, Alfred Hudson; Matrova, J. H. Jones; Pipatope, George W. Wilson; the Ogre, J. S. Haworth; Roland, Lizzie Harold; Tric Trac, J. Nolan; Bernabe, J. H. Ring; Haricot, W. Melbourne; Barleycorn, W. H. Morris; Notary, G. A. Schiller; Lord Chamberlain, J. Webb; Scullion, F. Shannon; Daffodil, Marie Wainwright; Eglantine, Rose Temple; Dorothy, Mrs. Fred Williams; Noisette, Jean Crozier; Faribole, Sally Victor. The efforts of the management will doubtless be rewarded by a prosperous run of "Puss in Boots," constituting as it does, a world of fun, mirth, music and jollity.—*Boston Post.*

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

Married.
In Woburn, April 16th, by Rev. J. Frank Winkley, Mr. Alexander Busted and Miss Isabella Linn, both of Woburn.
In Winchester, April 13th, by Rev. John D. Colbert, Mr. Patrick O'Brien and Miss Sarah Forbush, both of Winchester.
In Winchester, April 13th, by Rev. John D. Colbert, Mr. Thomas W. Sullivan and Miss Julia M. Allen, both of Woburn.
In Providence, R. I., April 2d, by Rev. E. F. Jones, Mr. Walter H. Fisk, of Winchester Mass., and Miss Myra G. Almy, of Boston.

STOTES! STOTES!
In the best of Spring Bitters. It purifies the blood through the liver and kidneys, and overcomes languor and debility by acting in the digestion of food which is nature's great tonic.
STOTES IS FOR SALE BY
GEORGE S. DODGE, Apothecary,
165 Main Street, Woburn. 119

Died.
Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.
In Woburn, April 11th, Rosanna, daughter of James and Agnes, aged 1 year and 13 days.
In Woburn, April 11th, John Brannigan, aged 77 years.
In Woburn, April 14th, Mary Harkins, aged 24 years.
In Woburn, April 12th, Miss Louisa Butters, aged 71 years and 11 months.
In Winchester, April 14, John Callahan, aged 19 years.

For Sale and To Let.
HAY FOR SALE.—A lot of Stock Hay and Hay for sale. Apply to Abel Simmons, Burlington.
HOUSE TO LET on Green street. Inquire of S. H. Cochran, 42 Mt. Pleasant St. 38
TENEMENT TO LET on Pleasant street. Inquire of A. V. Haynes. 89

Lost, Found, Wanted.
WORK WANTED by a practical carpenter. Terms to suit the times. Address "Reporter," Journal Office. 90
BOARDERS WANTED in a private family in a nice location. Inquire at this office. 74

CONCRETE PAVING AND ROOFING.
WALTER BATES
In prepared to receive orders for Concrete Paving at the low price of 65 cents per yard. Also Roofing at the lowest rates. Orders may be left at FORTY-SEVEN CORNER, No. 139 Main street. 87

N. Z. TABOR,
(Successor to E. D. West & Co.), dealer in all kinds of Fresh, Dry, Smoked and Pickled FISH.
Oysters, Clams and Lobsters in their season.
108 Main St., Woburn.
I shall endeavor to continue the business to the satisfaction of customers, and have secured the services of Mr. J. A. GREGG, who will be happy to meet all his old friends. 132

MILLINERY.
HAYFORD & ADAMS
Wish to call the attention of the Ladies of Woburn and vicinity, to their stock of
MILLINERY,
—AT—
175 Main St., WOBURN.
Call and examine our goods before purchasing.

EXHIBITION OF
TRIMMED HATS & BONNETS,
Thursday and Friday,
APRIL 24 and 25,
COME AND SEE.
SAMPLES
—FROM—
Oak Hall, Boston,
(The oldest and largest Clothing House in New England) can be obtained without expense.
All that is necessary is, to state if samples required are to represent Gentlemen's, Youth's, or Boy's garments. Also, if to be made from measure, or ready made.
Spring Overcoats from \$3.75 and upwards are shown on sample cards, and the simplest rules for self-measure accompany each.
In short, everything to secure the whole stock at Oak Hall can be examined at home as easily as in Boston. The system is original with Oak Hall, and everything is so clear and simple that any child can understand it. Garments ordered are in all cases sent with privilege of examination! To convince yourself of the correctness of these statements, send for a sample card for yourself or children.
The 2d Special Sale has closed.
The 4th Special Sale will be ready April 26.
G. W. SIMMONS & SON,
BOSTON. 118

WILL YOU
HAVE THE
M BRACE?
Only perfect device ever known
For supporting pantaloons.
No Rubber. No Springs.
Liked by everybody.
Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1, 1.25
One by mail should be accompanied by measure from right front button over left shoulder to left back button.
(Forwarded by mail, no money required. This device is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded.)
FOR SALE BY
A. GRANT,
Merchant Tailor
169 Main Street, Woburn.
Report of the Condition
of
The First National Bank of Woburn,
at Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts, at the close of business, April 4, 1879.
RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts, \$187,738 04
U. S. Bonds on hand, 200,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand, 175,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages, 3,990 00
Due from approved reserve agents, 22,960 00
Real estate, furniture and fixtures, 25,855 91
Current expenses and taxes paid, 29 50
Checks and other cash items, 11,750 55
Bills of other banks, 10,878 00
Specie (including gold Treasury certificates), 3,276 94
Legal tender notes, 5,922 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, 13,500 00
Total, \$746,358 99
LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in, \$300,000 00
Surplus fund, 75,000 00
Undivided Profits, 2,750 00
National Bank Notes outstanding, 208,400 00
Dividends unpaid, 4,284 00
Individual deposits subject to check, 96,793 86
Demand certificates of deposit, 120 14
Total, \$746,358 99
STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS—COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, SS.
I, J. R. Green, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. R. GREEN, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of April, 1879.
EDWARD E. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace.
Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, SS.
PROBATE COURT.
To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the Estate of John D. Tidd, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.
GREETING:
WHEREAS, Catherine C. B. Davis, Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance the final account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased.
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the first Tuesday of May next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executrix is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.
Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.
105 J. H. TYLER, Register.

COAL,
WOOD,
Charcoal,
No. 111 Main Street.
Cement,
Plaster,
Lime.
Woburn.

MEN AND BOYS'
SPRING GOODS.
HATS, CAPS AND CLOTHING,
AND ALL KINDS OF
FURNISHING GOODS.
The largest line of Plain and Fancy one-half Hose, ever in town. Everything at Low Prices.
Please Call and Examine.
THE WOBURN CLOTHING STORE,
POST OFFICE BLOCK, 199 MAIN STREET.
SPECIAL BARGAINS
—AT THE—
Boston Branch
GROCERY and TEA STORE,
131 Main St., Woburn.

TEAS! TEAS!
We have just received a large invoice of EXTRA STRONG Formosa, Oolong, and Japan Teas, and are now offering BETTER TEAS for 50c. per pound than have been sold in Woburn for from 60c. to 75c. per pound. Buying invoices of importers for CASH enables us to sell BETTER TEA at a less price than any other house in Woburn.
GRANULATED SUGAR, 8 1-2 cents per pound.
BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,
FULLERTON BROS., Formerly with Cobb, Bates & Yerxa.
Managers,
NEW STYLES IN
LOW & MEDIUM
PRICED
DRESS GOODS,
OPENING DAILY.
CHARLES A. SMITH & SON,
177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,
DEALERS IN
Lumber and CHOICE
EASTERN PRESSED Hay.
No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate,
IN WINCHESTER.
PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Joseph M. Tidd and Andrew T. Tidd to Joseph M. Tidd, as he is Trustee under the will of Paul Adams, Jr., late of Winchester, in the County of Middlesex, Massachusetts, deceased, dated July 14th, A. D. 1874, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1314, Page 225, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on Monday, the two day of May, A. D. 1879, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Winchester, and bounded as described as follows, viz.:—Beginning at the south-westerly corner of the premises, at land now or late of William L. Carpenter; thence the line runs northerly by and with Washington street, two hundred and nineteen feet to a private street, forty feet wide; thence turning at right angles, the line runs easterly by said private street, seven hundred and fifty-three and one-half feet to Highland Avenue; thence southerly by said Avenue, two hundred and thirty feet to land of said Carpenter; thence westerly by land now or late of said Carpenter, seven hundred and forty-six feet to the place of beginning, being a part of the premises conveyed to Samuel Symmes, Jr., late father of the said Mary S. Tidd, by deed of Wyman Weston, dated June 17th, A. D. 1866, and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 166, Page 271. The above described premises contain one hundred and sixty-seven thousand, seven hundred and fifty-two square feet.
Three hundred dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser, at the time and place of sale.
JOSEPH F. STONE, Trustee.
Winchester, April 17, 1879. 150

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate,
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JOSEPH F. STONE, Trustee.
Winchester, April 17, 1879. 150

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate,
IN BURLINGTON.
PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Joseph M. Tidd and Andrew T. Tidd to Joseph M. Tidd, as he is Trustee under the will of Paul Adams, Jr., late of Winchester, in the County of Middlesex, Massachusetts, deceased, dated July 14th, A. D. 1874, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1314, Page 225, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on Monday, the two day of May, A. D. 1879, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit: A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Winchester, and bounded as described as follows, viz.:—Beginning at the south-westerly corner of the premises, at land now or late of William L. Carpenter; thence the line runs northerly by and with Washington street, two hundred and nineteen feet to a private street, forty feet wide; thence turning at right angles, the line runs easterly by said private street, seven hundred and fifty-three and one-half feet to Highland Avenue; thence southerly by said Avenue, two hundred and thirty feet to land of said Carpenter; thence westerly by land now or late of said Carpenter, seven hundred and forty-six feet to the place of beginning, being a part of the premises conveyed to Samuel Symmes, Jr., late father of the said Mary S. Tidd, by deed of Wyman Weston, dated June 17th, A. D. 1866, and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 166, Page 271. The above described premises contain one hundred and sixty-seven thousand, seven hundred and fifty-two square feet.
Three hundred dollars will be required to be paid by the purchaser, at the time and place of sale.
JOSEPH F. STONE, Trustee.
Winchester, April 17, 1879. 150

NEW SPRING SUITS,
Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods,
FINE WHITE AND FANCY SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.
PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE PATTERNS.
J. C. BUCK & Co.,
174 Main Street, Woburn.

For Fine Teas and Choice Coffees,
RAILROAD STORE.
TEAS AT 40, 50, 60, 75 AND 80 CENTS PER POUND.
A full line of nice Coffees always in stock.
FLOUR.
Our Flour at \$9.00 is the best we have seen for a long time, and can safely be called the very best.
Our St. Louis Flour at \$6 7/10 cannot be duplicated at less than \$7.25.
GIVE IT A TRIAL.
The sale of Crockery, Glass, &c., is steadily going on, and we shall sell at cost until further notice. Now is the time to buy these goods, many of them at a figure less than cost of manufacture.
Please call and examine, whether you buy or not.
RAILROAD STORE,
115 MAIN STREET.
J. W. GARDNER. 110

SPRING STYLES.
JUST OPENED, A FULL LINE OF
Fashionable Goods for Spring Wear.
G. R. GAGE & Co., Merchant Tailors,
171 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.
JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
COAL,
WOOD,
Charcoal,
No. 111 Main Street.
Cement,
Plaster,
Lime.
Woburn.

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OUR
Spring and Summer Styles
—OF—
MILLINERY,
Are now ready for Exhibition.
We announce no formal Opening, but invite our friends and customers to call and see the various styles which we shall exhibit from time to time, and our splendid line of
Hats and Flowers,
On which we shall make lower prices than ever before. We would request our patrons that customers who purchase their Hats and Trimmings at our counter, will have them trimmed
FREE OF CHARGE.
This of course, is an extra expense to us, but notwithstanding all this, we shall mark our goods at
VERY LOW PRICES,
And we feel confident that Millinery Goods can be bought at our Store
Cheaper than Elsewhere.
John P. Fernald,
185 MAIN ST.,
Lycium Hall Building,
WOBURN, MASS.
PIANOFORTES!
UPRIGHT, SQUARE and GRAND
PIANOS FOR SALE.
PIANOS SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS.
PIANOS TO RENT.
PIANO STOOLS FOR SALE.
PIANOS TUNED, REPAIRED, AND POLISHED.
STEINWAY AND CHICKERING
UPRIGHT PIANOS TO RENT.
SECOND-HAND PIANOS bought and
taken in exchange
AT THE PIANOFORTE WAREHOUSES OF
OLIVER DITSON & Co.,
449 & 451 Washington Street.
Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
MIDDLESEX, SS.
PROBATE COURT.
To all persons interested in the estate of Ira Buckman, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.
GREETING:
WHEREAS, Mary A. Buckman, the executrix of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the final account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased.
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County on the first Tuesday of May next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executrix is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.
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Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court,

Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865
**Parks & Freeman,
MACHINISTS,**
And Manufacturers of
**Leather Machinery,
GLASSING, STONING,
Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.**
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shuffling,
Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings,
Tanneries and Curing Shops fitted up at short
notice.
97, 99, and 101 Main Street,
WOBURN, MASS.
All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership
formed January 1st, 1877.

HENRY YOUNG, JR.,
(Successor to Porter & Young.)
MACHINIST
Steam and Gas Fitter.
81 MANUFACTURER OF
STEAM ENGINES,
Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shuffling,
Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to
fitting up Tanneries and Curing Shops.
SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Business Cards.
**THE
CENTRAL HOUSE,**
WOBURN,
Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for
Sleighing or Dancing parties. With one of the best
dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for
carriage parties, the Central House will be found to
answer all the requirements of the traveling public.
LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.
Catering on the most satisfactory terms a
specialty.

A. BUCKMAN,
Dealer in
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 Main Street, Woburn.
Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on
hand.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Livery, Hack & Boarding
STABLE,
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
G. F. JONES, 13 Proprietor

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.
BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.
AT THE RAILROAD STATION,
WOBURN HIGHLANDS.

E. C. COLOMB,
TAILOR,
Church Street, - - Winchester.

Having had many years experience as a Practitioner
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments in
the country, he offers his services to the citizens of
Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all
who may favor him with their custom.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
294 Washington St., Boston.
(Opposite School St.)
Photographs in Every Style made and finished in the
best manner. Card sizes, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50
per dozen. Cabinet Cards, \$2.00 per dozen. First
8 x 10 Photographs \$2.00. Club Pictures to schools
and families, 12 tickets for \$10. Copying of all kinds
at lowest rates by
H. S. DUNSHIE, - Artist.

HARDWARE.
Farming Tools & Seeds,
PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,
Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
L. THOMPSON, NO. 213 MAIN STREET.

W. N. GRAY,
Practical Roofer,
STONEHAM, MASS.
Slate, Tin and Gravel Roofing furnished and ap-
plied. Special attention given to repairing roofs of
all kinds.

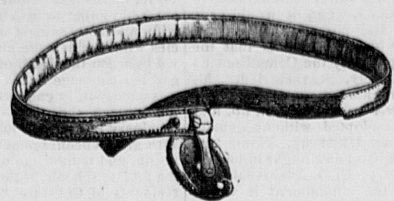
STEPHEN H. CUTTER,
TOWN BILL POSTER
AND DISTRIBUTOR.
WOBURN, MASS.
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street,
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill
Boards in town. Orders by mail promptly at-
tended to.

R. C. HAYWARD,
Dealer in
GROCERIES,
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,
At the Lowest Prices.
103 Main Street, - - Woburn.

JOSEPH BLANCROFT,
139 1/2 Main Street, Woburn.
(SOLES BLOCK.)
SEWING MACHINES
of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments.
Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange
or new ones.

Auctioneers.
WILLIAM WINN.
AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, - - MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OF
See, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main
street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.



A large assortment and perfect fit guaranteed

At HILL'S DRUG STORE,
Opposite the Common. 120 WOBURN.

412 WASHINGTON STREET.
NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

Spring Styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats,
YOUNG GENTS' STIFF AND SOFT HATS.
ONE OF THE BEST ASSORTMENTS EVER BEFORE OFFERED.

TURBAN AND INDIA SMOKING CAPS.
Boys' Hats, Boys' Turban and Cadet Caps,
Fine Silk, Alpaca and Scotch Gingham Umbrellas.

Every article WARRANTED to be as represented.

JOSEPH A. JACKSON,
412 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

WILMOT'S CLOTHING HOUSES.
STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

EVERY GARMENT MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.
GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Business Suits, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$11, \$12, \$13, \$14, \$15, \$16.
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All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-
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Miss A. J. Campbell,
desires a few pupils on the
PIANO FORTE,
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

Poetical Selection.

OLD TIMES.

There's a beautiful song on the slumbers air,
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tenuous heart and bright brown hair,
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
And snow-white foreheads are there;
A glimmering cross and glittering crown,
A thorny bed and couch of down,
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of spring in the breezy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering vines—
Blue violet eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,
Bird warblers and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and a dimpled hand,
A ring and a slighted vow—
The golden links of a bright brown band,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song,
That sob on the slumbers air;
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down on the heart as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes;
But years have distanced the beautiful ray,
And its melody flows from far away,
And we call it now old times.

Selected Story.

BARBERRY MOSS.

"It is too bad to give a child such a ridicu-
lous name," said the old nurse, as she
showed a red-faced baby to a man on the
door step. "One pleasant September noon."

"See how the little thing grows."
"Yes," answered the man, "she is as
red as a lobster, as fat as a young pig, and
as homely as her father, rather a common-
baby born in a commonplace home."

"John," called a soft voice from the
depths of a pillow.

"Yes, little mother."

"I don't mind. Call her so if you like.
No one else will have a name just like it."

"I see," said John, laughing, "baby's
mother doesn't want a common name. Well
as we live here in a barberry-patch, and you
are Moss—anyhow, I think Barberry Moss
will be a pretty name."

"If we could only look forward, and tell
whether she would like it," said the little
mother.

"Might try it now," said John. "Here,
nurse, give her to me. Now, red-face, open
your eyes. If you want to be called Bar-
berry Moss, wink. If you don't, keep your
eyes shut."

The unconscious baby snapped its deep
blue eyes and yawned.

"Good," said the father. "She con-
sents. So that vexed question is settled."

When the christening day came, she be-
haved much like other babies, and held
fast to her father's whiskers.

"She isn't a pretty child," said a maiden
lady to her sister in the front pew.

"No, nothing uncommon. And such a
pretty mother, too!" was the reply.

Barberry went out in her father's arms,
and neither knew or cared.

Time went on as it always does, and Bar-
berry grew to be a girl of twelve. Numer-
ous changes have taken place. Where the
bushes once stood, a pretty lawn and gar-
den were seen. Other babies were in the
house, and everybody was busy. The tall,
slender girl of twelve was never idle. She
must work before school, and walk two
miles to reach it. She must work after
school and all holidays, and study when and
where she could. "Little Eph," her
roughish little brother, followed her about
everywhere. The twins were sure to need
tending, and her mother was always tired.

Berry learned to make bread when standing
on a bench to reach the table; and, although
her arms ached, she was rested when her
father praised it. She made some of the
children's clothes and knit her father's
stockings; but it never occurred to her that
she was overworked, and no one else thought
of it in that busy home. Little
Ephraim thought she was an angel. Her
father called her his little woman and her
mother "couldn't get along without her."

With all this hard work, Berry was get-
ting more and more out of life than her
schoolmates, although they pined her.

"Come, Berry," they said, one day, "we
haven't any school this afternoon. Get
some potatoes and go to the pond with us.
We will carry cake and bread, and make a
nice fire down there."

"Yes; come, Berry. You never go any-
where, hardly."

"I will ask mother," said Berry. But
she went home to find her mother tired out
with ironing, the twins cross, and more clean
clothes to be done up. So the girl said
nothing about the pleasure party, but began
to work.

When the dinner was over, she ironed the
coarse towels and handkerchiefs, while
her mother took a nap with the baby. When
mother came back to "finish up," she found
very little to do, and told Berry she was a
real comfort.

Then the twins must go out for a ride.
So Berry dressed them, and was drawing
them up and down under the trees, when
the girls called for her.

"Going, Berry?" they asked.
"No," said Berry. "Mother can't spare
me."

"Tease her," said Sue Rainy, who some-
times teased her own mother.

"Yes," said Mary Brunt. Coax her.
"I couldn't," said Barberry, looking
sober. "I never coax mother. She would
be sure to say yes, and then do all the work
and get sick."

"I think it's a downright shame," said
Sue, "for you to be shut up so and tied
down to these young ones."

Berry's cheeks tingled.
"You never go anywhere with us," said
Mary. "If it was only nearer, you might
take the twins."

"It is too far," said Berry, with a sigh
and it is of no use. You had better not
waste your time, for it is a long walk to
Wix Pond."

Away went the girls, and Berry rolled the
carriage alone. She was young, active, and
a mere child; but she had a fight with self
and came off conqueror, as brave people are
sure to do.

Her first impulse was to sit down under
the tree and cry hard; but the twins were
pulling off each other's hats, and she hadn't
time. Then she began to wish her father,
was rich, and she could have some fun, like
other girls. And long before she had de-
cided what she would do if she had ten
thousand dollars of her own, little Eph
came out, with his curls flying about his
rosy face and, threw both arms about her
neck.

"Can't we have a picnic, Berry?"
said the little fellow. "Willie Scott is
going to a picnic, and I ain't 'vited."

"Yes dear we will have a picnic." Ber-
ry thought a moment. "Why not?" said
she. "Mother has almost done her ironing,
father is at work in the field next to the
Grandpa Pine, and we can have supper
there. It is an easy path for the babies."

The twins were now asleep, and Berry ran
into the house.

"Most done, mother?"

"Yes, dear, nearly done."

"Can't we have a picnic, mother? The
girls have gone; Ephie feels slighted be-
cause Willie Scott has one; and it would do
us all good."

"But the children, Berry. So many and
so small."

"I know," said the girl. "I will put the
twins in the wheel-barrow, with a basket of
supper, and you can draw baby down. We
will surprise father, and have a nice time."

Tired Mrs. Moss consented for she saw
her little daughter would enjoy it, and the
child had so few pleasures.

Going down the lane was a pleasure, with
gay flowers nodding all the way, and the
children were very happy. Berry halted
the party under a large pine, which the
children called the "Grandpa," it seemed
so old and large. Little Eph was sent down
to tell papa, mother took the babies out and
spread a blanket for them on the pine
needles, and Berry busied herself in getting
ready for a fire to make papa's tea. It was
a merry family party, and everybody was
hungry enough to enjoy the light Graham
bread, sweet new butter, and a little straw-
berry jam, with plain molasses gingerbread,
cheese, and a can of milk.

"This is better than eating indoors, isn't
it, mother? I do believe I must build Ber-
ry the summer house she wants, with vines
over it, where we can take tea all summer."

"Do," said Berry. "And I will dig the
vines in these very woods, and we will have
as lovely a bower as any prince."

After tea they had games, and papa played
mamma played, forgetting how tired they
were; and by-and-by, when they went home
Berry thought how much better it was than
going off with the girls, while mother was
tired and worried at home. That night she
said over and over again a little verse she
had fastened in her looking glass:—"Deal
courageously, and the Lord will be with the
good." Her father gave it to her one day
when Berry said:—"It is no use to try and
keep up with the class, when I stay at home
and help my mother so much."

Berry did try, however; and now she was
number one in her class, and would have
the prize book in a short time.

Three years of hard work and growing be-
fore Berry was fifteen. She was a good schol-
ar now, far before most girls of her age,
and very earnest in all she did.

"Miss Barberry," said the minister, one
afternoon, when he found her teaching some
little girls how to sew, "I wish you would
take our school this summer. We have
been disappointed in a teacher, and my wife
says you are just the one."

"I am afraid I am not wise enough," said
Berry; "but I would like to try, if you
will let me."

The committee were all pleased with the
idea of "one of our own graduates doing
the work," and Miss Barberry herself was
quite happy when she found her father
and mother pleased.

"Mother," said she, after a committee
had examined her and given her a certificate
"it would never do for a teacher to wear
a short dress, would it?"

"I suppose not," said her mother.

Berry sat up that night until after twelve,
letting down a dress to wear in the school-
room; and when she came down dressed in
it on Monday morning her father said—
"Well, well! I have lost my little girl."

A very dignified and proper little teacher
stood on the platform when the bell rang,
and the children hurried in, each one in his
own way. But Barberry saw one or two
boys who seemed full of mischief. She
was very firm with them all, however; and
they soon found that "Miss Moss, the
teacher," was a very different person from
"Berry Moss, the girl." The twins were
there, too, trying to learn their letters. And
Ephie called herself one of the big boys,
and helped his sister more than she knew.
Miss Moss was so much liked by parents
and pupils that she was engaged to teach a
second term; and did it well, studying hard
meanwhile herself.

"Father," said Barberry, one night, when
he came to walk home with her, "I must
go to town for a little while to attend school.
I think I can manage it, if you will let me."

"All right, Berry. Do as you please,"
said he. "If you want to be a scholar, I

am glad of it; but I don't see how I can
help you."

Berry had a little colt of her own, which
she had petted and trained. And one day
about this time he went away, and in his
place her father brought her one hundred
dollars, which she put in the bank. And
when the second term was over Berry added
more to it, and made one or two more
dresses for herself and more for the children.

No one but her father and mother knew
Berry's plans—not even the old minister,
who loved the girl, and said over and over
again to her father:—"She will make her
mark in the world," or, "You will hear of
that girl yet." When everything was in
order at home, Berry packed a little brown
trunk of her mother's and went to the city
to attend a Normal School; while a stout
young Swede girl took her place and helped
the little mother.

It was a sorrowful morning when she went
and hardest of all to the young girl, who
left all she loved behind, to work for all she
hoped for. A low room in an old friend's
attic in town was not to be compared to her
own, and Berry often sighed as she carried
her books up so many flights of stairs.

"Mrs. Harrison was good to let me come,
any way," said the girl, "when her dress-
making takes up so much of her time; but
I can work out of school enough to pay her,
and send something every week to pay
Christina with."

Sometimes when her fourth-story room
was very cold Berry drew on her mittens to
keep her fingers warm, for she could not
study down-stairs in the noise. At night,
when every one had gone to bed, she would
slip softly down and sit by the register in
the work-room, to get her lessons, always
taking with her her own little candle, al-
though Mrs. Harrison told her "the bit of
gas used would never be on her bill; and
if it were she was quite welcome." With
her own fingers Barberry made a kind of
case to hold her book while she knit and
studied, or "overcast" the seams of dresses.

She often earned ten or fifteen cents by
doing such work for Mrs. Harrison while
she was learning the rules or committing
something to memory.

Such odd little housekeeping you never
saw; for she lived all alone, because it was
cheaper and she could work harder. In one
corner of her room was a little wooden
closet, which had once been in the basement,
but was not needed there now. This Berry
scrubbed until it was clean, and deposited
the little stores there which her father
brought her from home or she bought with
her own money. Berry's tea parties were
funny little affairs, and always came off on
Monday or Saturday, when her father came
in town and climbed the stairs, to find his
little girl hard at work with her needle or
books, and sometimes both. Her mother
never failed to send her a pot of butter
and some home-made bread, or now and then
some boiled ham or pressed corn-beef. If
Berry's supply was pretty short, no one
knew it but her father; and the "scrimps-
ings," as she called her little savings, were
used to buy some standard work which
she would require in obtaining her education.

Tea-party nights never failed to bring her
father and one of the children, or sometimes
mother and the baby. On such occasions
Berry would run down the stairs to the
great kitchen and coax cook to let her steep
a pot of tea. Cook was never hard to coax,
however; she often sent it up herself, or
begged "Miss Moss to try a plate of her
cookies, although they were not as good as
common."

Everybody was very kind to Berry. She
told her father "she did not know why,"
but he seemed to understand it, and never
forgot those who were civil to his little girl.

"If I can pull through without being a
dollar in debt, father, then I can come home
and hand you my diploma with a light
heart," said she. But Berry could not get
through, for trouble came to Bush Cottage—
sickness and bad luck. So Berry said
"good-bye" one day to her classmates, and
went home to help them out of their worries.

She had just found out that all these years
her father had been burdened with a mort-
gage, and it took every cent he could get to
support his family. The young girl talked
it all over with her father, and then resolved
to give up her diploma and go to work.

She taught the school as before as long
as the town's money lasted; and then
opened a private one, which soon grew so
large and famous that she was obliged to
ask Ephraim to help her a little with the
younger scholars. Every penny she earned
was put by for safe keeping, except enough
to purchase shoes and actual necessities for
the children. Her father's sickness had left
him in a weakened condition, and the doctor
advised a change of climate.

Berry wrote a great many letters now—so
many that Stevie, who carried them to the
office, asked her "how she came to know so
many people." But his sister smiled and
kept her secret. One day an answer came
that pleased her, for she rode into town and
talked a long time with a dealer in real
estate, and in less than a week a wealthy
man came out and made Mr. Moss an offer
for Bush Cottage. He wished to fit it up as
a summer residence for his only son. The
price was agreed upon, and the debt can-
celled; but the Moss family were homeless.

"It will not be long now," said Berry,
"before we'll have a better one, and father
strong and well once more. We will go
West, and give the boys a fair chance."

Then Berry read a letter she had from an
old neighbor, who had found a place near
his own in Michigan, and would be only too
glad to see Mr. Moss once more.

"But your college, Barberry?" said her
father, anxiously.

"Yes, pa, the college. I know the class
have graduated without me; but God has

colleges of many kinds, and I may graduate
yet."

"Dear child," said her father, tenderly,
"you deserve a diploma for your unselfish-
ness."

The spot in Berry's heart was very sore
yet concerning the diploma; but none knew
it, as she passed her hand caressingly through
her father's hair, and said:—"Only think,
papa: I am so young yet, there's time enough
after you are on your feet once more."

The new home in Michigan proved to be
the very thing they required—a good, small
farm, not too far from town, and in a good
neighborhood.

The house was large enough for comfort,
and the out-buildings were in good order.
As soon as the family were well settled,
Berry began her own work. She built a
neat and comfortable school-house with her
own money, and sent out her printed cir-
culars far and near. Her old friends could
not say enough in her praise, and her new friends
soon loved her and respected her. "Rex-
ford Academy" became so popular that an
addition was soon necessary and other
teachers required. Barberry never forgot
her old friends, and two of her classmates
were glad to come and share her labors.

"This is not a school belonging to one
system or another," she said to her friends.
"I have plans of my own to carry out. The
boys and girls must not be crammed with
knowledge of the past, without any prepara-
tion for the active present."

Just outside of her school building she
added two more rooms—one fitted with
workmen's tools, the other with industrial
appliances for girls. Each day the pupils
spent their morning in the school-room, and
every afternoon they worked each in some
particular department suited to the taste of
the pupil. The boys made plain chairs first,
under the direction of an experienced work-
man; then carving was introduced, and both
sexes joined in it. The girls painted table
tops or panels, bedsteads or bureaus, as they
were needed, and almost before the family
knew it Moss & Co.'s furniture factory was
doing a business the like of which the little
town never dreamed of. Poor workmen
could never be employed by Miss Moss as
teachers, either in her workshop or school-
room. Farming was under her father's care.
Ephie superintended the factory, a stout
young mechanic taught the boys the mys-
teries of his craft, and the girls in Rexford
became not only famous housekeepers, but
excellent scholars and artists. One year,
during the long vacation, Barberry went
abroad, taking Stephen, the youngest with
her. When she returned it was not alone,
for a sweet-voiced German girl came with
her, to teach the little ones the beauty and
soul-growth of the kindergarten. Stevie
remained to study, while his sister worked
on

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SPRING OPENINGS.—The past few days

have been warm and spring like; the sun has given a benefit which will be appreciated by all, after the cold dreary days that have filled March and April. The pleasant weather of spring always brings thoughts of new styles and new clothes; and the sidewalks are full of ladies intent on shopping, making up for lost time, while the stores are crowded with waiting customers, all anxious to have their minds at ease on the all-important subject of what to wear. The different millinery stores have been busy for the past month preparing that with which to feast the eyes and lighten the pockets of the female portion of our town. That they have succeeded in making a gratifying display, the attendance at the openings of these establishments will show. At Amos Cummings' the trimmed hats and bonnets were, as usual, stylish and attractive. It would be hard to decide upon the merits as to beauty among so many. Among those especially noticeable was a white chip trimmed with white Broton lace laid in fine plaits, and ends of the same plaiting extending under the chin; one of black with a long ostrich plume and black lace, another black chip trimmed with black and gold mixed, which was very effective in lighting up an otherwise sober bonnet; another of black lace with a profusion of jet and long lace ends. French chip predominates for hats, but there is an imitation which is worn considerable. Leghorns and straws are liked by many people, but for lightness and durability the chip is preferred. Satin is used for early spring trimming, but for later and warmer wear there are satin and chenille striped gauzes and lace. Broton lace is the newest and bids fair to be very popular. A new shade is called "serve," and resembles the old shade of peacock green, this used in combination with cream color gives a pretty effect. The store 175 Main street, well known as a popular millinery establishment has been taken by Misses Hayford and Adams who, on Thursday and Friday presented their trimmed hats and bonnets to the public gaze. A great variety was exhibited and the result was satisfactory to all lovers of pretty hats. The different shades of brown and yellow are fashionable, and growing in favor, which makes the brunettes happy, they having been in the background while their blonde sisters have revelled in light blues and pale greens, and all the delicate shades. At John P. Fernald's there was no formal opening, but hats of the latest styles are on exhibition at all times, his windows are very tastefully decorated and a look in them will surely induce the passer by to enter and examine his well selected and choice stock.

Charles Russell Esq., of Medford,

died in that town on Monday. Mr. Russell early in life worked in the Journal office as a printer, but later abandoned the printers "rule" for the rules of law, and has been a member of the Suffolk bar for several years. He always took a lively interest in the affairs of his town, and was a favorite presiding officer at the Town Meetings. For several years he was a sufferer from Bright's disease.

MUSTERED OUT.—Levi Maxfield who served

in Co. F, 22d Regt. Mass. Vols., died at North Winchester, on Monday. His funeral was attended by several of his old comrades and some members of Post 33. His remains were buried in the soldiers' lot beside Marshal P. Lewis, another member of Co. F.

INSPECTION.—Col. Trull, Lt. Col. Lane,

Major Richardson, and Paymaster Fairbanks of the 6th M. V. M., inspected the Phalanx last Wednesday evening. The company made a very fine appearance.

SOCIETY MUSICALE.—Mrs. Belle G. Chaffee

gave another one of her popular soirees musicale at the Baptist vestry, last Tuesday evening. Her pupils gave evidence of careful preparation.

DUFFERING GLOUCESTERIANS.—The play

of "The Fall of the Alceas" combination, passed off very well, on Wednesday. The net proceeds of the effort were \$88.60.

Rebel cannon can only be obtained

now by special Act of Congress, and Representative Bowman will introduce a bill to procure some for Post 33, of Woburn.

A brook trout from Labrador is not

bad to take, even if it has been picked. Simmons shows some very nice ones at his fish market.

REFRESHING.—The water cart made its

first trip this season on Wednesday, which was about as dusty a day as could be had.

Rev. Joseph L. Bennett has resigned

his pastorate at Niagara Falls and goes to Spencerport, N. Y.

Another good Town Meeting, where

everybody was comfortable, and everybody had his say.

SELECTMEN.—At the meeting Thursday

evening all present. Voted to accept the proposition of the Globe Gas Light Co., to light about 95 posts for \$13 a post, eighteen nights in the month from sunset to midnight. Their contract includes the painting of the posts and lantern frames, furnishing burners the setting all glass, and keeping the apparatus in repair during the year. The Board voted unanimously to license Lee Hammond, first class, for \$200. Peter Kenney was granted a third class license for \$50; years, Cummings, Hill, G. F. Jones, Converse, Grammer and Kinney, —6. Nays, Wyman, Spear and C. A. Jones, —3. The licensing of the druggists, was postponed to next month. William Winn was licensed as an auctioneer. The bonds of G. R. Gage as Treasurer, and Ambrose Bancroft and Edward Simonds as Constables were approved. The following appointments were made:—

Town Physician.—George P. Bartlett, M.D., salary \$300.

Night Watchmen.—Michael Walsh, John W. Waters.

Special Police.—Edward Simonds, Chas. K. Conn, Owen Kerrigan, William T. Kendall, Charles C. Foster, Edward Gallagher, Roger S. Spaulding, John B. Doyle, John Boyle, David C. Barry.

Specials without pay.—George E. Parkhurst, Thomas P. Stowers, Amos C. Richardson, J. Howard Nason, Dennis Murphy, Cyrus Tate, Warren Wade, Charles H. Pushee, Neil Harkins, John Gilcrest, James H. Foster, A. A. Fish, J. E. Stewart, James Nelson, N. Z. Taber, E. K. Willoughby, F. W. Gilcrest, P. G. Hanson.

The Chief of Police was appointed keeper of the lock-up. He was also instructed to make complaints under Chap. 283 Acts of 1866 concerning neglected children.

RESULTS OF THE FAIR.—The Grand Army

Fair was a success financially as well as in other respects. The proceeds netted about \$250. The five season ticket prizes were drawn as follows:—The cabinet organ by Miss Alice Grammer; the silver tea set by Amos Pettengill; the china tea set (unknown); the ton of coal (unknown); the barrel of flour by a Boston party. Of the prizes drawn by shares, the easy chair was taken by Richard Morris; the china dinner set by William McDonald; the barrel of flour by F. H. Hensley; the chest of tea by E. F. Pollard; the Davis sewing machine by J. W. Parker; the clock by Mrs. Jacob Kendall; the organette by A. J. Parker. Of the articles to be voted for, Edward Fountain received the Foreman's badge; W. H. Hill the gold-headed cane; G. F. McDonald the whip. There was much interest taken in the guessing contests. Miss L. Augusta Parker gained a pin cushion by guessing that there were 889 pins in it. F. E. Soles and J. L. Fowle showed a Yankee's appreciation of beans by guessing, within 24 beans, the number in a quart. The crowd contained 3,999. The two guesses be-an to tie the bushel was divided between Messrs. Soles and Fowle. J. M. Gooding won a barrel of apples by guessing the number within three. It contained 527. The crooked pole was won by W. H. McCarthy, who guessed 13 feet 6 1/2 inches, and won a silk hat. The pole was 13 feet 6 inches long.

CARNIVAL OF AUTHORS.—In response to

numerous requests from those who were unable to obtain seats at the Carnival, two performances will be given at the Music Hall on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, May 3, in aid of the Old South Fair. The representations on these occasions will be given exclusively upon the stage, so that the seats can be retained throughout the entire hall. Selections will be made from the favorite scenes at the Carnival and several new attractions are proposed. Among the scenes which will be repeated will be Longfellow's hymn of the Presentation of the banner to Pulaski, by the Moravian nuns, which will be sung by twenty voices of the Cecilia Club, under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang. This tableau was only given on Friday evening and many have expressed regret at not seeing it. Four scenes from Moore's Paradise and the Peri which have never been given on the stage will be presented. The Dream of Fair Women, The Fan Drill, Elaine and Dora, &c. Tickets for sale at "Old South."

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—On Monday evening

Alden Knights was driving home from Town Meeting at quite a rapid rate. When opposite Alfred Carter's wagon collided with a heavy team. Both shafts were broken off and the wagon turned completely over. Mr. Knights, who had been standing while driving, was thrown upon his head. Mr. Carter picked him up insensible and took him into his house. A doctor was called in and Mr. Knights regained consciousness. He appears to have sustained no serious injury. Several other men who were in the wagon, also escaped injury.

COAL GAS.—A supposed case of coal gas

poisoning occurred on Centre street, early this Friday morning. Mr. and Mrs. William Looney and their young child, were sleeping in a bedroom adjoining the kitchen, the door between being open. The parents were both much indisposed this morning. The baby was not affected.

MAY PARTY.—The Ladies' Society of the

Unitarian Parish, Woburn, will give a Dickens, and Fancy Costume Party, at Lyceum Hall, Thursday evening, May 1, 1879. Among other features of the entertainment there will be a procession of characters in costume, Dickens reception, and dancing. The floor will be reserved until 10 o'clock for the use of parties in costume. Children in costumes only, admitted to floor of the Hall. No masks will be allowed.

Tickets—Adults, 50 cts. Children, 25 cts. For sale at Mr. Hammond's store.

POLICE COURT.—Chas. Gormley, disturbing

the peace, \$5 and costs. He appeared to Superior Court, Ellen Dempsey, common drunkard, sentenced for one year to the Reform School for Women.

TRINITY CHURCH.—The ladies of Trinity

Church will give a musical entertainment to the parish, at Mrs. Page Eaton's, Central Square, on Monday evening, May 5, at 7.45.

Over two hundred and thirty Octagon

Ranges have been sold in Woburn.

TOWN MEETING.

Town Meeting, after two adjournments, closed last Monday evening. The meeting opened at 7 o'clock, Col. Grammer in the chair. Art. 7 of the warrant being still undisposed of, the question, was on motion for reconsideration, which on being put to vote was lost. L. L. Whitney moved that the rate be 14 cents per 100 gallons. M. Allen amended by proposing 1.30 cents. Col. Hayes maintained that the half million invested in the water works and the large interest on it should be provided for in fixing the rate. The 1 cent rate he thought could not pay for both the cost of pumping and the wear and tear, &c. Only a Philadelphia lawyer could understand it otherwise. Probably no family in town uses more than 100 gallons a day. That would be for the year only \$3.65. The private citizens pay more than ten times as much. If the manufacturers are not benefited I don't know who are. One of the immutable laws of nature is that man shall not have something for nothing, unless he steals it, and then it costs him ten times as much as in any other way. M. Allen believed the speaker had misrepresented the manufacturers. They are willing to pay a fair price. He would give it to them at the lowest rate which would pay for the pumping. He thought 1.30 cents would cover the cost. That can be reduced hereafter, if necessary. Col. Hayes said that if the tax-payers are willing that these poor manufacturers shall have the use of all that capital for almost nothing, let the manufacturers go to the poor-house, or else get up a contribution for them. E. W. Hudson said it was a simple matter to estimate the cost of water. Last year he estimated it to be 1 1/2 cents. 17,000,000 more were pumped last year than the previous year. At the same rate of increase, we ought to pump 100,000,000 additional this year. 500,000,000 gallons could be pumped at 4 cent a 100 gallons. We can pump 70,000,000 with a consumption of only 120 tons of coal and at a cost of \$500; whereas the receipts for the same are \$7,000. (Applause.) After the pumping becomes so large the extra cost is trifling. He thought it safe to try a 1 cent rate for one year. John Johnson had estimated the cost to be .0130 cents not including the wear and tear. He estimated the leakage which is not recorded on the metres to be as great as 20 per cent. You can't buy goods in Boston and sell them here at the cost price, if you have store expenses to bear. John P. Crane would like to know if the gentleman intended to compel the manufacturers to pay for the water that is wasted. He did not think they would do it. A. E. Thompson requested that the clerk of the Water Board, E. E. Thompson, read some statements which he had prepared, concerning the expenses of the works. Mr. Thompson then read the following statement:—

Whole number of gallons pumped April 1, 1878, April 1, 1879, 247,627,500 49,625,500
Less shrinkage, waste, &c., 20 per cent. 99,251,000
Consumed and paid for, 198,376,500
Per 100 gallons \$1.30
Number of gallons allowed for hydrants service, \$5,850 04
Number of gallons consumed by Leather and Shoe Stock Manufacturers, 3,262 57 .0091
Number of gallons used by the B. & L. R. R. metre service, 1,407 42 .02
Number of gallons used by metre by miscellaneous parties, 1,407 42 .02
Number of gallons used for domestic purposes, 124,068,369 .0163
House rent, 220 00
Total current expense water dept., including interest on water debt, \$32,518 30
Total receipts income including rent of house, 23,518 08
Amount to be raised by tax, \$8,544 22
Cost per 100 gals. registered, .0131
Cost per 100 gals. less shrinkage, .0164
Aggregate amount of receipts per 100 gallons, .121
Aggregate amount per 100 gallons raised by tax, .0643
Total, .0567

G. A. Bean spoke of the great loss from leakage—20 per cent as estimated—while leaves less than 200,000,000 gallons actually usable. \$450,000 is invested in the Works. The interest on that amounts to \$27,000. Reckoning the running expenses as low as \$5,000, that makes \$32,000 to be made up yearly, leaving out of the account the wear and tear. I cannot see why the manufacturers should have the water so much cheaper. The charge should be 1.6 cents to return us the \$32,000. We want to get back the running expenses and the interest. And we want a fixed rate. I would vote to give them the water at 1.5 cents, though a little less than cost. That would be a less rate than any other town charges. George Perkins spoke of the wilderness of gallons and cents which they were losing themselves in. The water costs 1.6 cents per 100 gallons. Yet all the rates proposed offer it below cost. We don't want a deficit of our mill. It will have to come out of the tax-payers. It is a mistake for employees to vote for a low rate because their employers are to be benefited by it. I am not content to put money into the pockets of the manufacturers. Captain Crane objected to the manufacturers paying for the waste in the houses of the people. Every man wastes several times as much water as he uses. We are willing to pay the cost of the water. Many families keep the water running all night. E. W. Hudson said that after receiving back expenses and interest it would be soon enough then to favor certain classes by cutting down their rates. Our largest consumer put in a pump last year on his own premises. Another who took 9,000,000 gallons, now takes only one-fourth of that amount, and doubtless he can so continue. Good leather was made before the manufacturers had the use of Horn Pond water. They can do without it. So, fix the rate that we can get a return for our outlay, for we need it. Hon. John Cummings said it was not for his interest to use the water. The Works have to pump it 210 feet higher than any family would need to. The Commissioners made a rather sorry report. It is hardly "reducing the debt," to call for an \$8,500 appropriation, to add to the sinking fund. It is revenue not from taxes but from taxes. On the same principle they would give you gravity water for nothing. I would furnish the water at cost, (applause). It was moved that a committee be chosen to whom the whole matter could be referred. J. I. Munroe had confidence in the estimates of the Commissioners. A special committee would know nothing about it and would have to go to the Commissioners for information. Last year 237,000,000 gallons, in round numbers, were

pumped. 442 tons of coal were used which at \$4.66 per ton would amount to \$2,060. 63,000,000 gallons extra would cost only \$140. Add for wear and tear &c., and it figures up to only 1.6 mills per 100 gallons, whereas we propose to charge 10 mills which would make the Town the gainer by 8.4. If the manufacturers will take 63,000,000 extra gallons there will be a saving of \$5,474. How will cutting off the manufacturers benefit the faucet takers, when the help which the tanners give us is gone? Not only the \$8,500 but much more will have to be raised by taxation. The expense of running a steamboat is so much; a certain number of passengers pays for it. Then all beyond that is clear profit. I would try the 1 cent rate for a year. Col. Hayes rising, M. Allen rose to a point of order that the gentleman had already spoken three times. The chairman ruled that as no one else wished to speak Col. Hayes could go on. Col. Hayes said these proposals reminded him of the story of the dry goods dealer, who when asked how he could sell below cost answered, "I do an immense business" (laughter). E. N. Blake moved that the whole matter be left to a committee. Capt. Crane moved to indefinitely postpone. Lost. Mr. Blake withdrew. The different amendments were now voted on. M. Allen rose to explain that in offering his amendment he had moved that the rate be \$1.30 when he should have made it 1.30 cents. Col. Hayes offered the amendment that the rate be 1 1/2 cents. This was lost. G. M. Champney's 1.50 proposal was lost; also M. Allen's 1.30 proposal. L. L. Whitney's motion that the rate be 1.25 cents now came up. Col. Lounsbury hoped that this proposed rate would satisfy all. This motion was carried, making the rate 1.25 cents per 100 gallons.

E. W. Champney moved that the B. & L. R. R. being the largest taker of water, have it at the same price as the manufacturers. The Chair explained that the Article referred only to water for manufacturing purposes. M. M. Tidd inquired if the railroad did not manufacture steam. The chair acknowledged the correction. L. L. Whitney moved to refer to the Commissioners. Geo. Perkins referred to the fact that the B. & L. R. R. make no reduction in fare rates, (applause). The motion and amendment were lost.

Art. 25. To see if the Town will authorize the Board of Water Commissioners to purchase an engine and boiler for the Water Works and raise and appropriate money therefor, or do anything in relation to the same.

E. W. Hudson moved that the Commissioners be authorized to purchase an engine and that \$8,000 be hired, under the direction of the Selectmen, and appropriated for this purpose, and that it be funded under the provisions of Chapter 209, Section 4, Acts of 1875, at a rate of interest not exceeding 5 per cent. Mr. Hudson stated that the present engine had been in use for six years, and had pumped 2,000,000,000 gallons. It is one of the best engines and we want another like it. An engine is subject to breakage and wear and tear. It needs rest at times, and overhauling, whereas it takes 12 hours to pump only a million gallons, leaving little time for rest. The reservoir was accepted by the Commissioners, but it is not perfect. We have to keep the water at a low level, two feet below the top, on account of the leakage at the top. This leaking will increase. We are not safe while relying on that amount of water. Hon. John Cummings offered the amendment that this money be assessed and raised by taxation. This \$8,000 is a mortgage on the town, and we would not have to pay it until the engine is paid for. Mr. W. Hudson said that the expenditures on the water works must soon cease. As it is, consumers are liable to be cut off. We have an engine which, I hope, will last for 20 years, and we would not have to incur the expense of "for 40 years. Don't tax the people to-day for what is for posterity. Mr. Tidd spoke in defense of the reservoir, in which he had been interested. The reservoir when full is at 22 feet above the level of the pond. It will hold 6,000,000 gallons. All reservoirs leak somewhat. A leakage of 600 gallons a day will soon drain off 6,000,000 gallons. I think it is better to repair the walls than to buy a new engine. J. I. Munroe moved that the Town purchase the engine and boiler for the Water Works, and that the collection of unpaid interest, or do anything in relation to the same.

It was voted that the Treasurer be so instructed.

Art. 26. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to receive sums of money from persons owning lots of others in public burial grounds, for this town for perpetual care of said lots, pay interest on same under provisions of Chapter 226, acts 1870, or do anything in relation to the same.

It was voted that the Treasurer be so instructed.

Art. 27. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to receive sums of money from persons owning lots of others in public burial grounds, for this town for perpetual care of said lots, pay interest on same under provisions of Chapter 226, acts 1870, or do anything in relation to the same.

It was voted that the Treasurer be so instructed.

Art. 28. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to receive sums of money from persons owning lots of others in public burial grounds, for this town for perpetual care of said lots, pay interest on same under provisions of Chapter 226, acts 1870, or do anything in relation to the same.

It was voted that the Treasurer be so instructed.

Art. 29. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to receive sums of money from persons owning lots of others in public burial grounds, for this town for perpetual care of said lots, pay interest on same under provisions of Chapter 226, acts 1870, or do anything in relation to the same.

It was voted that the Treasurer be so instructed.

Art. 30. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to receive sums of money from persons owning lots of others in public burial grounds, for this town for perpetual care of said lots, pay interest on same under provisions of Chapter 226, acts 1870, or do anything in relation to the same.

It was voted that the Treasurer be so instructed.

Art. 31. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to receive sums of money from persons owning lots of others in public burial grounds, for this town for perpetual care of said lots, pay interest on same under provisions of Chapter 226, acts 1870, or do anything in relation to the same.

It was voted that the Treasurer be so instructed.

Art. 32. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to receive sums of money from persons owning lots of others in public burial grounds, for this town for perpetual care of said lots, pay interest on same under provisions of Chapter 226, acts 1870, or do anything in relation to the same.

It was voted that the Treasurer be so instructed.

Art. 33. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to receive sums of money from persons owning lots of others in public burial grounds, for this town for perpetual care of said lots, pay interest on same under provisions of Chapter 226, acts 1870, or do anything in relation to the same.

It was voted that the Treasurer be so instructed.

Art. 34. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to receive sums of money from persons owning lots of others in public burial grounds, for this town for perpetual care of said lots, pay interest on same under provisions of Chapter 226, acts 1870, or do anything in relation to the same.

It was voted that the Treasurer be so instructed.

Art. 35. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to receive sums of money from persons owning lots of others in public burial grounds, for this town for perpetual care of said lots, pay interest on same under provisions of Chapter 226, acts 1870, or do anything in relation to the same.

It was voted that the Treasurer be so instructed.

Art. 36. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to receive sums of money from persons owning lots of others in public burial grounds, for this town for perpetual care of said lots, pay interest on same under provisions of Chapter 226, acts 1870, or do anything in relation to the same.

It was voted that the Treasurer be so instructed.

Art. 37. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to receive sums of money from persons owning lots of others in public burial grounds, for this town for perpetual care of said lots, pay interest on same under provisions of Chapter 226, acts 1870, or do anything in relation to the same.

It was voted that the Treasurer be so instructed.

Art. 38. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to receive sums of money from persons owning lots of others in public burial grounds, for this town for perpetual care of said lots, pay interest on same under provisions of Chapter 226, acts 1870, or do anything in relation to the same.

Our thanks are due Hon. S. Z. Bowman, for a copy of the Congressional Directory, containing valuable information in regard to Senators and Representatives.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

Married.

In Woburn, April 23, by Rev. Edward Mills, Mr. Charles F. Hayes and Miss Lizzie L. Pinkham, both of Woburn.

"Those are the Best Glasses" I ever had, our customers can be and are specially adapted to each case. To adjust them perfectly requires a knowledge of the anatomy and physiology and diseases of the eye and the laws of adaptation. All are warranted a perfect fit in any kind of glasses.

GEORGE S. DODGE, Apothecary,
165 Main Street, Woburn. 149

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, April 23, Miss Patty Wyman, aged 72 years, 5 months.
In Woburn, April 22, Thomas Quinn, aged 35 yrs.
In Winchester, April 22, Levi W. Maxfield, aged 76 years, 7 months.
In Winchester, April 22, John, son of William and Bridget Monahan, aged 4 years.
In Wilmington, April 21, Annie, daughter of James and Catherine Doyle, aged 10 months, 11 days.

For Sale and To Let.

STOVES stored for the Season by C. M. Strout, Agent. 144

HOUSE TO LET on Salem street. 5 rooms, with a large front porch. Inquire of Charles Jones. 143

HOUSE TO LET on Green street. Inquire of S. H. Cochran, 42 Mt. Pleasant St. 138

Lost, Found, Wanted.

WANTED.—A capable Protestant girl for general house work. Address Box 375, Woburn Post Office. 162

DOGS.

All Dog Licenses expire April 30, 1879. Old numbers will be kept for a short time only. Owners and keepers of dogs will govern themselves accordingly. M. S. SEELY, Town Clerk. 136

Notice to Water Takers.

The attention of water takers who have not paid their bills due April 1, 1879, is called to the following extract from the By-Laws:

"The annual rent for the use of water shall be payable in advance on the first day of April and October in each year. In all cases the non-payment of the water rates for the thirty days after the same are due, the Superintendent shall cut off the supply, and the water shall not be again let on, either for present or any subsequent occupant, except upon the payment of the amount due, together with the sum of two dollars."

Woburn, April 23, 1879. 148

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Artemus Glover to Jerome B. Judkins, dated July 17, A. D. 1874, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, South District, lib. 1316, folio 56, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, the twentieth day of May, 1879, at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—The following described parcel of land, situated in the Town of Winchester, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, being lot numbered fifty-five on a plan of Building Lots in said Winchester, drawn by Josiah Hovey, July 1st, 1874, and duly recorded, containing seventy-five hundred square feet, and bounded as follows, viz:—Northernly by lot numbered fifty-six on said plan, fifty feet; southerly by lot numbered fifty-seven on said plan, fifty feet; easterly by lot numbered fifty-eight on said plan, fifty feet; westerly by lot numbered fifty-nine on said plan, fifty feet; being part of the same premises conveyed to Artemus Glover by Jerome B. Judkins, by his deed dated July 17, A. D. 1874.

Said Mortgage was duly assigned to the Lexington Savings Bank, by said Judkins, by deed dated November 7, A. D. 1874, and recorded with said deeds, lib. 1329, fol. 321, and by Thomas Savage, et al assignees, by deed dated July 3, 1877, and recorded with said deeds, lib. 1443, fol. 399, and it is uncertain who is the owner of the equity in said premises.

\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

GEORGE W. ROBINSON, Receiver of Lexington Savings Bank.

A. E. SCOTT, Attorney, No. 1 Pemberton Square, Boston. April 22, 1879. 150

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GEORGE W. ROBINSON, Receiver of Lexington Savings Bank.

A. E. SCOTT, Attorney, No. 1 Pemberton Square, Boston. April 22, 1879. 161

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF A DESIRABLE ESTATE.

The assignees of the estate of Geo. W. Kimball, an insolvent debtor, will offer for sale at public auction, on Wednesday, the 30th day of April, at four o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, the house and lot occupied by said Geo. W. Kimball, in Woburn. Said estate comprises a two-story dwelling, house, barn and 11,000 square feet of land, and measures 117 feet on East street, 82.50 feet on Fowle street, 147 feet on land of S. P. Cutler and 99.12 feet on other land late of Kimball.

Also, same day, at four 1/2 o'clock in the afternoon, will offer for sale, on the premises, the vacant lot adjacent to the above, and comprising about 7,100 square feet of land, measuring 80 feet on East street, 84.12 feet on a private way, 80 feet on land of R. B. Richardson and 88 feet on above described lot.

Also, same day, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, will offer for sale, on the premises, the carpenter shops on High street formerly used by said Kimball.

For further particulars as to terms, title and encumbrances, etc., inquire of J. W. Johnson, Attorney, or of the Assignee.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD, 149

Woburn, April 23, 1879.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE.

WOBURN PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Library will be opened to the public for Reading and the delivery of books on Thursday, May 1, 1879.

The registration of names and the delivery of cards will begin on Wednesday, April 23.

Application can be made of either member of the Library Committee or at the Library on and after that date.

To facilitate the drawing of books, all persons wishing to avail themselves of the privileges of the library are requested to secure cards previous to the opening.

Per order of Library Committee, 138

GEORGE M. CHAMPNEY, Librarian.

MANURE AND SPENT TAN

for sale cheap at BRYANT & KING'S, Woburn, Mass. 155

THE BEST OF ALL WASHING COMPOUNDS.

WILDES & CO'S "WASHING COMPOUND" is the best of all washing compounds. It is safe for the hands, clothes, time, labor, and expense. Will make hard water soft, cure chapped hands, and make Home Happy. Try a package and you will never be without it. Costs only 10 cents, and will save four times that amount in soap. Sold by Grocers everywhere. Ask for Wildes & Co's Compound, and take no other preparation. Manufactured only by WILDES & CO., BOSTON, MASS. Principal Depot, 31 MURKIN STREET. Beware of Vile Imitations. 159

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

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JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,

DEALERS IN

Lumber and CHOICE Hay.

EASTERN PRESSED

No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

NEW SPRING SUITS,

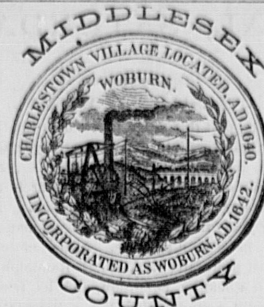
Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods,

FINE WHITE AND FANCY SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE PATTERNS.

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Are now ready for Exhibition.



Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865
Parks & Freeman,
MACHINISTS,
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Leather Machinery,
GLASSING, STONING,
Polishing and Peabbling Jacks, etc.
 Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting
 Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings
 Tanneries and Currying, Shops fitted up at short
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97, 99, and 101 Main Street,
WOBURN, MASS.
 All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership
 formed January 1st, 1877.

HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,
 (Successor to Porter & Young.)
MACHINIST
 Steam and Gas Fitter.
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STEAM ENGINES,
 Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shafting,
 Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to
 fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.
SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Business Cards.

THE
CENTRAL HOUSE,
WOBURN,

Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston, for
 Sleighting or Dancing parties. With one of the best
 dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for
 caring for parties, the Central House will be found to
 answer all the requirements of the travelling public.
LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.
 Catering on the most satisfactory terms a
 specialty.

A. BUCKMAN,
 Dealer in
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
 160 Main Street, Woburn.
 Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on
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STABLE,
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G. F. JONES, Proprietor

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BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.
 AT THE RAILROAD STATION,
WOBURN HIGHLANDS.

E. C. COLOMB,
TAILOR,
 Church Street, - - Winchester.
 Having had many years experience as a Tailor,
 in some of the best tailoring establishments
 in the country, he offers his services to the citizens
 of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all
 who may favor him with their custom.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
 204 Washington St., Boston.
 (Opposite School St.)
 Photographs in Every Style made and finished in the
 best manner. Card sizes, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50
 per dozen. Cabinet Cards, \$3.00 per dozen. First
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 and families, 12 tickets for \$10. Copying of all kinds
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H. S. DUNSHIEE, - Artist.

HARDWARE.
 Farming Tools & Seeds,
 PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,
 Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
L. THOMPSON, No. 213 MAIN STREET.

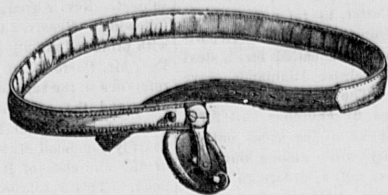
W. N. GRAY,
Practical Roofer,
 STONEHAM, MASS.
 Slate, Tin and Gable Roofing furnished and ap-
 plied. Special attention given to repairing Roofs of
 all kinds.

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,
TOWN BILL POSTER
 AND DISTRIBUTOR.
 WOBURN, MASS.
 Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street,
 promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill
 Boards in town. Orders by mail promptly at-
 tended to.

R. C. HAYWARD,
 Dealer in
GROCERIES,
 FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,
 At the Lowest Prices.
103 Main Street, - - Woburn.

JOSEPH BANCROFT,
 139 1/2 Main Street, Woburn.
 (SOLES' BLOCK.)
SEWING MACHINES
 of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments.
 Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange
 for new ones.

Auctioneers.
WILLIAM WINN,
AUCTIONEER,
 BURLINGTON, - MASS.
 Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
 reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OF-
 fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.
E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
 Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.
 Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main
 Street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.



A large assortment and perfect fit guaranteed

At HILL'S DRUG STORE,
 Opposite the Common. 120 WOBURN.

412 WASHINGTON STREET.
NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

Spring Styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats,
YOUNG GENTS' STIFF AND SOFT HATS.
 ONE OF THE BEST ASSORTMENTS EVER BEFORE OFFERED.

TURBAN AND INDIA SMOKING CAPS.
Boys' Hats, Boys' Turban and Cadet Caps,
 Fine Silk, Alpaca and Scotch Gingham Umbrellas.

Every article WANTED to be as represented.

JOSEPH A. JACKSON,
 412 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

WILMOT'S CLOTHING HOUSES.
 STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

EVERY GARMENT MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.
GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.
 Business Suits, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$11, \$12, \$13, \$14, \$15, \$16.
 Dress Suits, \$12, \$13, \$14, \$15, \$16, \$18, \$20, \$22, \$25.
 The All-Wool Suits have a yellow lot ticket, and the Cotton and Wool a white ticket.
BOYS' AND YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.
 SUITS \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00,
 \$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00.
 The All-Wool Suits have a green lot ticket, and the Cotton and Wool Garments a white ticket.

Gentlemen's Custom Department, BUSINESS SUITS—made from
 WORK AND FIT GUARANTEED.
 We make to order a better suit for the money than any other House in New England.
 CUSTOM PANTALOONS, \$4, \$4.50, \$5.

Our South End Store is designed to accommodate our patrons who reside in the southern part of the
 city, and those who may arrive upon any and all trains upon railroads leading from that section of the city.
 Our two stores combined make us the LARGEST HOUSE IN BOSTON OR NEW ENGLAND in
 the line of Clothing.
WILMOT'S, - - - 263 Washington Street,
 SECOND DOOR ABOVE THE HERALD OFFICE.
SOUTH END STORE, - - 747 to 751 Washington Street, Boston.

Florist.
S. W. Trembly & Sons,
FLORISTS,
 And dealers in
ANTIQUE POTTERY,
 161 Tremont Street,
 BOSTON - - - MASS.

Professional Cards.
A. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,
 Physician and Surgeon,
 OFFICE:
 Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.
 Opp. the New Public Library Building.
 Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.
Woburn, - - - Mass.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 168 MAIN STREET,
 WOBURN, - - - MASS.
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Poetical Selection.

NOTHING IS LOST.
 Nothing is lost; the drop of dew,
 Which trembles on the leaf or flower,
 Is but exhaled, to fall anew
 In summer's thunder shower;
 Perchance to shine within the bow,
 That fronts the sun at close of day,
 Perchance to sparkle in the flow
 Of fountain far away.

Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed,
 By wild birds borne, or breezes blown,
 Finds something suited to its need,
 Wherein 'tis sown or grown.
 The language of some cherished flower,
 Though gone from outward sense, belong
 To memory's after hour.

So with our words; or harsh or kind,
 Uttered, they are not forgot;
 They leave their influence on the mind,
 Pave on, but perchance not
 So with our deeds; for good or ill,
 They have their power scarce understood;
 Then let us use our better will,
 To make them rife with good.

Selected Story.

THAT BOY.
 Husband! there's somebody out in the
 yard sawing wood. Who do you s'pose
 'tis?
 Farmer Granger turned himself in bed,
 listened a moment, and then, with the
 sleepy sigh of one who realizes that the
 time for dreaming is over and work hours
 are at hand, replied:
 "It's old Warner, likely. He's had time
 to get over his tantrum. I'll see."

The farmer's toilet was not one that re-
 quired hours to perfect, and before Mrs.
 Granger had concluded that it was time for
 her to "be stirring," the brown trousers and
 blue frock of her husband could have been
 seen at the further end of the big kitchen,
 while two keen gray eyes peered through
 the half-opened blind.
 No red-nosed, haggard-faced old man met
 his gaze, but a pale-cheeked, bareheaded boy,
 whose low whistle kept time as he worked,
 while the heap of sticks at his feet gave
 evidence that his saw had made quick pace
 since sunrise.

"What are you about, boy?" was the
 farmer's salutation, as he neared the woodpile.
 "I thought, maybe, you'd give me some
 breakfast if I sawed awhile," answered the
 lad, looking up as if to note how his propo-
 sition would be received.

"Breakfast! Of course! We never turn
 folks away hungry. Where'd you come
 from?"
 "Over east," was the indefinite reply.
 "Where'd you sleep last night?"
 "Under the bushes, down the road a
 piece," the boy answered.

"Well, you're a great one! I should not
 wonder, now, if you'd run away?"—half
 interrogated the farmer, with a pleasant
 twinkle in his eye. "Do you mind telling
 your name?"
 "Jap, sir."
 "Jap, hey?"
 "That's what they call me—my real
 name's Jasper."

"Who are they—your father and mother?"
 "I haven't any, sir."
 "Brothers and sisters?"
 "Not one," was the curt reply.
 The farmer looked sharply at the boy from
 under his broad-brimmed hat, as the saw
 plied to and fro; and, doubtless, he would
 have pushed his inquiries still further had
 not the impatient howling of Whitey and Doll
 reminded him that it was milking time.

"Well, you don't look over and above
 strongish. You'd better let that wood
 alone till you get some victuals down."
 "I'd rather keep on," was the only
 answer; and the work proceeded with no
 further interruption till Ethel, the three-
 year-old pet of the family, came trotting
 around the corner of the house, to announce
 in her baby fashion that "b'e'ck'ast" was
 ready.

"Come right in, come right in—You've
 earned a good meal o' victuals!" and Farmer
 Granger led the way, with his little girl
 perched upon his shoulder.
 The lad silently took the place assigned
 him at one end of the square table opposite
 Ethel and her father, while Mrs. Granger
 and a happy-faced old lady occupied seats
 on either side.

The first supply of broiled ham and baked
 potatoes had disappeared from the boy's
 plate, and the second installment was van-
 ishing bit by bit, when Mrs. Granger sud-
 denly discovered that he had no butter.
 "No, ma'am; I don't care for it—this
 bread's good enough without any," was the
 reply when the plate was passed.
 Mrs. Granger received this compliment
 with a pleased smile, and an extra large
 doughnut immediately found its way to
 accompany the butterless bread.

"I'd like to work awhile longer to pay for
 that breakfast," remarked the boy, as he
 followed the farmer through the woodhouse.
 "I haven't tasted anything so good in a long
 time," and the saw was taken up without
 waiting for permission.
 "Well, if you're a mind to cut and pile
 up a spell, you can stay and get your dinner.
 We always mean to have good victuals and
 plenty of 'em here."
 "Now, where are you bound for?" ques-
 tioned the farmer, as the lad picked up his
 bundle after dinner and seemed ready to take
 his departure.

agree to give you enough to eat and a com-
 fortable bed. Maybe by that time you'll want
 to run home again."
 The boy's eyes flashed; but he set his lips
 firmly together, and made no answer for a
 minute. Then he said:
 "You are very kind, sir. I'll stay if you
 will let me."

"Solomon Granger, you're crazy!" ex-
 claimed the nervous little woman, when her
 husband related the foregoing conversation.
 "The idea of having that boy in the house
 all night! I shan't sleep a single wink.
 Likely as not he'll kill us all before morn-
 ing, and make off with everything there is
 here."

"Oh! no; I guess he's all right;" was the
 farmer's rejoinder; while a sweet voice
 came from over the knitting.
 "I never see a boy with such a face that
 had anything in him but good, honest blood.
 Depend on't, Lowly, there ain't nothin'
 wrong about that boy."

Two days passed. The lad kept faithfully
 at his work, saying little and revealing noth-
 ing in regard to himself. The farmer's wife,
 meanwhile, worried and fretted, turned a
 dozen keys at night, and was surprised when
 morning dawned to find everything un-
 touched.

"What are you going to do about going
 to church?" she asked, anxiously, on Sun-
 day morning. "There's that boy!"
 "There's room enough in the wagon," re-
 sponded her husband, serenely.
 "I know—but 'tain't a bit likely he'll want
 to go. And I don't dare to leave him home.
 There's no telling what he'll do."

"I wouldn't worry about that boy; he
 ain't going to run off with the house."
 The proffered seat, however, was declined
 by the boy saying:
 "My clothes ain't fit. I'd rather stay
 'round here."

So Mrs. Granger, with numberless mis-
 givings, clambered into the high wagon,
 tucking little Ethel in beside her, and off
 they went over the hills to the town, two
 miles away.

"Let me see," began grandma, when the
 last load of neighbors had passed the gate,
 "your name's Jasper, ain't it?"
 "Jasper, ma'am."
 "Yes, Well, Jasper, can you read?"
 "Yes, ma'am."

"Well, s'posin you read out loud to me a
 spell," and a little old book was brought
 out from the great chest in the corner, en-
 titled, "Tales of a Grandmother."
 So the boy read; and grandma, folding
 her wrinkled hands—hands that were always
 busy on other days—leaned back with a look
 of contentment on her sweet old face, think-
 ing to herself: "As if I'd be afeared o' that
 boy!"

"You must ha' been to school consider-
 able," was the comment when the first chap-
 ter was ended.
 "I never went," was the response.
 "Never! Who learned you to read,
 then?"

"The boy seemed reluctant to engage in any
 conversation, and hastened to begin the
 second chapter. Some time passed, till at
 length, the one auditor falling asleep, the
 story was continued in silence.
 "Grandma's nap was brought to a sudden
 close by a loud rap at the outer door.
 Two men stood on the doorstep; ill-look-
 ing fellows, and very dirty in appearance.
 "Can you give us something to eat?"
 asked one.

"Sartin, sartin; come right in and sit
 down," said the old lady bustling off to the
 pantry. "Which do you like best—apple-
 or custard?" And soon a bountiful re-
 past was spread upon the table, and the good
 things vanished without ceremony.

The boy eyed the two, sharply; while
 grandma, after receiving some crusty an-
 swers to the few kindly questions, sat placidly
 rocking. The eyes of the men roved
 searchingly about the room. Finally, one
 asked:
 "Folks gone to church?"
 "La, yes," replied the old lady, innocent-
 ly. "Our folks never stay at home for
 nothin'."

The speaker threw a quick glance toward
 his companion, and the other nodded.
 Neither movement escaped the pair of watch-
 eyes in the corner.
 A moment after, the boy left his seat,
 sauntered across the room and stopped by
 the window to look up the road, and then
 going through the little hall which led out
 of the kitchen, he called from the foot of the
 stairs:
 "Dave! Dave! you asleep up there?"
 "What do you want?" sounded a gruff
 voice down the stairway.

"Come down, can't you? And bring
 along Tige and Fritz! Don't go to sleep
 again."
 "Grandma heard in mingled amazement
 and alarm. Could the boy be in league with
 these men, and another be in waiting up-
 stairs!"
 As if in confirmation of her fears, a low
 growl sounded from the room overhead.
 Then came a sharp yelp, followed by little
 whines of impatience; and with a careless,
 "Harry up Dave!" the lad walked leisurely
 back to the kitchen. As he reached the
 door, grandma, overwhelmed with conster-
 nation, made a desperate rush; for the bed-
 room beyond, locking the door behind her.

The men in the meantime had neared the
 outer door.
 "Got some dogs up there, have ye?" said
 one, with a disagreeable leer.
 "You heard 'em didn't you?" was the
 careless rejoinder.
 "Come on, Jim!" addressing his compan-
 ion. "We might as well clear—our game's
 up!"
 "Don't be a fool!" was the reply, in an
 audacious tone. "Who's afraid o' pups?"

"Ye dogs ain't fierce, be they youngster?"
 "Fritz ain't over and above friendly to
 strangers," replied the boy, coolly; and if I
 was you I wouldn't be round here when Tige
 gets out for a run." Then in a louder tone:
 "Dave, ain't you coming? But don't let
 Tige loose till these men get away!"

At this, the men moved off, cursing the
 dogs and muttering low, wrathful threats;
 while the lad, with a final, "I advise you to
 put a good piece o' road between you and
 Tige!" closed the door, softly sliding the
 bolt.

Then going to the room where grandma lay
 crouched upon the bed, scarcely daring to
 stir, he called through the key-hole:
 "They're gone. You can come out now."
 "The dogs!" gasped a faint voice.
 "There ain't any," he answered, softly.
 "Open the door, and I'll tell you."

The bolt was cautiously withdrawn, and
 the old lady's face appeared, white and ter-
 rified.
 "Come and sit down," said the boy, ten-
 derly. "I am sorry I frightened you so.
 I was afraid it would, but I could not help
 it."

"I won't stir a step," said grandma,
 stoutly. "What do you mean by all this?
 You can't fool me! I heard the dogs, and
 the men, too."
 A low, pleasant laugh sounded through
 the room.

"Twas only me, grandma! I saw those
 men meant mischief, and I knew something
 must be done pretty quick; so I made be-
 lieve there was somebody up there."
 "But the dogs!" cried the old lady, be-
 wildered. "Where are the dogs?"
 "I made 'em bark—listen!"

And then came from the throat of the
 little ventriloquist such a torrent of growls,
 whines and yelps, interspersed with "Down
 Tige!" and "Be still, Fritz!" that the door
 swung open, and grandma leaned against
 the wall, exclaiming:
 "Well, I never in all my life! If you
 don't beat all the boys I ever did see! and
 there I s'posed you was conivin' with them
 critters, and I was so scared I was just as
 weak as a rag."

Awhile after this fright at the farm-house
 old Billy, with his load of three, was plod-
 ding along peacefully over the brow of the
 little hill a quarter of a mile from home,
 when suddenly Mrs. Granger's voice, wild
 with terror, rang out sharply on the still
 air:
 "The house 'is afire!" she screamed.
 "And grandma!—oh! Solomon; run the
 horse!"

"Nonsense!" said the easy-going farmer.
 Nevertheless, he whipped up old Billy, and
 anxiously scanned the corner of the roof vis-
 ible behind the trees where the smoke was
 curling up gray and thick.

A dozen or more well-directed pails of
 water had done their work, however; and
 only wet, smoked timbers and a blackened
 pile of rubbish met the farmer's eye when
 he sprang from his wagon and alighted at
 the side of the breathless worker.

The sight of the house and barn un-
 harmed and grandma standing in the door-
 way alive and well, put all fears to flight
 in an instant. But there was a story to relate
 and the boy stood modestly by while grand-
 ma dwelt upon the exciting events of the
 past hour. The tramps, it was supposed,
 were the incendiaries; but happily the fire
 had been discovered in time to prevent any
 damage.

The returning loads of church-goers,
 eager to know the cause of the unusual stir,
 stopped at the farmgate; and the lad sud-
 denly found himself the hero of the hour.
 "I told 'em all the bad qualities of Tige
 and Fritz, Uncle George's dogs!" exclaimed
 the boy unmindful until the words were
 spoken that his hearers had never heard of
 "Uncle George" before. Then, with a
 bright blush, he dropped behind one of the
 men, and for a time let the talk go on un-
 heeded.

"I do believe that boy's saved my life,
 Lowly. Depend on't, the Lord sent him!"
 And grandma, concluding her story with
 a long-drawn breath, sat down on the door-
 step, and was immediately engaged in an
 eager talk with old Mrs. Atkins.

It was many hours before quiet settled
 down upon the inmates of the little farm-
 house; but before they settled for the night
 Farmer Granger and his wife learned all
 that was needful to know of Jasper Good-
 rich's former life.

"The only reason I haven't told you,"
 said the boy, in reply to the farmer's ques-
 tion, "is because I was afraid you'd send
 me back. It might as well come out though
 I have run away, but I never'll go back
 to Uncle George's—I'll die first!"
 It was a short story. Until he was seven
 years old he knew only a happy life. Then
 his father's health failing and a sea voyage
 being decided upon, his father and mother
 sailed for France, leaving him in the care
 of the village minister and his wife. In six
 months came the news of his father's death,
 and some weeks later his mother too, died,
 and was buried in a foreign land. The boy
 remained with his friends a few months only
 for on the minister's removal to another
 town he was taken possession of by a half-
 brother of his father's, a rascally man who
 had no love or kind feeling for his nephew.
 Here he was shamefully treated till he
 could endure it no longer, and at last, after
 six years of abuse and torment, he deter-
 mined to seek a home among strangers.

"I wanted to stay," the boy concluded,
 "but I didn't dare to tell you, for fear you
 would send me back."
 "Never, my boy!" interrupted the far-
 mer, earnestly. "You can stay with us till
 you find a better home, and we'll do all we
 can for you."

"ing that boy! I declare, it makes me feel
 mean to think of it."
 Early the next morning the farmer har-
 nessed old Billy, and dressed in his Sun-
 day best, took the east road over the
 "mountain." He returned late in the after-
 noon.

The announcement made at the teatable
 was startling to at least one hearer.
 "I have seen your uncle, Jasper!"
 The boy's face paled, but the farmer's
 next words were reassuring.
 "He was inclined at first to be a little
 ugly, but after I'd had my say he cooled
 down a trifle, and I fancy he won't give you
 any further trouble. You can

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SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1879.

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"MERE SENTIMENT."

Whatever is not, directly or indirectly, reducible to bread and butter, shoes and clothing, and the other necessities of life, is despised by a certain class of persons. They believe in "facts, sir, facts," and in figures, which, like G. W., never tell a lie,—of course not. The study of mechanical forces has little attraction or utility in their eyes, but when the results of such study are utilized by some practical man, in making a patent churn which brings the best butter in less time than ever known before, they can understand that. It means very little to them that sound vibrations affect an electric current, but when the telephone is put upon the market, as a new kind of speaking tube, they use it gladly. To them Niagara Falls is a first-class mill dam, and the awful force of the rushing water so many horse power which is all wasted. A public park is a fine farm lying idle to suit a peculiar fancy; and a broad, neatly kept lawn is only what ought to have been a corn field or a potato patch. George Washington is, to them, a superior civil engineer who abandoned a glorious career for a soldier's vain glorious career. But G. W. left such a splendid monument of success, in spite of his sadly misdirected powers, that these bread-and-butter people have to seek their awful examples elsewhere.

Such people belong to the world of dollars and cents. They do not seem to realize that there are other worlds more important than their own. There are lives of thought and feeling to be lived by us all, or we shall not know the full value of life. Nothing has had such power to stir the hearts of strong men, and accomplish the greatest results for good, as a high, pure sentiment, over which dollars have no influence. The firing of the first shot at Lexington, "heard round the world," the first insult offered the United States flag at Fort Sumpter, were unimportant events, in themselves alone. Only a mere handful of men were killed at Lexington. The flag fired upon was but a piece of bunting and worth only a few dollars. But in both cases the sentiment of the whole body of loyal citizens was stirred to a fever heat. The people were wounded in their most sacred affections. And the general and hearty response which the calls for volunteers, and for subscriptions to the Government loans, met with, must be taken as one of the strongest evidences of the intelligence and high character of our countrymen, as a whole. Things looked dark, at first, and still darker, farther on, and some were tempted to compromise, as to save loss of life and property. But sentiment, high and pure, prevailed over lower motives. Sentiment sustained the dear friends at home as well as those who were undergoing the hardships and dangers of the campaign. And it was sentiment—pure sentiment—which made the bearer of the colors risk his life over and over to save the flag from capture, and finally bring the tattered and faded remnants home as proudly as if every thread were a diamond.

Many of us can look back to moments in our lives when we were under the influence of the strongest, highest and best sentiment. Such brief periods of strong and pure feeling we value more than months of mere every-day buying and selling. Let us always value sentiment more than dollars, and not grudge a few of the latter when needed to give expression to the former.

SHORT HAND.—We have received No. 31 of Vol. 2, of *Munson's Phonographic News*, a monthly publication for the benefit of short hand writers who use the system founded by Mr. James E. Munson, and the dissemination of phonographic news. It is printed in characters, which are fac-simile of Mr. Munson's notes, and the magazine ought to be in the hands of every writer of Munson's system. There seems to be considerable interest in the subject of short hand, here in Woburn, and a class of ten has just completed the prescribed course of instruction, and now hold weekly societies for the purpose of improvement in reading and writing. Any one possessing natural quickness, exactness, and perseverance, may become an expert phonographer. The art of phonography is a great assistance to the student, the professional man, or the man of business, and no one engaged in any clerical employment should be without a practical knowledge of it. Arrangements are being made for the formation of a second class, and any one interested in joining it may learn particulars as to terms, &c., by calling at the Journal office.

It is expected that 93 persons will join the First Congregational Church, to-morrow, Sunday May 4th, 84 by profession, and 9 by letter. This is the largest number that has ever united with the church at one time since the formation of the church. The largest on any former occasion was 50, although during the year 1827 there were 226 additions, and in 1840 there were 118.

We have been told that he is anxious for a match.—*Adv.*

Not at all; we have several bunches left, of Byam, Carleton & Co.'s best,—the long card variety,—and we find it a good enough match.

LAMPFLIGHTER.—Col. Cyrus Tapp has the contract for lighting the street lamps this year at \$6 a post. There are 95 gasoline and 63 gas lights in town.

THE WALKING MANIA.

On Monday there was a walking match in Lyceum Hall, between Ida Davis and Mabel Burlingame. An actual sawdust track was laid down in the hall, which measured 193 feet in length, eighteen inches from the edge, making 27 laps and 69 feet necessary to complete a mile. The race between the ladies was for 25 miles. Miss Burlingame was dressed in a dark blue short dress, and Miss Davis in light blue. Miss B. took the lead, but was passed by Miss D. before the completion of the first mile. The former was badly shod and left the track several times to change her shoes. Miss Davis gave up on the 18th mile and was taken off. Before going, however, a friend in the audience presented her with a gold watch, which she carried once around the hall. Miss Burlingame continued to plod on, and finally completed 25 miles in 5 hours, 294 minutes. The first nine miles 28 laps were walked, and the last sixteen 27 laps, and the distance was fairly covered. At 8 minutes of 8 Miss Ida Blackwell started to walk 5 miles and beat the best female record. She was more slowly dressed than her sister, and fairly flew around the hall. Her first mile was completed in 10:26; 2d, 11:13; 3d, 10:25; 4th, 10:38; 5th, 10:08; total, 52 minutes and 50 seconds. At the close of the 25-mile race, Patrick McHugh, Andrew McHugh, James Callahan, and Thomas Quinlan, started for a five mile go-as-you-please race for a gold medal. Andy retired without completing a mile, and Quinlan stopped after running two. McHugh gained one lap on Callahan, and followed him closely, being unable to get by on account of the narrow track. They completed the race in that order, McHugh coming in 35 minutes and 50 seconds, and Callahan in 36 minutes and 10 seconds. McHugh is a very pretty runner, having been well trained, and could undoubtedly have made better time had it been necessary. The Woburn Band enlivened the occasion with some very spirited music.

Tuesday evening, Miss Helene Freeman appeared in Lyceum Hall. This little lady is not only a wonderful walker, but by her pleasant ways on the track is always a favorite with the audience. She was neatly and plainly dressed in a close fitting suit of blue flannel. She walked 25 miles, and closed with 34 minutes to spare on the advertised time of 54 hours. Some of her miles were done in very quick time, and she was quite fresh after her long tramp. Owing to the rain the attendance was small, but we hope to see her in Woburn again, when she may be sure she will have a full house. At the close of her race she offered a silver medal for the best amateur five mile walk. There were three entrants, John Leighton, W. S. Fritledge, and John Gateley. The latter walked a few miles and quit. The race was between Leighton and Fritledge, and was a very close contest. Leighton had the pole, and all through the five miles Fritledge made strenuous efforts to pass him. Once he succeeded, but fell down on the next turn, and Leighton fell over him, thus resuming the lead, which he held throughout. There were numerous claims of foul, but none were allowed, and the medal was given to Leighton. At the finish Fritledge was right at Leighton's heels. The time was very swift, 45 minutes and 21 seconds. We would like to see Leighton and Fritledge on a wide track.

THE NEW CHIEF.—Major Bancroft entered upon his duties as Chief of Police, at midnight on Wednesday, and the police of Woburn is now under his direction. Major Bancroft made a first class record during the war, in the 32d Mass. Vols., where he proved himself a brave soldier, and a good executive officer. Since the war he has held several positions of trust, having served as Selectman, Assessor, &c., and his friends believe that he will fill his present position with ability and credit.

Officer John W. Waters the newly appointed Night Watchman, as a sergeant in the militia was rated a good soldier by his superior officers, and as foreman of Hose Co., No. 5, was a good fireman and a popular captain. He is a man who can be depended upon in an emergency, and will no doubt make a good watchman.

NOT QUITE.—Frank Hunt, on Wednesday evening, attempted to run from Soles' corner in Woburn to the flag man's hut at the railroad crossing on Main street, Winchester, a few rods over two miles, in twelve minutes. He appeared on the corner at half past six dressed in light under shirt, short pants, red stockings and canvas shoes, and started off in good style. He ran very well indeed, but the task was too great, and he touched the shanty in 12:45, three-fourths of a minute behind time. He is confident he can do it, however, and will probably try it again when the roads are free from mud.

SUIT AGAINST THE TOWN.—John B. Taylor, of Burlington, as administrator of the estate of Benjamin C. Taylor (who was killed last Christmas by being thrown out of a wagon at the corner of Sheridan and Burlington streets), Lily L. Taylor, and Susan E. Taylor have brought suit against the town for \$5,000 apiece for damages. They claim that the town is liable on account of a post that was left on the corner a few inches from the ground.

TRY SIMMONS & BARTLETT'S fire kindlings and avoid kerosene explosions; they are cheaper and make less dirt than shavings. John I. Munroe & Co., sole agents for Woburn and vicinity.

AN OLD CYCLOPEDIA.—Mr. O. Rich has shown us a Cyclopaedia published by E. Chambers, in London, in 1783, which is quite a curiosity in its way, and still valuable for its general information.

CEMETERY COMMITTEE.—The Cemetery Committee has organized with P. L. Converse, chairman, and L. L. Whitney, Secretary and Superintendent.

PRESENTATION.—Capt. E. Fountain, the retiring foreman of Hose 5, was presented with a gold badge by the members of the company, last Monday evening.

UNITARIAN.—Rev. Mr. Buck, of Portland, Me., will occupy the Unitarian pulpit on Sunday.

COMMUNION. UNIVERSALISM IN WOBURN.

In the past this great Bible doctrine had many believers in this town. By united effort, and devotion to the cause, a parish was gathered and organized, a church edifice erected, and a pastor settled. For many years the work, by judicious management, gave good promise. At the close of the last pastorate, Rev. W. B. Randolph, it was in a healthy condition, and its friends earnestly contemplated the settlement of another minister. Procrastination proved dangerous, and the desire of honest earnest souls was never realized. The little flock was scattered, but the truth lived, and the prayer now is—that God will send a faithful minister, who will again break the bread of heaven here, as in the past. Many tables are already spread, bearing different names, and yet it is a truth, many souls are still unfeared, if not really unchurched. A door seems to be open to supply this spiritual need, and gather in the children of a common Father, by an earnest, clear proclamation of the sublime revelations of a *divine Christ*, on whom God "poured out His spirit without measure." To the end that an opportunity may be had for an expression of desire with regard to this all-absorbing question—*universal salvation*, it is proposed to hold a meeting on Sunday, May 11, morning and evening, in the hall occupied by the "Grand Army of the Republic." Subject for the morning—"Universalist Profession of Faith." Evening—"Universalist Idea of Punishment." Rev. N. R. Wright will officiate. Public cordially invited.

A BELIEVER.

FIRE COMPANY ELECTIONS.—The companies in the Woburn Fire Department have elected officers for the ensuing year as follows:—

L. W. Perham Hose Co., No. 1.—Foreman, Joseph W. Adlington; Assistant, Thomas L. Loomer; Clerk, John L. Perham; Treasurer, Joseph Cole; Steward, George W. Melendy.

Vidette Hose Co., No. 2.—Foreman, Edgar A. Dodge; Assistant, C. Edward Nichols; Clerk, Theophilus F. Page; Treasurer, Enoch H. Curtis; Steward, William Green.

John Cummings Hose Co., No. 3.—Foreman, Theodore F. Taylor; Assistant, Alfred Murdoch; Clerk, Frank C. Taylor; Treasurer, John Cummings; 2d, Steward, Chas. Stevenson; Standing Committee, Roger S. Spaulding, John Cummings, 2d, Thomas I. Brown.

Charles Porter Hose Co., No. 4.—Foreman, Richard Garrity; Assistant, John Kinney; Clerk, Charles J. Porter; Treasurer, Frank Murray; Steward, Sylvester Murray; Standing Committee, James Duffy, William Elliott.

Highland Hose Co., No. 5.—Foreman, Robert W. King; Assistant, L. A. Sweetser; Clerk, Henry L. Andrews; Treasurer, William F. Reynolds; Steward, Alfred K. Fritledge; Standing Committee, Robert W. King, L. A. Sweetser, John Devlin.

Gilecroft Hook and Ladder Co., No. 1.—Foreman, Frank H. Leathe; Assistant, James F. Barrett; Clerk, Cyrus Lamb; Treasurer, George W. Nichols; Steward, Edward E. Stowers.

The Board of Engineers met on Wednesday evening, and organized by re-electing Albert A. Ferrin, Chief, and Rufus F. Poole, Clerk. The other members are Charles Porter, J. W. Ellard and Amos Pettengill.

BASE BALL.—The opening base ball season at Stoneham, occurs on Wednesday, May 14. The Gen. Worths are drawn for sixteen games with clubs in the Eastern Massachusetts Association, as follows:—

- May 14, at Stoneham, King Phillips.
- " 17, at Boston, Etnas.
- " 24, at Lynn.
- June 17, at Stoneham, Brockton.
- " 14, at Boston, Beacons.
- " 21, at Stoneham, Campello.
- " 25, at Clinton.
- Aug. 2, at Stoneham, Etnas.
- " 9, at Stoneham, Maldens.
- " 12, at Campello.
- " 19, at Malden.
- " 26, at Rockland.
- Aug. 13, at Stoneham, Clintons.
- " 20, at Stoneham, Our Boys.
- Sept. 3, at Stoneham, Beacons.
- " 24, at Brockton.

There is some talk of running a barge over from Woburn, to accommodate those who like to see the games, and if sufficient encouragement is given it will doubtless be done.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—The School Committee has organized with Hon. J. G. Pollard as Chairman, Charles D. Adams, Esq., as Secretary, John Johnson, Auditor, E. H. Davis was re-elected Superintendent. Messrs. Converse and Anderson take the places on the sub-committees made vacant by the retirement of Miss Edgell and Mr. Bond. The May vacation begins to-day, and will continue one week.

SUICIDE.—Reuben A. Buck, of this town, who has been at the McLean Asylum in Somerville for several months, was left alone by an attendant last Saturday, and drowned himself in the bath tub. He had been very much depressed of late, and it is surprising that he should have been allowed an opportunity which he doubtless was very quick to improve.

The regular monthly exhibition occurred at the Cummings School last Friday afternoon, and was very largely attended by friends of the pupils. The exercises were very interesting, consisting of declamations, reading and music, and showed careful preparation.

It is suggested that the motto of the Legislature of 1879 should be "Retrenchment and Industry." They saved \$300,000. They sat 120 days and passed 306 bills and 53 resolves.

Never give up the ship. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup may cure you, as it has done others. It costs little and can never harm. Price, 25 cents.

\$9,000 SAVED.—The Legislature reduced the Middlesex County Tax from \$124,000 to \$115,000.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

WOBURN CONFERENCE.

The Spring session of the Woburn Conference was held on Tuesday last, with the Congregational Church at Winchester. The 21 churches of the Conference were all represented, for the first time in four years, making the number of pastors and delegates present about 75. The exercises were opened at 9:30 A. M., with a prayer meeting under the direction of Rev. William J. Batt, of Stoneham. At 10 o'clock Rev. Daniel March, D. D., of Woburn, took the chair. The Clerk, Rev. M. M. Cutter, read the minutes of the last meeting. Delegates then handed in their certificates. The appointment of delegates to the General Association coming up, it was voted, on motion of Rev. M. M. Cutter, to refer the matter to the committee on nominations. Reports from the Churches were called for. Rev. J. G. Taylor, of Melrose Highlands, gave a general report. The Woburn Conference, he said, comprises 21 churches and 3,721 members. He spoke of the great importance of missionary work among our own feeble churches as well as in foreign lands. Only nine churches of the Conference received aid from the Mass. Home Missionary Society. This Conference owes to its churches, first, a thorough interest in the feeble churches; secondly, to encourage them to become self supporting; thirdly, to help them to become so. Mr. Cutter thought the stronger churches should lay their plans for helping the feeble. Revs. A. S. Hudson, F. H. Foster and A. G. Bale, spoke in favor of such help. On motion of Mr. Bale, the Moderator appointed a committee to consider the matter and report in the afternoon. Revs. J. W. Wellman and W. J. Batt and Messrs. J. H. Tyler, G. R. Gage and J. G. Aborn.

At 11:15 the topic "Religion in the Home," was taken up for discussion. Rev. W. H. Adams, of Lexington, thought that parents should expect the salvation of every child. Family religion is God's highest gift to man. Blessings received in common, demand a common acknowledgment. Let not the service be tedious or hurried. Have a special family hymn for this service. For reading, the Home Lessons of the International Series may be used. Family worship, if properly conducted, will form the religious character of the family. Cheerfulness, intelligence, knowledge of the Scriptures and filial obedience will characterize such a family. Those who pray together must love each other. Mr. Adams urged the restoration of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism as a sound doctrinal basis. The Sabbath should be an attractive day to the children, with all the means we have now to make it such. Let parents believe that all children truly dedicated to God and brought up at the family altar will meet them in heaven. Rev. Mr. Wellman spoke upon the value of a Christian home. He thought England had better homes than America. Rev. Mr. Cutter would have freshness and variety, and no formality, in the family worship. Use the Lord's Prayer, and sing. Mr. J. H. Tyler spoke of the close watch which children maintain upon their parents' conduct. Others spoke to the same effect.

At 12:15 D. N. Skillings, Esq., on behalf of the Winchester church, cordially invited all present to adjourn to lunch in the vestry, where probably 500 enjoyed the good things provided. The Woburn Conference Branch of the Women's Board held an interesting noon.

At 1:30 the business of the Conference was resumed. Rev. M. M. Cutter spoke of the necessity of a larger delegation from the Conference to the General Association and on his recommendation three new delegates were appointed for one year and three for two years; for one year, D. N. Skillings of Winchester, C. N. Chapin of Melrose, D. E. Perry of Medford; for two years, J. G. Aborn of Wakefield, F. W. B. Pratt of Reading, J. P. Bacon of Medford; Alternates, G. R. Gage of Woburn, Joseph H. Buck of Stoneham, and W. B. Webber of Bedford. On invitation of the Lexington Church it was voted to hold the Fall meeting there. A committee of arrangements was appointed, consisting of the pastor of the Lexington Church, and Brothers Loren Wetherell and Charles E. Lovejoy. Mr. C. N. Chapin of Melrose reported in behalf of the Church Aid Committee of the Mass. Home Missionary Society. The seven churches of the Conference which need help have received outside aid to the amount of \$1,700 or \$50 more than last year. Every church in the Conference has contributed to the Home Missionary Society this past year; \$2,080.12 in all. Rev. Geo. E. Lovejoy spoke of the good work done in his own church in Bedford, under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. State Committee. The Conference then passed the following resolutions:—Resolved that this Conference heartily endorses the work of the Young Men's Christian Association of this State, as it has been carried on by their State Executive Committee within this Conference and earnestly invokes upon them the fullest blessing of the great Head of the Church. Dr. March spoke of the kindly, faithful and judicious help which that Committee had given to the Woburn churches. He blessed the Lord for their coming and should ever remember it with gratitude. Rev. J. W. Wellman on behalf of the Committee on Church Aid, offered the following: Your committee recommend that a committee of 8 be appointed by this Conference, whose duty it shall be, first to visit on the Sabbath the churches at Linden, Melrose Highlands and West Medford and make a careful examination of the condition and needs of each church; second to confer together and decide what is the duty of the Conference to each of these churches, and thirdly, to visit the churches of this Conference at the weekly church prayer meetings and make their report as to granting to each church the amount of the donation expected from it. The Conference accepted this report and the plan adopted, and also the names suggested for this Committee, as follows:—Hon. J. G. Pollard, of Woburn, D. N. Skillings, of Winchester, J. W. Webber, of Malden, J. G. Aborn, of Wakefield, S. E. Parker, of Reading, C. N. Chapin, of Melrose, E. Boynton, of Medford, Silas Dean, of Stoneham. The topic "Christian Work in the World," was now taken up. Dr. E. E. Strong, editor of the *Missionary Herald*, gave an interesting address on the

foreign work. The interest and prayers and help of Christians must continue, whatever may be left to the Board. Dr. Bissell, formerly of Winchester, now of Austria, spoke of the work in that country. Rev. James Kimball, of the Tract Society, said that \$40,000 worth of tracts were given out last year, in 148 dialects. Religious reading is a powerful agent in the missionary work. The colporteurs work with success where churches could not exist. Rev. John Barrows, of Salt Lake City, gave a very stirring account of the work out there. The young Mormons are sick of polygamy. Dr. Barrows presented the wants of that whole Pacific region. Revs. W. Ely, of Reading, and C. R. Bliss, of Wakefield, spoke on this subject. Rev. Alfred G. Bale offered the following:—Resolved that we have listened with profound attention to the statements of Rev. Mr. Barrows, of Salt Lake City, with reference to the schools in Utah and Santa Dea, and the great interests centering in that vast intra-mural bosom; that we can heartily commend his work to the brethren of the churches of Boston and neighborhood. This resolution was adopted. A resolution of thanks to the Winchester people for their hospitality, offered by Rev. J. G. Taylor, was adopted. The Conference closed at four, after a half hour prayer meeting.

WEST POINT.—Hon. Selwyn Z. Bowman, member of Congress for this district, is to nominate a candidate for appointment as a cadet of the United States military academy at West Point, such candidate to be examined at West Point on June 19th next. A competitive examination of all applicants for such nomination will be held on the 8th day of May, 1879, at 9 o'clock A. M., in the High School building on Central Hill, in Somerville, before a board of examiners, consisting of Sanford Hanscom, M. D., of Somerville, Hon. James A. Hervey, of Medford, and Hon. A. E. Scott, of Lexington, whose office is at No. 1 Pemberton Square, Boston. All applicants must have been for at least two years, actual, bona fide residents of this congressional district, must be of such condition politically that they would be able to vote if they were of sufficient age therefor, must be at the time of admission to the academy between seventeen and twenty-two years of age, and at least five feet in height. They will be subjected first to a rigid physical examination, and such as are not thereby rejected will be examined in reading, writing, including orthography, arithmetic, English grammar, descriptive geography, particularly of our own country, and the history of the United States. Each applicant must furnish said board a certificate from his present or last school-teacher, that he is of good moral character, and, in the opinion of such teacher, reasonably qualified to submit to such an examination, or such other evidence, in place thereof, of his mental and moral qualifications as said board may require or accept. Every cadet has to agree to serve the United States eight years from the time of his admission to the academy. Further information may be obtained from the committee, if desired.

ALARM OF FIRE.—On Thursday evening about half-past nine o'clock, the fire alarm at the Centre was struck from Cummingsville. The steamer, Hook and Ladder, and Hose 1 went over to Cummingsville and from there to North Woburn, without finding any fire. The other carriages were out also, Hose 5, going to Nichols' Corner, Hose 2 to North Woburn and Hose 6 also. The alarm appears to have been in a barn between Wakefield and Reading. Hose 1 was unfortunate as to snap its large gong into the jolting of the carriage on leaving the Engine House. The introduction of the electric alarm system, as a sure means of preventing these useless and expensive false alarms, is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.—The Town Library was opened to the public on Thursday without the slightest attempt at formality, to the disappointment of many of our citizens who had thought that the opening of the finest library building in the country, ought to have been attended by some public demonstration. The grounds are not yet graded, however, and it may be that when the trustees surrender their trust to the town, a proper celebration of the event may be had. There were 517 applicants registered, and on the first day 236 books were delivered. This is a good beginning, and doubtless the library will be, as it deserves, our most popular public institution.

Of all the Washing Compounds in use, none stand the test so well as "Soap-ena," and none give such perfect satisfaction. At home, in the factory, machine-shop or wherever used, it meets the requirements perfectly. No housekeeper should be without it. Sold by Grocers everywhere.

HAND HURT.—On Thursday Rufus Piker took hold of the wheel of a heavily loaded ice wagon, to help start the team, and when the horses started his hand was drawn between the wheel and the shaft-lock, lacerating his hand severely.

"Spring planting at Mt. Auburn," is the rather taking title of an article in the *American Cultivator*. But whether planted in Spring or Fall makes no difference, the crop will all be garnered at the same time.—*Marlboro Times.*

POLICE COURT.—Hugh McMorro, common drunkard, 4 months in House of Correction; R. F. McKee, assault and battery on C. A. Murdoch, satisfaction acknowledged, \$1 and costs.

A stylish hat adds much to the personal appearance, and a good place to get one at a reasonable price is at Jackson's new store, No. 412 Washington St., Boston.

It costs nothing to send to Oak Hall, Boston, and receive sample cards of the finest stock of men's and boys' clothing in New England.

Y. M. C. A.—The Christian Association will hold its monthly meeting next Monday evening, at the Methodist Church.

LOST A FINGER.—Bridget Keating lost her right fore finger in a mael line at Simonds' shop last week Friday.

ASHAMED TO BE IGNORANT.

John Adams wrote to his wife concerning his children: "Let them disdain to be destitute of any useful or ornamental knowledge or accomplishment." Such advice is hardly suited to the circumstances of our day. Yet knowledge has become a more marketable article than it was in John Adams' time. And while very few are as highly cultivated as he wished his children to be, an intelligent interest in all branches of knowledge is rapidly spreading among all classes. Of course knowledge, like all other articles which come to market, must, to insure ready sale, be the best of its kind and attractively arranged. To answer this popular demand the best writers, who would once have thought it beneath them to write for the popular journals, attach themselves to editorial corps, and address as large audiences through the daily press as will ever reach their more labored and lengthy productions. Editorials which are almost as delightful reading as the "Essays of Elia," spring up, in our great dailies, like mushrooms in a night. Histories which are like outshells filled with meat, and yet can be carried in the pocket; novels which can be read with pleasure in a spare hour, are prepared in answer to this call. With such unprecedented opportunities for acquiring the best information in the most agreeable manner, he who declines an offered fortune, because, perhaps, he must go a few steps out of his way to get the required signatures to the deed. He as much as says that the times of a hundred years ago would have suited him nearly as well as the present. He will not be counted among the wide-awake and influential men of his neighborhood; and even wealth will not suffice to give him the standing which is accorded to men of intelligence. On the other hand, he who resorts to the best books and periodicals for refreshment in idle moments, will find his sources of pleasure and improvement constantly increasing. If a poor man, he will discover that it adds to his wages and brings him respect and influence. He will have a ten times greater object in living than his neighbor, of equal ability, who spends his leisure time in looking at and thinking of nothing. There is some drudgery in the first steps of acquiring knowledge. It requires a little effort and self-denial. We find it more agreeable to occupy ourselves with pleasures which, while leaving us no better than we were before, can be enjoyed without exertion, while we merely drift with the tide. But the drudgery of study is no greater than is required in the laborious earning of the first few hundred dollars which the business man needs, to give him a safe and promising start on the road to wealth. The same thirst after education which so many feel after wealth, will overcome the obstacles in the way, whether few or many.

Invest in a good encyclopedia of recent date, even if you have to wear an old coat a little longer, to pay for it. And get the plainest binding so that you can the better afford to buy a revised edition ten years hence. Such a work, prepared by the best writers of the time, is an abridged library filled with works of great interest in every branch of knowledge. Daily use of it for years will return you its cost many times over in pleasure and instruction. We suggest the keeping of a daily memorandum of subjects which should be looked up. The proper authorities can then be consulted at the first opportunity. The events and personages of the past hundred years are of especial concern to us, as belonging to our own age. The leading features of our own wars and of those of Europe, the careers of Wellington, Hastings and Clive, in India, and the historic speeches of Burke and Sheridan in connection therewith; the peculiar character and powers of our own, and European governments; these are a few of the many subjects which have lately agitated the world, and on which our most brilliant writers have thought it worth their while to spend years of study. Reading first rate biographies is an excellent mode of exciting an interest in history. The heroes and heroines of a novel constitute the fascination of the story. Let us associate history with the lives of prominent individuals who helped to make the history. As one advances in careful, thoughtful reading he will find his increasing knowledge to be like money put out at compound interest. Each addition makes other and greater acquisitions easier. The road to learning is a public highway open to all. But too many people simply look admiringly out over the vast fields of knowledge and watch with envious eyes—if they care about it at all—those who are reaping harvests there. They think they have neither time nor ability to help themselves to the abundance before them. Energy, confidence and patient labor wins.

The Woburn Brass Band plays at Wakefield on Decoration Day.

No former standard of respectability no consideration of position or wealth, no plea whatever should thwart the ends of justice, if a man or woman wilfully and persistently breaks the laws of the community in which he or she may reside. Abused and insulted citizens have a right to demand that those who commit the offense shall, when proved guilty, be punished to the extent of the law, without palliation of any kind, and when the ends of justice are defeated by evasion or deferred action the people have just cause to make complaint. But there are many base-minded rogues at large in the community who are more worthy of a home in the State prison for smaller offenses than have been proved against the more fortunate offenders. And while such things exist, it is strange that the question is asked, "Why is this the fact?"—*Lynn Reporter.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Wide Awake for May opens with a beautiful Bird Frontispiece, "Spring is Fully Awake," illustrating a bird-poem written in Switzerland by Mrs. Mary B. Dodge. William M. F. Round follows with "Jabberwock," one of the best of his stories, graceful and pathetic. Then follows a paper by Emma E. Brown, entitled "Boston Whittling Schools," which will interest everybody, owing to the wide-spread awakening of the last two or three years. This article, which is very fully illustrated, gives an interesting account of the "Sore

rento Wood-Carrington Co., the "Co." being two ladies. A large class of readers will also greatly enjoy and appreciate No. V. of the series upon "Our American Artists," which gives a fine portrait of Sanford R. Gifford, and an exquisite engraving of his painting "Pallanza-Lago Maggiore." Another substantial paper is Chapter XI of the "English Literature" paper, by Lucy Cecil White, relating to Dr. Johnson. There are several excellent poems: a beautiful one, "My Little Love," by Mary Clemmer, beautifully illustrated by Mary Lathbury, and a very funny one of "The Dancing Cow," by Miss Ogden, with very funny pictures by Hopkins. "Posie," by Elizabeth Mattiers, is the story of a lazy little girl, and "Chippinip," by Miss Whitney, is the true tale of a comical little squirrel, one of the series of true Pet stories by which *Wide Awake* is seeking to sympathetically interest its little readers in "Our Dumb Animals." The installments of each of the three serials, "Dogberry Bunch," "Royal Lowrie's Last Year at St. Olave's," and "Don Quixote, Jr.," are excellent; the latter being very funny indeed, as might be expected when Multitudes Peterkin Paul is the hero. Onl \$2.00 a year. Ella Farman, Editor. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

North Woburn.

NEW FIRM.—Do not fail to read the advertisement in our columns of Messrs. Deming & Boynton who have purchased the stock in store formerly occupied by Stephen Nichols, and having made large additions to the stock, are now prepared to offer the citizens of North Woburn and vicinity a larger assortment of first-class goods at lower prices than they have ever seen before.

BASE BALL.—A picked nine of No. Woburn, played a game of base ball last Saturday with a picked nine from Woburn Centre; resulting in victory to the former. The score standing 19 to 14.

East Woburn.

DEDICATION OF ST. JOSEPH'S.—The St. Joseph's Catholic Church at East Woburn, will be dedicated on Sunday by Archbishop Williams of Boston, at 8 A. M. Solemn High Mass at 8.45, followed immediately by confirmation.

Winchester.

CAMP FIRE.—Post 148, G. A. R., held a Camp Fire in the Hall of Richardson's Block on Wednesday evening. There was a large attendance. Dept. Comm'r Adams and other guests were present. Commander Hall opened the exercises by introducing Past Comm'r S. C. Small as the President of the evening. Comm'r Adams made an address, in which he advised all the old soldiers to connect themselves with the Grand Army organization. He spoke of the importance of Soldiers Homes and held out the prospect that a State appropriation would, before long, make such an institution possible in this State. Addresses were also made by Medical Director W. S. Brown, Past Commanders Hill and Weald, Commander A. L. Richardson and others. A. D. Weld, Esq., sang "Baby Mine," and "Three Fishers," with fine effect. An abundant collation was partaken of. Post 33 and 75 were represented at the Camp Fire by delegations.

CONVICTED OF PERJURY.—Thomas E. Drake, well known in Winchester as a detective, was convicted yesterday of perjury in Exeter, N. H. Ex-officers J. E. Tidd and Z. A. Richardson were witnesses. Drake has been largely engaged in working up cases of illegal sales of liquor. His anxiety to secure convictions and the resulting fees have led him into perjury.

DEDICATION.—The Catholic Church in Winchester will be dedicated by Archbishop Williams at 10.45 Sunday morning, followed by solemn high mass. There will be vespers at 3 P. M., followed by confirmation.

WALKING AND RUNNING.—This Friday evening and Saturday evening, there are to be walking and running races in Lyceum Hall, Winchester. The affair is in good hands, and much sport is anticipated.

THE LIBRARY.—The Library Committee have been so fortunate as to secure the services of Mr. C. A. Cutter for the important work of classifying and cataloguing the books of the Town Library.

Wilmington.

Special Notices.
GREAT SPRING BLESSING.
DR. BLISS' CATARRH BITTERS.
This is the best Spring medicine you can take. It will remove that all-painful feeling you have, for it puts new vigor into the blood, and cures the most stubborn cases of CATARRH, HUMORS, SORES, LIVER TROUBLES, &c., all of which come from IMPURE BLOOD, or infection of the LIVER. Some of the herbs in these Bitters are Mandrake, (for the Liver), Yellow Dock, Burdock, Prickly Ash, (for the Blood), Eucalyptus and Bismuth (for the Stomach). Then we add something that works especially in the blood for CATARRH. Large bottles, over one hundred doses, 75 cents. 179
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston.

Married.

In Woburn, April 27, by Rev. John Quinly, Mr. Philip McCarron and Miss Hannah McElheney, both of Woburn.
In Swampscott, April 24, at the residence of Abner H. Ford, Esq., by Rev. George A. Jackson, Charles F. Baker, of Fitchburg, and Estrella Woods of Swampscott, formerly of Winchester.
In No. Woburn, April 29, by Rev. Chas. Anderson, Mr. Chas. L. Young and Miss Marcelle J. Morris, both of Burlington.

Kill the Moth and Bug,
and preserve your Furs and Carpets from destruction by the Miller and Buffalo Carpet Bug, by using the Moth and Bug Carbolic Powder.
hold only by
GEORGE S. DODGE, Apothecary,
165 Main Street, Woburn. 177

NEW FIRM.

Having purchased the stock of STEPHEN NICHOLS, and leased the store lately occupied by him, in North Woburn, we are daily receiving new goods, all of which we shall offer at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Dry Goods, Notions, Hosiery,

GLOVES, LINENS, WHITE GOODS, KNITTING COTTON, YARNS.

Dress Goods in different Styles and Patterns,

At 5, 8 and 10 cents per yard. Former prices, 12½, 15, 20 and 25 cents.

PRINTS at 3, 4 and 5 cents per yard, many of them the best makes; Merimack's, Cochecho's, and other Standard Prints. New Spring Styles, 6c a yard.

BLEACHED and BROWN COTTONS,

SHIRTINGS, TICKS, STRIPES, &c.,

Bought before the recent advance in Cottons, will be sold at the lowest prices before the advance.

WOOLENS and FLANNELS lower than ever before known.ALSO, A LOT OF
CARPETING

At 20 to 40 cents a yard.

A large lot of **BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS,**

Which we are desirous of closing out, will be sold less than cost. These are not Shoddy Goods, but good substantial Goods, made for service. A LOT OF

MEN'S, BOY'S, and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

Will be sold at less than half-price.

WE SHALL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL STOCK OF

CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS,**FLOUR, GRAIN and FEED,**

Including everything to be found in a First-Class Grocery Store.

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, TOBACCOS & SPICES A SPECIALTY.

Having buyers in Vermont, with every facility for buying and shipping Produce, we are receiving

VERMONT BUTTER from the Best Dairies, Fresh Eggs,

Maple Sugar, Potatoes, &c.

By close attention to the wants of the public, we hope to merit and receive a share of your patronage.

GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY, free of expense.

GIVE US A CALL.

DEMING & BOYNTON.

North Woburn, Mass., April 28, 1879.

175

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Apr. 28, Frederick McCartney, aged 19 years and 8 months.
In Winchester, Apr. 24, Charles E. Sanborn, M. D., aged 38 years, 4 months.
In Southerville, April 26, Reuben A. Buck, aged 30 years, 8 months.
In Burlington, May 1, Joseph A. Lee, aged 34 years, 8 months, 5 days.
In Woburn, Apr. 26, Maria N. Shehan, aged 21 years, 1 month, 8 days.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.
At a meeting of the St. Charles Sunday School Teachers Association held April 27, the following resolutions were adopted:
Whereas, It has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from our midst, after a brief illness, our late member, Miss Maria Shehan, be it hereby
Resolved, That while recognizing the wisdom and justice of Him who doeth all things well, we sincerely mourn the loss of one who, during her whole connection with the Sunday School, was one of the most active and zealous assistants.
Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her family in their hour of affliction, assuring them that her memory will ever be cherished with affection and respect.
Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Woburn Journal and Woburn Advertiser, and a copy presented to the family of the deceased.
For order of the Committee on Resolutions,

For Sale and To Let.

STOVES stored for the Season by C. M. Strout, Agent.

HOUSES TO LET on Salem street, 5 rooms, with Horn Pond water. Inquire of Charles Jones. 143**MANURE and SPENT TAN** for sale cheap at BRYANT & KING'S, Woburn, Mass. 156**JAMES PYLE'S****PEARLINE**

THE GREATEST

WASHING COMPOUND

Ever put upon the market, and the only one that *abolishes* dirt and *cleanses* without *injuring* the *finest* fabric. No family should be without it. The saving of Labor, Time, and Soap, will prove astonishing.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

But beware of vile imitations.

ASK FOR PEARLINE.

JAMES PYLE, New York.**VALUABLE****FARM****AT AUCTION, IN WILMINGTON.**

Will be sold at Auction, on Tuesday, May 6, 1879, at 10 o'clock, A. M., that valuable farm formerly owned by the late Deacon Parker, in the easterly part of Wilmington, containing sixty-one acres and two story house and L. painted and blinded, barn and outbuildings all in good repair. The land is in a high state of cultivation, well fenced with good stone walls, and a never failing spring of water. Also all the farming stock and tools will be sold at auction, consisting in part as follows:—2 good farm horses, 1 cow, lot of fowl, one good cart, one sleigh, one double harness and single harnesses, 6 tons of English hay, lot of meadow, ploughs, harrows, chains, shovels, hoes, hay and manure forks and a great variety of farming utensils not enumerated. All the above named property is in good order. Conditions of sale on the personal property, cash. Conditions of sale on the real estate, part of the purchase money can remain on mortgage.

WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

Wilmington, April 29, 1879. 166

WE HAVE OPENED THIS WEEK

One Case Prints,

5 cents per yard.

In consideration of the fact that cotton goods have advanced from 10 to 15 per cent., including Prints and all Domestic, we have no hesitation in pronouncing this the

Best Bargain

we have ever offered in Woburn. We shall have only this lot, and an early examination will secure the best styles.

We shall open this morning an assortment of

3-Button KID GLOVES,

Street and evening shades, at

35 Cents per pair.

This bargain need only be seen to be appreciated.

We would remind our customers that our goods are all bought for CASH, and will be sold at the

Closest prices that can be made.

John P. Fernald,

185 MAIN ST.,

WOBURN,

MASS.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale, contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Edwin A. Eaton and Sarah E. Eaton to John S. Littlefield, dated December 23, 1874, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Lib. 1533, Fol. 156, and for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, in Winchester, on the premises, on Monday, May 26, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said deed, to wit:—A parcel of land, described as lot numbered (2) on a plan of building lots in Winchester, Mass., on Highland Avenue, drawn by Josiah Hovey, Surveyor, dated August, 1869, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds Book of Plans, numbered fifteen (15), containing twenty-seven thousand one hundred and fifty-five (27,155) feet.

JOHN S. LITTLEFIELD.

Assignee of said Mortgage.

Cambridge, April 26, 1879. 178

1879. MAY. 1879.

Spring Dress Goods,
Black Cashmere, Black Silk,
Black Satin, Black Velvet.

NEW GOODS OPEN DAILY AT LOW PRICES.

CHARLES A. SMITH & SON,
177 MAIN STREET, - - - - WOBURN.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,
DEALERS IN

Lumber and CHOICE
EASTERN PRESSED **Hay.**

No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

NEW SPRING SUITS,

Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods,

FINE WHITE AND FANCY SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE PATTERNS.

J. C. BUCK & Co., 174 Main Street, Woburn.

For Fine Teas and Choice Coffees,

—VISIT—

RAILROAD STORE.

TEAS AT 40, 50, 60, 75 AND 90 CENTS PER POUND.

A full line of nice Coffees always in stock.

FLOUR.

Our Flour at \$9.00 is the best we have seen for a long time, and can safely be called the *very best*.

Our St. Louis Flour at \$6 ⁷/₁₀ cannot be duplicated at less than \$7.25.

GIVE IT A TRIAL.

The sale of Crockery, Glass, &c., is steadily going on, and we shall sell at cost until further notice. Now is the time to buy these goods, many of them at a figure less than cost of manufacture. Please call and examine, whether you buy or not.

RAILROAD STORE, 115 MAIN STREET.

J. W. GARDNER.

SPRING STYLES.

JUST OPENED, A FULL LINE OF

Fashionable Goods for Spring Wear.

G. R. GAGE & Co., Merchant Tailors,

171 Main Street, - - - - Woburn, Mass.

COAL

From \$5.00 to \$6.50 Per Ton.

JOS. B. McDONALD.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—AT THE—

Boston Branch**GROCERY and TEA STORE,**

131 Main St., Woburn.

TEAS! TEAS!

We have just received a large invoice of EXTRA STRONG Formosa, Oolong, and Japan Teas, and are now offering BETTER TEAS for 50c. per pound than have been sold in Woburn for from 60c. to 75c. per pound. Buying invoices of importers for CASH enables us to sell BETTER TEA at a less price than any other house in Woburn. 117

GRANULATED SUGAR, 8 1-2 cents per pound.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,**FULLERTON BROS.,** Formerly with {Cobb, Bates & Yerxa.

Managers.

MEN AND BOYS'**SPRING GOODS.**

LATEST STYLES OF

HATS, CAPS and CLOTHING,

AND ALL KINDS OF

FURNISHING GOODS.

The largest line of Plain and Fancy one-half Hose, ever in town. Everything at Low Prices. Please Call and Examine.

THE WOBURN CLOTHING STORE,

POST OFFICE BLOCK, 199 MAIN STREET.

False Impression Corrected!

We assure our patrons that we never exhibit or offer for sale,

TRIMMED HATS OR BONNETS,

That are not our own production, whatever may be the custom of others. And all who may favor us with their orders, will be certain of getting the finest quality of workmanship and style. We never have had a more successful

OPENING,

or received more encouraging commendations than this season. We guarantee perfect satisfaction. Our stock is large and elegant, and prices lower than ever. We have also a large stock of fine

HOSIERY AND CORSETS!

Fancy Dry Goods, &c., &c. Run in and see us.**CUMMINGS',**

150 Main Street, - - - - Woburn, Mass. 168

NEW DRY GOODS STORE.

NO. 147 MAIN STREET,

COPELAND, BOWSER & CO.,

ANNOUNCE

BARGAINS in all DEPARTMENTS,

—AN—

IMMENSE STOCK,

ALL NEW FRESH GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY, VERY CAREFULLY SELECTED, AND

Bought for CASH.**A HEAVY STOCK OF DOMESTICS**

all bought before the recent advance in prices.

Come and examine our goods and learn our prices; goods will be cheerfully shown whether you wish to purchase or not. 169

TERMS, CASH.

COPELAND, BOWSER & Co.,

WOBURN, MASS.

CARPETS!

Buy your Carpets direct of the Manufacturers, and save all intermediate profits.

J. & J. DOBSON,

The largest Manufacturers of Carpets in the United States, invite special attention to their

SPRING STOCK,

Comprising all the latest novelties in design and coloring. We are prepared to show the largest stock and assortment ever offered at retail in this country, consisting of

MOQUETTES, WILTONS, AXMINSTERS, VELVETS,**BODY AND TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, &c.**

WE OFFER A SPECIAL LINE OF

ROYAL WILTONS, \$2.00; AXMINSTERS, \$1.50;**VELVETS, \$1.50;**

(Fully one dollar per yard less than their actual value.)

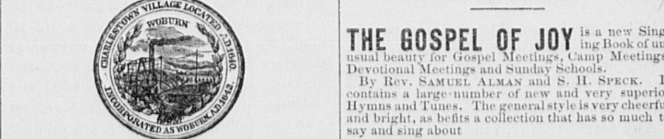
BRUSSELS, \$1.25; TAPESTRY, 65 and 75c.;**KIDDERMINSTER, 75c.; INGRAINS, 50c.**

These goods are all warranted, and as good as can be found in this or any other country.

J. & J. DOBSON, 525 & 527 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

(Opp. R. H. WHITE & Co.)

Samples sent by mail upon the receipt of 10 cents for postage.

Notice to Water Takers. The Gospel of Joy!

The attention of water takers who have not paid their bills due April 1, 1879, is called to the following extract from the By-Laws:
"The annual rent for the use of water shall be payable in advance on the first day of April and October in each year. In all cases of the non-payment of the water rates for the thirty days after the same are due, the Superintendent shall cut off the supply, and the water shall not be again turned on, until the present or any subsequent occupant, except upon the payment of the amount due, together with the sum of two dollars."

Woburn, April 23, 1879. 148

The Gospel of Joy is a new Sing-Song Book, has thousands of friends. Do not fail to examine and try it. There are 270 Songs, in the composition of selection of which great taste and ability has been displayed. Examine also "Shining River" and "The River of Life," two standard books of great beauty.

"Glad Tidings of Great Joy."

Both words and music are of an elevated character, commanding themselves to persons of refined taste, and the "dancing measure" so prevalent in many recent compositions has been carefully avoided.

Price, 35 cents, for which specimen copies will be mailed to any address.

See Decoration Day Music in the Musical Record, 6 cents.

GOOD NEWS! (35 cts.) the grand Sunday School Song Book, has thousands of friends. Do not fail to examine and try it. There are 270 Songs, in the composition of selection of which great taste and ability has been displayed. Examine also "Shining River" and "The River of Life," two standard books of great beauty.

174

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.**CONCRETE PAVING AND ROOFING.****WALTER BATES**

Is prepared to receive orders for Concrete Paving at the low price of 45 Cents per yard. Also Roofing at the lowest rates. Orders may be left at PORTER'S CIGAR STORE, No. 129 Main street. 87

New Advertisements

Advertisement of 4 lines inserted 1 week in 100 newspapers for \$10. Send 10c. for 100 page pamphlet. G. P. ROWELL & CO. N.Y.

B KENTUCKY WHISKEY**BOURBON WHISKEY**

for Medical and Social use; strictly pure; 6 years old; from our own distillery. Sample Bottles containing a quart sent to any address per express prepaid, on receipt of \$1.25. Apply for prices.

RENEE HENRI BROS. & CO., Paducah, Ky.

AGENTS READ THIS

We will pay Agents a salary of \$100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, for all new and wonderful inventions. We send all of our new and wonderful inventions to all Agents. We will pay \$1200 profits on 30 days investment of \$100. Proportional return every week on Stock of \$100. \$20, \$30, \$40, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80, \$90, \$100, \$110, \$120, \$130, \$140, \$150, \$160, \$170, \$180, \$190, \$200, \$210, \$220, \$230, \$240, \$250, \$260, \$270, \$280, \$290, \$300, \$310, \$320, \$330, \$340, \$350, \$360, \$370, \$380, \$390, \$400, \$410, \$420, \$430, \$440, \$450, \$460, \$

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1879.

NO. 19.

Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865
Parks & Freeman,
MACHINISTS,
And Manufacturers of
Leather Machinery,
GLASSING, STONING,
Polishing and Peabbling Jacks, etc.
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting
Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to
fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.
97, 99, and 101 Main Street,
WOBURN, MASS.
All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership
formed January 1st, 1877.

HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,
(Successor to Porter & Young.)

MACHINIST
Steam and Gas Fitter.
81 MANUFACTURER OF
STEAM ENGINES,
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting
Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to
fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.
SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Business Cards.

THE
CENTRAL HOUSE,
WOBURN.

Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for
Sleighing or Dancing parties. With one of the best
dancing halls in the country, and all the facilities for
caring for parties, the Central House will be found to
answer all the requirements of the traveling public.
LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.
Catering on the most satisfactory terms a
specialty.

A. BUCKMAN,
Dealer in
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
180 Main Street, Woburn.
Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on
hand.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Livery, Hack & Boarding
STABLE,
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
G. F. JONES, Proprietor

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.
BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.
AT THE RAILROAD STATION,
WOBURN HIGHLANDS.

E. C. COLOMB,
TAILOR,
Church Street, - - Winchester.
Having had many years experience as a Fashion
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to
all who may favor him with their custom.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
204 Washington St., Boston.
(Opposite School St.)
Photographs in Every Style made and finished in the
best manner. Card sizes, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50
per dozen. Cabinet Cards, \$2.00 per dozen. First
8 x 10 Photographs \$2.00. Club Pictures to schools
and families, 12 tickets for \$10. Copying of all kinds
at lowest rates by
H. S. DUNSHIE, - Artist.

HARDWARE.
Farming Tools & Seeds,
PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,
Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
L. THOMPSON, NO. 213 MAIN STREET.

W. N. GRAY,
Practical Roofer,
STONEHAM, MASS.
Slate, Tin and Gravel Roofing furnished and ap-
plied. Special attention given to repairing Roofs of
all kinds.

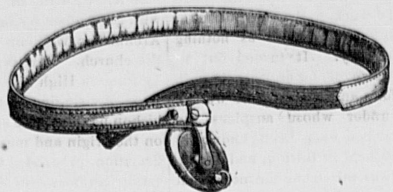
STEPHEN H. CUTTER,
TOWN BILL POSTER
AND DISTRIBUTOR.
WOBURN, MASS.
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street,
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill
Boards in town. Orders by mail promptly at-
tended to.

R. C. HAYWARD,
Dealer in
GROCERIES,
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,
At the Lowest Prices.
103 Main Street, - - Woburn.

JOSEPH BANCROFT,
139 Main Street, Woburn.
(SOLES BLOCK.)
SEWING MACHINES
of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments.
Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange
for new ones.

Auctioneers.
WILLIAM WINN,
AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, - - MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OF-
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.
Orders left at H. P. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main
Street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.



A large assortment and perfect fit guaranteed

At HILL'S DRUG STORE,

Opposite the Common. 120 WOBURN.

412 WASHINGTON STREET.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

Spring Styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats,
YOUNG GENTS' STIFF AND SOFT HATS.
ONE OF THE BEST ASSORTMENTS EVER BEFORE OFFERED.

TURBAN AND INDIA SMOKING CAPS.

Boys' Hats, Boys' Turban and Cadet Caps,

Fine Silk, Alpaca and Scotch Gingham Umbrellas.

Every article **WARRANTED** to be as represented.

JOSEPH A. JACKSON,

412 WASHINGTON STREET, 140 BOSTON.

WILMOT'S CLOTHING HOUSES.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

EVERY GARMENT MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.
GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.
Business Suits, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$11, \$12, \$13, \$14, \$15, \$16.
Dress Suits, \$12, \$13, \$14, \$15, \$16, \$18, \$20, \$22, \$25.

The All-Wool Suits have a yellow lot ticket, and the Cotton and Wool a white ticket.
BOYS' AND YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.
Suits \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00,
\$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00.

The All-Wool Suits have a green lot ticket, and the Cotton and Wool Garments a white ticket.
Gentlemen's Custom Department, BUSINESS SUITS—made from
measure, \$15, 18, 20—

WORK AND FIT GUARANTEED.

We make to order a better suit for the money than any other House in New England.

CUSTOM PANTALOONS, \$4, \$4.50, \$5.

Our South End Store is designed to accommodate our patrons who reside in the southern part of the city, and those who may arrive upon any and all trains upon roads leading from that section of the city. Our two stores combined make us the LARGEST HOUSE IN BOSTON OR NEW ENGLAND in the line of Clothing.

WILMOT'S, - - - 263 Washington Street,
SECOND DOOR ABOVE THE HERALD OFFICE.
SOUTH END STORE, - - 747 to 751 Washington Street, Boston.

Florist.

S. W. Twombly & Sons,
FLORISTS,
And dealers in
ANTIQUE POTTERY,
101 Tremont street,
BOSTON.

Professional Cards.

A. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE:
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.
Opp. the New Public Library Building.
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.
Woburn, - - - Mass.

JOHN G. JAGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
168 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - MASS.

Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

George H. Conn,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NO. 159 MAIN STREET, 5
WOBURN, - - MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
No. 54 Devonshire Street, Boston.
No. 159 Main Street, Woburn.
Office (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.)
Hours (At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 7 to 9 P. M.)

A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.
Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street.

DR. O. P. ROGERS,
DENTIST,
139 Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

HENRY H. LEATHE,
ACCOUNTANT.
Accounts adjusted. Bills made out. Writing
any description done in a satisfactory manner, and on
reasonable terms.
OFFICE with George H. Conn, 159 MAIN ST.

Poetical Selection.

THE WORDS OF THOUGHT.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Through clouds of gloom now,
And gladness bright her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm'st of port, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

Selected Story.

LOVE IN A HOOD.

An express package for you, sir," said the porter, as he came into the room where Reginald Hathaway sat by the cheerful grate fire, smoking his evening cigar.

"Indeed!" said the gentleman, as he took it from the porter's hands, mentally wondering who had sent it and what it contained. As he untied the outer wrappings of the package a little note dropped out and Hathaway instantly recognized the address to be in the handwriting of his favorite cousin Sue. "I had quite forgotten that it only wanted a few days to Christmas," he said to himself. "Sue never forgets me when she dispenses her gifts." Opening the note he read as follows:—

"DEAR COUSIN REGINALD.—I send you these slippers with my best Christmas wishes. I think they will be a good fit, because I had them modeled after that old shoe you left here last summer, a reminder of the pleasant trips we had together at that time. Always your loving
COUSIN SUE."

The gentleman took the cover off the box, and, unfolding the soft tissue paper which enclosed the Christmas gift, saw—not a pair of slippers, but the prettiest little blue and white hood he had ever seen in his life.

"Great Caesar! what does this mean?" he exclaimed, as he held the soft zephyr head gear in his hand. "So Sue's trying to play a trick on me. Perhaps she means to give me a sly hint in the matrimonial line. This is certainly very suggestive, but it will take more than that to make me give up my comfortable bachelor quarters and habits." He immediately sat down and wrote:—

"DEAR SUE:—I received by express to-night, a blue and white hood. I dare say it would be becoming to some styles of beauty, but I am entirely too dark for that combination. Furthermore, it is too small for the same. A very pretty hint, but I must certainly return the hood, without weaving any threads of romance within its soft meshes. My motto to is, 'Let well enough alone, and I am well enough.' You married people say you are happy (except you lawyers), and you feed on the madder of your delusion until your bones are red with it. It's right enough you should. Somebody says something about slaves hugging their chains. But to come to the practical point, I suspect you made a mistake, and this hood is intended for one of those 'dearest, sweetest girls,' you used to rave about in your school days. I shall await your commands. In the meantime I shall put on the topmost shelf in my closet—so far from sight that it shall not have an evil influence over me. True as in the old days,
REGINALD."

The letter was sent in the evening mail, but the hood was not resigned to the top shelf until the next morning.

"I suppose the bows are what they call 'gas-light blue,'" he said, as he laid the hood down in his lap. "I wonder what kind of a face it is intended to grace—a blonde, of course," and the gentleman folded the soft tissue paper over it, and, leaning his head on the back of his easy chair, resumed his cigar, and was soon off in a reverie of smoke—a reverie which was very inconsequent with the letter he had written.

In a few days an explanatory letter came to hand from the eastern cousin.

"That husband of mine," she wrote, "made an awful mistake. He sent you the wrong box. The hood was intended for Love Scranton, who had just moved to Denver. She is the embodiment of goodness and loveliness—a great deal too good for you, so you need not be so conceited as to think I am making a manoeuvre toward getting up a match for you in that direction. The slippers have gone to Denver. I have written to have them returned to you. Please forgive my blundering matrimonial alliance, and send the hood on to Love at Denver."

The hood was duly returned to the box, and then Reginald Hathaway began to be troubled about the address. Of course her real name is not Love, he reasoned; Sue all gives her friends pet names. It would be very presuming for me, a stranger, to address a lady by her pet name. Just like a woman! forget half her traps when she goes off on a journey. After a half-hour's deliberation, he concluded to leave off the first name entirely. So the box was directed to "Miss Scranton, Denver, Colorado."

The next evening, after Reginald received his express package, another one was delivered at the residence of Elisha Scranton, in Denver.

"It is for you, Love," said the father, "as there is no other Miss Scranton that I know of in the house."

"For me, papa!" exclaimed the young lady, as she left her seat at the piano.

In an instant the outer wrapper was torn off and the little note accompanying the box fell on the floor.

"It is from that dear, good Sue Ashley," she said, picking up the note and glancing at the address. Then she read aloud the contents:

"DEAR LOVE:—Here is the hood which I crocheted for you. I selected blue and white because you always look as 'sweet as a peach' in those colors. I only wish I could kiss your good face when you get it on. In haste, your loving friend,
SUE ASHLEY."

"Sue is just splendid," she exclaimed, lifting the cover of the box. But in an instant more a look of disappointment covered her face. "There is no hood here, mamma," she said. "Only a pair of slippers, and they must be for father. Of course they are a great deal too big for me," and she laid the No. 9 slippers on the carpet and placed her dainty No. 2 foot beside them. "Yes, they must be for you, father; and Sue, who is a grand almoner about Christmas time, in her multiplicity of cares while sending Christmas gifts to her friends, has forgotten to enclose the hood."

"They are too big for me," said Mr. Scranton who was a small man; "they must be intended for some one else. Mrs. Ashley will find out the mistake and inform you of it. Meantime do not let our treat for the evening be interrupted."

And the loving father led his daughter back to the piano, and bade her sing the good old songs of his boyhood—"Bonnie Doon," "Ingle Side," and "Kathleen Ma-vourneen." Her voice was specially adapted to those songs, because of its peculiar sweetness.

"I don't care anything about your operatic songs, Love," he said, "but it does my heart so much to hear you sing those songs which are so full of pleasant memories of the days that will never come to me."

The father pressed his darling child to his bosom and imprinted upon her cheek a warm, loving kiss. He had always put far from his thoughts the day that might come when another should take her from him.

"Of course, nobody could help loving her," he said to his wife that evening, after Love had retired to her room. "But it will have to be a paragon of perfection in the shape of a man who will get my consent to take her away from us and our home."

In due time the exchange of express packages had been made, and "Love" Scranton looked "sweet enough to kiss" in her blue and white hood—so the young men of Denver said.

Reginald Hathaway's feet rested every evening from their daily labors in the comfortable slippers. The circumstance of the exchange had been almost forgotten by the gentleman until a few weeks after Christmas when, riding home in the street cars one afternoon he found himself in a seat opposite the identical hood. He was positive that he was right in his conclusion, because he was sure he could swear to the identity of that hood if he were called upon to pick it out of a thousand. Glancing at the face within its enclosure, he was at once struck with its remarkable beauty. Brown hair and blue eyes, and such a perfect complexion! Of course he dared not look at the lady as much as he wished—a stranger in a street car. But he was privileged to pull the bell for her when her hair he making endeavors to catch the conductor's attention.

"Her 'Thank you, sir,'" echoed as sweet music in his heart after he sat down alone in his room that evening.

"Where and when shall I ever see her again?" he said to himself. "I ought to have seen where her destination was, but of course I would not follow her."

The next day Reginald Hathaway received an invitation to party at Judge Courtland's. At first he thought to send a regret, but for policy's sake he knew it was best for him to accept. He was a rising young lawyer, and Judge Courtland's attentions to him were not to be scorned.

Reginald Hathaway was what the ladies called a "splendid looking man," and when he entered Judge Courtland's parlor that night, with such grace and ease, the artillery of bright eyes from all corners were leveled upon him.

"My friend Miss Scranton from Denver," said the daughter of the hostess, as she presented her visitor to the stranger.

Instantly the gentleman recognized the face he had seen in the horse-car a few days before. Love Scranton, all unconscious she had ever heard of the gentleman before, was perfectly natural in her manner, and met him as she did all of her friends' guests.

The name had escaped her hearing as soon as pronounced, amid the crowd of new-arrived people surrounding her. Reginald Hathaway had two waltzes with Love Scranton that evening, and was fortunate enough to wait upon her to the supper-room.

"Do tell me what that gentleman's name was," said the lady to her friend, Mary Courtland, after the guests had gone.

"Which one do you mean?" she asked. "The one who took me to supper," she replied.

"O! that was Reginald Hathaway. Isn't he fine looking and entertaining?"

"Hathaway—Hathaway," said Miss Scranton, "the name sounds familiar—O! I remember now. I think he must be Sue Ashley's cousin," and then she related the mistake about the Christmas gift.

"Love in a hood—Love in a hood!" exclaimed Mary Courtland. "What if a match should come from that episode, wouldn't it be romantic?"

"Such things always happen in books," replied Love, "but I never heard of them in real life."

"Well, I have," replied her friend. "I could tell you some romances in real life that happened among my friends."

"I don't know as I care to weave any romance about Reginald Hathaway, as you call him," said Love Scranton, especially to-night, as I am so tired and sleepy; I danced every dance this evening."

"The party call," which by the lawyer was always looked upon as a bore and only necessary for etiquette's sake in other cases, in this particular one was an anticipated pleasure. There being other callers at the time, no allusion to the hood and slippers were made. But the next evening, when Love Scranton found herself seated by Reginald Hathaway at the opera, waiting for the curtain to rise, the story came out.

"I knew that was the identical hood, when I saw it in the horse-car," said the gentleman. "I had it in my possession, you know, for nearly a week, and it was a very pretty ornament in my bachelor quarters. I really am sorry I ever parted with it."

When Reginald Hathaway returned from the opera that night, he acknowledged to himself for the first time in his life, that he was in love,—madly in love. At the same time the young lady was confiding to her friend, Miss Courtland, the fact that she had never seen a gentleman she thought half as nice as Mr. Hathaway. So when Miss Courtland received an invitation for herself and friend to take a moonlight sleigh-ride a few evenings after, she declined with a woman's never failing excuse—a headache—but whispered in Love's ear:

"I have learned to know that 'two is company, but three is a crowd'—especially under certain conditions."

That evening when Reginald Hathaway helped Love Scranton into the sleigh, he had no intention of love-making, but he little knew that Cupid had stolen a march upon him, and had hidden himself within the warm folds of the buffalo robes.

"Do you know, Miss Scranton," said the gentleman, "what a dilemma I was in about your address, when I received Sue's letter to forward the hood to you? Just like a woman, she did not give any Christian name but 'Love,' and of course I knew that was her pet name for you, and not a proper one for a stranger to use toward another stranger."

"But everybody calls me Love," replied the lady. "I have been called by that name ever since I was a baby. My real name is Louise, but it has never been given me, only at christening."

There was something so fascinating in her eyes and in the tones of her voice that Reginald Hathaway almost involuntarily said:

"If everybody calls you 'Love,' may I not call you so, too?"

"Of course you may," she replied, smiling into his face with the sweetest of looks. Just then Cupid took advantage of the position and shot an arrow of love so deep into the lawyer's heart that he said:

"If everybody calls you 'Love,' may I not claim a particular privilege and call you 'My Love?' I do not like to have anything in common with everybody else."

Love Scranton had been influenced by Cupid's presence in the sleigh fully as much as the gentleman, but the situation was getting to be a serious one. "What would papa say to it all?" She did not answer then, but she allowed her lover to take a warm, loving kiss from the pretty face encased in the blue and white hood, which was so very becoming.

"Here, wife," said Mr. Scranton, a few days after, "it has come—I knew it must come some time, but I didn't expect it so soon," and he handed his wife a letter from Reginald Hathaway, asking for the hand of his daughter, adding that he had her heart already. "That's the way," said the father, as he wiped a tear from his eye. "Thus it is our daughters leave us."

"Those we love and those who love us! Just when they have learned to help us. When we are old and lean upon them. Come a youth with flaming feathers. With his flush of rosy, a stranger. Wanders piping through the village, Beckons to the fairest maiden. And she follows where he leads her, Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Here is a letter from Love, too," he said. "Do, dear papa, say yes—I know I can never love anybody else half as well as I do Reginald. If you refuse to let me have him, I will never marry anybody, else, and be a cross old maid all my life." "That's what she writes," said the father. "I suppose we will have to give her up, wife. I wish that man was in Halifax—taking our child from us just as she is old enough to be companionable for us."

"It is no more than you did twenty years ago," replied the wife.

"People look at things in different lights from different standpoints, though," he added.

The wedding is to come off in June. Love Scranton has gone home to get ready for the great event. Reginald Hathaway directs a letter to Denver every day. Cousin Sue is delighted with the prospect, and says:

"That husband of mine tells me now that he made the mistake on purpose, and is delighted that his scheme succeeded just as he intended it should."

"My dear," I said to a five-year old, one night, as she concluded her prayer at her mamma's knees, "you have forgotten to pray for your little cousins. How did that happen? Don't you want our Heavenly Father to care for them?" She made a motion of again bending her knees, yawned sleepily and tumbled into bed. "Can't help it, mamma; baby is too tired. Horace and Eddie must scuffle for themselves just this one night."

CHECKERS IN DETROIT.

Up to three evenings ago, such a thing as a checker-board was never known in Mr. Grattan's house. He and his aged partner have managed to pass the long evenings very pleasantly, and he supposed they were happy enough until a friend from the East paid them a flying visit and asserted over and over again that the game of checkers was not only all the rage there, but that it served to quicken the perceptive faculties, enlarge the heart, and render the mind more active. After giving the subject due thought, Mr. Grattan walked down town and purchased a checker-board, and when evening came, he surprised his good wife by bringing it in from the woodshed and saying:

"Well, Martha, we'll have a game or two before going over to the social. I expect to beat you all to flinders, but you won't care."

"Oh, of course not, and if I beat you, why you won't care," she replied.

They sat down and he claimed the first move. She objected, but when he began to grow red in the face, she yielded and he led off. At the fourth move she took a man, chuckling as she raked him in.

"I don't see anything to grin at," he sneered, as he moved a man backward.

"Here! you can't move that way!" she called out.

"I can't, eh? Perhaps I never played checkers before you were born!"

She saw a chance to jump two more men and gave in the point, but as she moved he cried out:

"Put them right back there! I've concluded not to move backwards, even if Hoyle does permit it!"

She gave in again, but when he jumped a man her nose grew red, and she cried out:

"I didn't mean to move there, I was thinking of the social!"

"Can't help the social, Martha—we must go by Hoyle."

"In about two minutes she jumped two men and went into a king-row, shouting:

"Crown him! crown him! I've got a king!"

"One would think by your childish actions that you never played a game before," he growled out.

"I know enough to beat you!"

"You do, eh? Some folks are awful smart."

"And some folks ain't!" she snapped as her king captured another man.

"What in thunder are you jumping that way for?"

"A king can jump any way!"

"No he can't."

"Yes he can!"

"Don't talk back to me, Martha Grattan! I was playing checkers when you were in your cradle."

"I don't care! I can jump two men which ever way you move!"

He looked down on the board, saw that such was the case, and roared out:

"You've moved twice to my once!"

"I haven't!"

"I'll take my oath you have! I can't play against any such black-leg practical!"

"Who's a black leg? You not only cheated, but tried to lie out of it!"

Board and checkers fell between them. He could get his hat quicker than she could find her bonnet, and that was the only reason why he got out of the house first. A grocer found him sitting on a basket of cranberries at the door as he was closing up for the night, and asked him if he was waiting for his wife to come along.

"Well, not exactly; I stopped here to feel in my pocket for the key to the barn. I shall sleep on the lay to-night and see if it won't cure this cold in my head."

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SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1879.

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DRAWING IN BOSTON SCHOOLS.

By a law made in 1870, every town in the State containing over 10,000 inhabitants, is required to give free instruction in drawing to persons over fifteen years of age. Harper's Magazine for May contains some interesting statements concerning the success of this experiment. The art schools of South Kensington, England, have so benefited the national industries in only twenty-five years of trial, that Americans have felt impelled to try the same thing over here. That the people were ready for such schools is evident from the fact that when free evening drawing schools were started previous to 1870, by private parties, a thousand persons, of all ages, applied for admission as pupils within one week. With a South Kensington graduate, Walter Smith, as State director, the new system has had rapid and remarkable success. To obtain qualified teachers without great expense, a Normal Art School had to be established. This was so well patronized that in 1875 over a thousand teachers passed examination in one of the five required branches; and in that same year the five branches were taught in forty-nine schools out of fifty-eight. At present only five special instructors are required for the whole city of Boston. There are now five evening drawing schools in Boston, which are open four evenings in the week; but no pupil can attend on more than two. The cost of these evening schools during the winter of 1870-1, was \$10.90 per pupil. In the primary and high schools two hours a week are devoted to drawing and one and one-half hours in the grammar. The results of this training are surprising to an outsider. He is shown original designs which are so elaborate and beautiful that many persons would consider them the work of professional artists. Yet they are done by young people who are yet in their teens, and what is better, they are able to do more work as excellent. The eye, hand and mind are so trained, that every curve and line is made with confidence and judgment. Set before such a one, a piece of machinery or a landscape to copy and he knows how to go to work to make an accurate copy. If the sketch is difficult for him at his present stage, he will be equal to it before he graduates. At the first exhibition given in 1871, every scholar in the Shurtleff school was represented in the collection of drawings; yet there was not a single poor specimen in the collection. We expect great results from the continued application of the principal that every child can and must learn to draw, as certainly as he learns his multiplication table.

ACCESSION TO THE CHURCHES.—Last Sunday 90 persons were received into the First Congregational Church. There were 93 who were accepted at the church meeting, but two were detained by sickness and one was suddenly called away from town. Of the ninety who were received 47 were baptized. At the Baptist Church three were baptized and ten were admitted to full membership, three of whom were by letter. At the Methodist Church seven were received on probation and two by letter.

A MONOMANIAC IN POCASETT.—Killed his little daughter last Friday, the child's mother present and consenting, the infatuated parents believing they were doing a commendable act, thereby showing their faith. They claimed to believe that the child would be restored to life the third day. The parents have been arrested and will be tried for murder. Several of their co-religionists who were cognizant of the facts and concealed them, are to be tried for misprision of felony.

HIGHWAY SURVEYOR JONES believes that the street gutters ought to be cleared up, and one of the first things he did on assuming the charge of Woburn streets, was to order the cleaning of the gutters and trimming the edges of the sidewalks. In many streets, sidewalks now are found, where heretofore foot passengers were not safe. His labors are appreciated by the pedestrians.

MR. B. B. SCULLY, of Lynn, editor of the *Vindicator*, published in that city called on us this week. Bro. Scully's paper is interested in the shoe and leather business, and as a class paper is worthy of a generous support. He spent an afternoon looking over Russell's stiffening shop on Beacon street, and will visit Woburn again with a view to making an extended notice of our leading industry.

MR. WILLIAM FLANDERS who died on Tuesday last, was formerly one of Woburn's largest shoe manufacturers, and at one time quite prominent in town affairs. He represented the town in the General Court in 1838. About twenty years ago he engaged quite extensively in the export of Baldwin apples to Europe. Of late years he has been a sufferer from paralysis.

COUP'S CIRCUS will be along pretty soon, his advance agent being in town on Wednesday to arrange the preliminaries. The show will encamp on Wyman's Field, same as last year.

HIGH STREET is to be lighted at last, a lamp post having been set near C. S. Converse's and another on the Buxton corner.

THE CEMETERY.—The care of the burying grounds appears to be in excellent hands. Important improvements are in progress there now. A 1½ inch water pipe has been run through Magnolia Avenue, six inches below the surface of the roadway, from the receiving tomb to Mr. York's lot. For every 200 feet a branch pipe 3 feet high, and with faucet attached, allows water to be drawn in pails or through hose which can be screwed on. In this way owners of lots, for a long distance around, can water their grounds. On the east side of the Salem street entrance has been set out a large circular bed of rhododendrons and azaleas, and on the other side a similar bed of hydrangeas and flowering quince. A row of pines has been set out along Salem street, just inside the fence, and rows of evergreens and maples along the main roadways, from the entrance up to and around the receiving tomb. Opposite the receiving tomb is planted a circle of 75 kinds of ponies which will show finely from the main entrance. The lot which is in preparation for Simon Blake displays a new feature in stone work. On the stone pillars, on each side of the stone steps, are set flowers which are polished on the rough stone by a process lately introduced into this country. We might mention many lots of which the stone work is very neat and tasteful. There is a growing sentiment in favor of bestowing more care on the last resting place of our dead.

FATALITY BURNED.—Last Monday, about 12 M., Sarah Keating, daughter of Patrick Keating, who lives on Everett Street, was preparing dinner, alone, using, as she said afterwards, tan bark for the fire. A spark caught on her skirt, setting fire to it. She ran out of the house and across the street to John Fleetwood's house, calling for him to help her. Mr. Fleetwood went as quickly as possible for something to throw over her, but on his returning, she ran away from him to the next neighbor's, Mrs. Howard's. At length Mr. Fleetwood was able to smother the flames, but the poor girl was already fearfully burned, the skin being half gone. She was laid in a rocking chair and borne into her own home. She appeared not to suffer very greatly during the afternoon, but experienced more pain at night. She died at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning. As the girl was alone at the time of the accident the only account of the origin of the fire was obtained from her own lips. She is highly spoken of by those who knew her as an excellent house-keeper, an industrious scholar at the High School and a person of praiseworthy character. On Tuesday evening the Young Ladies' Sodality of the Catholic church, to the number of about forty persons, called at Mr. Keating's house bringing flowers. They repeated the "Rosary of the Blessed Virgin."

AN OLD LANDMARK.—The old mortar pot that has stood in front of Wade Block for over thirty years, has been removed to make room for another. The old pot was part of a mast of a British brig, and was put in place in 1848 by Eli Cooper, who with his son Edward E. Cooper, opened the new store, just completed by Col. Wade, as a drug store. The pot was hollow, to give it greater strength, and to preserve it, Mr. Cooper filled the cavity with salt. It was surrounded by a gilded mortar, a model in its way, which we understand will be reinstated on the summit of the new pillar. Mr. E. E. Cooper died at the Mass. Gen. Hospital in 1856, of Bright's disease, at the early age of 26. Eli Cooper is still one of our "institutions," and as anti-cruelty officer is a terror to all who forget to be merciful. The drug store was continued a short time by Mrs. Eli Cooper, and has since passed through half a dozen proprietors, and now belongs to C. H. Buss.

THE BOSTON BEAN POT.—Elmore C. Grover, formerly of Woburn, in business with his father on Fowle street, but now of Boston, has been elected Captain of the Massachusetts team of pedestrians who are to contend for the silver bean pot which is offered as a prize in the inter-state tournament, which begins in Boston next Monday. Mr. Grover's age is 27 years, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 142 pounds. He has participated in several pedestrian contests and is said to be a very good walker. The walk begins at half past five in the afternoon.

NARROW ESCAPE.—While speeding his colt a day or two since, C. P. Pollard narrowly escaped serious injury. The forward axle broke, throwing Mr. Pollard out of the carriage with great violence. He maintained his hold on the reins, however, and although dragged for some distance, the horse did not get away from him. He was badly bruised.

BASE BALL.—The Gen. Worths and the Clintons play on the Worth's grounds, this Friday afternoon, at half past three. The visiting nine is composed of the principal players that appeared under the name of the "Westhorns" and "Our Boys" last season, when exciting contests were witnessed. A lively game may be expected.

AN EDITOR COMITS SUICIDE.—Joseph Easterbrook, proprietor of the *Hingham Journal*, committed suicide Thursday morning by shooting himself three times in the breast with a revolver and cutting his throat with a razor, while laboring under temporary aberration.

RUNAWAY.—On Monday, a horse belonging to the Boston Branch grocery, took flight on South street, and ran through South and Highland streets to Fowle. Groceries were thrown out along the road, and the wagon was slightly damaged.

UNIVERSALISM.—Rev. N. R. Wright will preach in Grand Army Hall on Sunday morning on the "Universalist profession of faith," and in the evening on the "Universalist idea of punishment." The public are cordially invited.

THE DEMAND for the pictures of the new library has been so great that Mr. Amos Cummings has issued a new lot of circulars. He finds it a very good way to increase his trade.

POLICE COURT.—James McGrath, drunk, \$5 and costs.

Y. M. C. A. ENTERTAINMENT.—The first of the series of sociables which the Social Committee of the Christian Association propose to give, occurred on Tuesday evening in the parlor and lecture room of the Congregational Church. At 8 o'clock, a good audience having assembled in the lecture room, Mr. C. A. Sweetser opened by explaining the intentions of the Committee in holding these entertainments. The programme was then opened with "The Belfry Tower," by a quartette composed of Mrs. E. N. Cummings, Mrs. M. E. Fulton and Messrs W. F. Rhodes and John L. Parker. Then followed a duet for the piano and flute, "Romeo and Juliet," by Miss E. A. Putnam and Mr. Charles Hertkorn. Miss Alice Sweetser then read "Miss Maloney and the Chinese Question," so well that we think Miss Maloney herself could hardly have done better. Mrs. Cummings and Mrs. Fulton sang a duet, "Fly Away Birdie." Another piano and flute duet followed "By the Beautiful Rhine I Think of Thee," after which Mr. Elmore A. Pierce read a selection from Miles Standish. His reading was full of vigor and action and the audience enjoyed it highly. A quartette, "Sleep While the Soft Evening Breezes," closed the first part of the evening's entertainment. The piano and flute duets formed quite an attractive portion of the programme. The duet and quartette singing was also much enjoyed. A sociable, in which the representatives of the different churches took each other by the hand formed a fitting close to the programme. Nearly 300 printed tickets were issued for this occasion. The sociables will be held about once a month.

FREIGHT IMPROVEMENTS.—The Boston and Lowell Railroad is about making extensive improvements in their freight yard on Brighton and Leverett streets in Boston. The four freight houses which have been used for local business will be torn down and replaced by four of greater length and capacity. The new structures will be low roofed, it having been demonstrated that high buildings for freight are unprofitable. The present buildings are inconveniently located, and are accessible by cars only, after a vast amount of shifting, and only then by the use of horse power. The new freight houses will be built at right angles with those now standing, and being parallel to the main line of the road, tracks will be laid both through and alongside of each house over which freight trains can run without unshackling. Between each house will be a double driveway for the loading and unloading of teams, which are now greatly delayed in the freight yard. Directly in the rear of the new site is a large tract of unoccupied land which in time will undoubtedly be utilized by the Lowell road. On this land extensions of the proposed freight houses can be built to extend from the water line to Minot street, thus affording unsurpassed and ample accommodations. The proposed improvements have been approved by the Harbor Commissioners, the Railroad Commissioners and the Governor and Council, and will at once be commenced.

GEN. BANKS IN A QUANDARY.—Gen. Banks has got into a difficulty about an appointment of a cadet to West Point. He was entitled to an appointment last winter. He caused a competitive examination to be held in his district, and the result of it was duly placed in his hands. Somehow or other his recommendation failed to reach the department, and, after his term expired, and Mr. Bowman became his successor, the latter was notified by the war department that there was a vacancy in his district, and that he should recommend some one to fill it. He gave notice of the examination, which was to be held in the High School building in Somerville, on Thursday, May 9, as announced in the *Journal* of last week. This notice reached the ears of Gen. Banks, who hurried to Washington to see why his appointment was not made. The war department says it can do nothing unless he can produce his papers. It would be rather singular if after all "Bachelors' Boy" falls at that appointment.

ROW.—Last Sunday John Deven and a party of young fellows were having a kind of spree in a grove near Bryant & Kings tannery. One of the young men, Michael Maguire, made an insulting remark to Deven, when the latter struck him a severe blow with a bottle. The crowd immediately set upon Deven with stones, and so badly used him, that it was reported that he would die. Both parties were laid up for several days, but their injuries were not so serious as at first supposed.

MORE NEWSPAPERS.—Lowell already has three daily, one semi-weekly and five weekly newspapers, so there would hardly seem to be a field for another. Yet parties are now canvassing for subscriptions and advertisements for a new morning daily which they propose to issue soon. Should the enterprise prove a success they intend to establish a weekly at a later date. Add these two to those already published and there will be eleven newspapers in a city of fifty thousand inhabitants.

ACCIDENTS.—Patrick Shields ran a nail into his foot on Monday.
A horse stepped on the foot of Cornelius Burke, on Wednesday, injuring his foot so that he was unable to walk home, where he has since been confined.

JAMES NOON was run over by a tip cart on Thursday and injured his left thigh.
Samuel Cummings, on Thursday, in an attempt to stop his horse from running away, dislocated his right shoulder.

LONG PRAYERS.—The story is told of a little four-year-old who received at Sunday School a card bearing the words "Pray without ceasing." After their meaning had been explained to him he said, "I guess I won't show this to the minister, he prays long enough now."

SOCIABLE.—The Ladies' Industrial Society of the Baptist Church held a very pleasant sociable in the parlors of the church, Thursday evening, at which music and recitations and social intercourse were the features of the evening.

THE 4TH SPECIAL SALE begins on the 26th, at Oak Hall, Boston. Send for sample card now, before it is too late.

SURPRISE POUND PARTY A COMPLETE SUCCESS.—Some of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Converse F. Maxim enjoyed a lively sociable and pleasant evening, at his residence, on East street, on the 21st inst., being the 64th anniversary of his birth day. His only granddaughter surprised him by presenting him a bouquet in each hand. About half past nine, a barrel of flour was rolled into the room, a bag of corn was brought in, and the several other parcels were piled upon the table. Mrs. Maxim was made a recipient of a folding rocking chair. John A. Bontelle presented the above in the following words:—

Mr. Converse Francis Maxim.—It is becoming to me to address you in behalf of your neighbors and friends on this the 64th anniversary of your birthday. I humbly confess that until now, although living so near you, I did not realize that the name Maxim, had so proud associations. However we knew that Maxim (vide Axiom) is a moral truth that carries its own weight within itself. Maxim—Maximus—literally the greatest. Is it true that we have a Maximus—Maximus—a great man in town? On the base of one of the ancient columns of Old Rome (Trajan column so called) we find the name Maximus in connection with the word Pontifex, (Pontifex Maximus) signifying High Priest, or an officer of the highest rank. Mr. and Mrs. Maxim—our brother and sister—in behalf of your neighbors and friends, I now present you these several parcels as small tokens of our friendship, love and sympathy toward you, in all your joys and sorrows through life. We trust and hope that you in unity with your friends may always enjoy the smiles of friendship. Mrs. Caroline Crowell (not cruel) Maxim—perhaps some might say that you were cruel for savages hurt their darts to wound only their enemies, but thou throwest a dart and hit the heart of thy chosen friend. You the babe and pet of a large family, we will not say indulged, gifted with speech, as it is said of the daughters of Eve were, chose Converse for thy Maxim. And not contented with one Maxim, took two small Maxims. One of these, perhaps too much beloved by thee, thy Heavenly Father took to himself. The other became a grown Maxim, but is now no more a Maxim and is present this eve, with three growing responsibilities. Some of your lady friends desire to show you in some tangible form a slight memorial of their affectionate love and esteem for you. This memorial (rocking chair) I now present to you in behalf of your lady friends with their sincere wishes that you may long be permitted to enjoy it with rest and contentment; whether you consider it your throne and reign Queen, or no, it is yours, and yours alone.

Mr. Maxim made a pertinent reply. A lady then placed Mrs. Maxim in the chair, with a kiss and shake of the hand, in which she was followed by other ladies.

Y. M. C. A.—The monthly meeting of the Christian Association was held on Monday evening at the Methodist church. Reports from committees were given. Mr. A. W. Palmer and Hon. J. G. Pollard were appointed delegates to the International Y. M. C. A. Convention which meets in Baltimore, May 21. Messrs. G. W. Pollock, F. W. Gilcrease, J. H. Nason, A. D. Carter, J. H. Symonds, were appointed a committee to investigate and report in two weeks on the matter of hiring a hall.

A FLANK MOVEMENT.—In 1871 the Town at an expense of about \$1200 built a reservoir for fire purposes, partly on land of James Skinner & Co., and to protect their right took a lease from the owners of the land, for 99 years. We understand that the proprietors now intend to dig a well alongside the reservoir to supply their tannery with water. A trench has been dug for the reception of a water pipe, and it remains to be seen whether the proposed well will drain the reservoir or not.

TRINITY PARISH SOCIABLE.—Thursday evening there was an entertainment at the house of Mrs. Page Eaton, in Central Sq., for the benefit of the Parish, given by the ladies. Rev. S. U. Shearman, a former rector was present, and gave some excellent readings. There were recitations and musical selections, and a very pleasant, as well financially successful, sociable was had.

One may doubt if those Union soldiers who have been compelled to step down and out of their positions in the U. S. Senate in order to make place for ex-Confederates appreciate that phase of the reconciliation programme. And those soldiers who have had to vacate the Providence Custom House to make room for civilians are in the same frame of mind.

ANNUAL SUPPER.—The Ladies Charitable Reading Society of the First Congregational Church held their annual supper Thursday evening. They had as guests over one hundred members of the daughter organization from the Congregational Church in Winchester. The occasion was one of great pleasure and sociability.

LARGE PRICE FOR TELEGRAPH PATENT.—David Brooks, of Philadelphia has sold to the Western Union Telegraph Company, for \$230,000, his patent for insulating telegraph wires in cotton, laying the whole in iron pipe filled with petroleum, thus protecting the wires from moisture.

Dry goods, for thousands of years, have been regarded as essential to human happiness. Every lady who walks into the store of C. A. Smith & Son, is happy if she can only secure the beautiful goods that are there displayed in such rich profusion.

CONGREGATIONALISTS.—There will be a baptismal service at the Congregational Church next Sabbath morning. Dr. March will preach to the children. Subject: "Springs in the Desert."

MR. MOODY, the Evangelist, preached in Tremont Temple Monday afternoon to a large number of persons who were converted under his preaching in the Tabernacle.

A good cup of tea is said to be a great restorer of nervous power. H. F. Smith advertises to-day a stock of the very best tea. See advertisement.

The names registered at the Public Library to date are 820. The first week of the opening 1356 books were delivered.

A soldier's mother has lost her son's military papers, which are of great value to her. See advertisement.

WHAT CAN A WOMAN DO?—Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, who was buried on Saturday, at Philadelphia, at the age of ninety-one years, and who is best known to hundreds of thousands of ladies by her fifty years' connection with the *Lady's Book*, was a remarkably generous woman. She was the main instrument in raising the \$50,000 which completed the Bunker Hill Monument. The Bunker Hill Monument had stood in an uncompleted state for want of funds, an eye sore to the people of the "Hub" and to all New England, something like the unfinished Washington Monument at Washington City in the present day. Mrs. Hale, through her magazine, proposed that the women of New England should undertake to raise the above sum to finish the work. People smiled at the idea at first, looking upon it as nothing more than visionary. It turned out an entire success, however, for entirely through Mrs. Hale's efforts an association of women was formed, under whose auspices the greatest feat that had ever been known in this country was held in Boston, and all the money wanted was raised and the monument not long afterward was completed. Fanny Ellar contributing the sum needed to cap the structure. Mrs. Hale's part in the monument matter is quoted by her friends as illustrating the energy of purpose and strong will which she appears to have carried with her into everything she undertook. She had wonderful perseverance. This is shown in her connection with the origination of the universal Thanksgiving Day. The observance of such a day was formerly at the option of the respective States, no day in particular being set apart for it. Mrs. Hale always contended that Thanksgiving Day should be a national affair and that the last day in November should be adopted as the most fitting. For thirty years she had urged this in various publications. At length, after personal correspondence with the governors of all the States prior to the civil war and afterward with President Lincoln and his successors, her object was accomplished.

THE QUEEN OF SPADES BOUNTY.—A lady of rank recently died in Paris who was a famous card player and was credited with knowing every game there was to know. One day she met at a hotel a Russian lady of great wealth, who like Russians generally had a passion for gambling. At the latter's request the two played all night until the Russian had lost more than the mines in the Ural had produced for revenues in twenty-five years. She was about to instruct her steward to hand over, in payment, the deeds of all her estates, when her victorious antagonist smilingly requested that she should be allowed to have her own way in the matter. The upshot of it was that the Russian signed an agreement, in the presence of witnesses, never again to touch a card or to risk money at any game of chance; and also to pay her antagonist \$2,000 a year annually. The whole agreement was faithfully adhered to and the annual \$2,000 the French lady gave to the poor of Paris, calling it the Queen of Spades Bounty.

In 1833 Whittier was one of the Secretaries of the Anti-Slavery Society and took part in the proceedings. Thirty years after he said, "I love, perhaps too well, the favor and good will of my fellow men, but I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833, than on the title page of any book." Editing Anti-Slavery journals, writing in aid of down-trodden humanity, poetry which, as some one has said, rang out like the inspired appeals of the Hebrew prophets, acting on anti-slavery committees with the most prominent men of the country, he appears as a pure, unselfish and high-minded man.

EXAMINATION FOR WEST POINT.—The examination for a candidate for a cadetship at West Point was held on Thursday at the High School-house in Somerville, and was conducted by Dr. Sanford Hanscomb, of Somerville, Mr. James A. Hervey, of Medford, and A. E. Scott, Esq., of Lexington. Thirteen candidates presented themselves, and besides the physical examination they were examined in the common branches, a knowledge of which is requisite to admission to the academy.

THE CASE OF NATHAN P. PRATT.—A meeting of the creditors of Nathan P. Pratt, the defaulting treasurer of the Reading Savings Bank, was held Thursday morning at a Court of Insolvency in the Cambridge Court House. About a dozen creditors were present, including Solon Bancroft, one of the receivers of the bank. Dr. Horace P. Wakefield, of Leicester, and Charles W. Perkins, of Reading, were appointed assignees of his estate.

GREAT SPEED.—Al Libby is often mentioned in Woburn when pedestrian feats are the topic of conversation. He is still at the old business, and at Rutland, Vt., last Wednesday, accomplished the feat of walking, square heel and toe, ten miles in one hour twenty-seven minutes and ten seconds.

All who use it, and the number is rapidly increasing, pronounce "Sapona" the best article yet introduced for cleaning purposes. It will make hard water soft, cure chapped hands, remove grease, grit, or grime,—in fact, is invaluable to every house-keeper. Sold by Grocers.

A NEW BRIDGE.—The Selectmen of Medford have instructed Mr. W. H. Blaisdell, of Boston, to prepare the necessary plans and specifications for the construction of a two-arch stone bridge over the Mystic river on the Main street of their town.

BURNED AGAIN.—One wing of the new State Prison at Concord was burned last Saturday. The fire originated in one of the rooms occupied by the Waring Hat Manufactory. This firm loses about \$45,000.

COLLAR BONE BROKEN.—On Wednesday evening James Cowdrey's little son, aged about two years, fell, striking his left arm over a chair's table, and causing a fracture of the collar bone.

One of our most estimable citizens may be thankful for the introduction of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, for its timely use has saved his life.

East Woburn.
DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.—St. Joseph's Catholic Church, East Woburn, was dedicated on Sunday last, with appropriate ceremonies. This new edifice is situated on Washington street, East Woburn, and presents a very fine appearance. It has a very beautiful and imposing interior with handsomely stained windows, and has a large vestry. The corner-stone was laid in March, 1876. Its dimensions are 78x57, and 60 feet high from the brick work. It will seat 400 exclusive of the choir. Last Sunday a full congregation assembled to witness the dedication by Archbishop Williams. The services opened at 8.30 A. M., with an Ave Maria rendered with good effect by the choir. After prayer Archbishop Williams proceeded to dedicate the church. This ceremony was followed by Solemn High Mass in which there was some fine singing by the choir. The Archbishop having made some prefatory remarks on the origin and meaning of the term confirmation, proceeded to perform that interesting ceremony on 40 persons, 37 of whom were children, and expressed his pleasure at beholding such a beautiful church so handsomely decorated, expressing his hope that while they ought always to keep their temple clean and in good repair they should not neglect the temple of the heart, which will endure when human monuments will have crumbled into dust. The services were closed by the newly confirmed persons repeating in concert the Pater Noster, the Ave Maria and the Apostles' Creed.

North Woburn.
RELIGIOUS.—Last Sabbath the North Congregational Church received an acquisition of eighteen members, all by profession. Rev. Mr. Anderson being somewhat fatigued by his arduous labors, Rev. Leander Thompson preached the sermon, and assisted in the other services. The pulpit was decorated with plants and flowers, lending their beauty and fragrance to the ceremony. This was the largest acquisition that has ever been made to the church at any one time.

FALL.—Tuesday morning, Miss Eveline Howard made a misstep and fell down stairs, severely bruising her limbs.

Burlington.
ANNIVERSARY.—Sunday evening the anniversary concert will take place at 7.30. Miss Mattie E. Sewall will deliver a short history of the Church.

IMPROVEMENTS.—Work on the Town Hall extension is fairly under way. William E. Carter intends building a factory for the manufacture of inner soles, this month.

Chew Jackson's best sweetenay tobacco.

Winchester.
SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT.—The Unitarian school will give a concert to-morrow (Sunday) evening, at half past six o'clock.

THE NEW BLOCK.—The excavation for the cellar of the new Post-Office block is nearly finished and it is probable that the stone work will be in progress next week.

MORE ROOM.—We understand a movement is on foot to petition the Selectmen to widen Main street at the corner of Pleasant. If the new brick block is put on the line as at present intended, it is thought by many that the appearance of the square will not be so pleasant as it would with the building set farther back. Now is the time to move, and if the town ever expect to have a wide street at this point it must move before the foundations of the substantial structure are put in. A great improvement might thus be accomplished at a very small expense.

CHURCH DEDICATED.—The Catholic church situated on Washington street, Winchester, was dedicated on Sunday last, by Archbishop Williams. This edifice is a beautiful one in every respect, and a credit to the taste of the congregation. The services were opened last Sunday morning at 10.45, with singing by the choir. Archbishop Williams proceeded to dedicate the church with the customary solemnities. Then followed Solemn High Mass, with excellent singing. After explaining the origin and meaning attached to the term confirmation, he proceeded to perform the rite on some 40 persons. Then the Archbishop gave some excellent advice to the parents about guiding the children entrusted to their care, and ended by expressing his great pleasure at beholding their beautiful church, exhorting them that while they ought never to cease beautifying their temple of worship, they should not overlook the temple of their hearts which will endure when everything earthly shall have passed away. The services ended by the confirmed persons repeating in concert the Pater Noster, the Ave Maria and the Apostles' Creed.

ANNIVERSARY.—The Reform Club celebrated its third anniversary, on Tuesday evening by a quiet and somewhat informal but very pleasant gathering. The exercises were opened with reading of the Scriptures, by the president of the Club, J. R. Cobb; prayer by Rev. H. F. Barnes and singing, followed. Speeches were then made by Messrs G. W. Richardson and Alfred Oliver.

They referred to the great benefit they had derived from belonging to the Club and referred to the love of drink as a passion which only reliance on divine power can overcome. Louis E. Charpoit, an officer of the Home for Intemperate Women, in Boston, made an address. The President said a few words as to the condition and prospects of the Club, and the Secretary gave a detailed report which shows the Club to be almost entirely free from debt and with a good working force of 159 members. Nearly 400 have joined the Association, of whom 100 have signed the pledge. Messrs. William McKenzie and Cyrus Butters referred with satisfaction to their own connection with the club. Reference was made by the President to the case of a member who, after a life-time of drinking, joined the Club when it was organized, three years ago, and had tasted no liquor since. The recent improvements about his premises are quite noticeable. The exercises closed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Cheney. The singing was led by Mr. Frank Patch, leader of the Unitarian choir.

WALKING AND RUNNING MATCHES.—On Friday and Saturday evenings of last week walking and running matches were given in Lyceum Hall. The judges were F. S.

Pottle and S. B. Lawrence of Boston. J. H. Maxwell of Boston was Referee; course 42 laps to the mile. On Friday evening in the 1 mile walk, W. Dempsey of East Woburn, D. Dwyer of Medford, J. Fitzgerald of Winchester, entered. Dempsey did the mile in 8m. 20sec., winning the first prize, \$5, Dwyer took the second prize, \$1. Fitzgerald was ruled off the track for running. In the ten mile walk, which came next on the programme, D. Canniff of Winchester, and A. J. Sullivan of Medford entered. Canniff ran a few more laps quite rapidly, and received the 1st prize, \$5, there being no other contestant. He made his 5 miles in 46m. 23; Canniff was allowed the 2d prize, \$3. Next came the 5 mile run, in which J. J. Dwyer and W. Lennox of Medford, P. Burke of Woburn, M. Fitzgerald and F. Nowell of Winchester entered. Lennox ran the 5 miles in 34m. 43sec., winning by nearly a lap and receiving the 1st prize, \$5. Burke came in a good second and received the 2d prize, \$3. The others fell out after running a short distance. On Saturday evening the contest opened with a 2 mile walk; contestants, J. J. Sullivan and D. Dwyer of Medford, and P. Murray. Sullivan walked the distance in 18min. 19sec., and received the 1st prize, \$3. Dwyer walked it in 18min. 20 sec. and received the 2d prize \$1. Next came the 5 mile walk, in which D. Dwyer, Sullivan and Lennox of Medford, and J. H. Orne of Winchester, contended. Sullivan won the 1st prize, \$5, walking the 5 miles in 46m. 55sec. Lennox walked it in 47min. 30sec., and received the 3d prize, \$3. Dwyer came in third. Orne was ruled out for running. The last contest was a 1 hour go-as-you-please. Fitzgerald and Nowell of Winchester, J. Conway of Stoneham, G. Wafer of Woburn and W. Lennox of Medford contended. Lennox made 8 miles, 93 laps and received the 1st prize, \$5. Wafer made 8 miles 73 laps and received the 2d prize. The others fell out before the hour was half up. There was some dissatisfaction expressed by those present as to the fairness of the races but the small size of the hall made it impossible for the contestants to avoid interfering with each other at times.

Wilmington.
ACCIDENT.—Our esteemed townsman, Mr. Samuel B. Nichols, met with a severe accident last week. When driving through the cemetery his horse became frightened at the fluttering of a blanket and threw him from his wagon. Mr. Nichols has been suffering from a chronic affection all winter and this accident has aggravated his symptoms. He is now confined to his bed; his friends however, hope that he may recover. The family has the sympathy of the whole community.

F. & M.—The Farmers and Mechanics Club held a meeting last Saturday, but the attendance was so slim that in place of a regular discussion the meeting adjourned, and the members present indulged in a social debate upon things in general. The time has now arrived for Albert L. Murdock, of Jamaica Plains to deliver the seeds due us according to agreement when lecturing last winter. It is to be hoped that Mr. M. has not forgotten that planting time is close at hand. The next meeting of the Farmers Club will take place May 17th, and it is to be hoped that there will be a general turnout. The chief subject for discussion will be upon "Fish Culture."

BUILDING.—The prospects in the building trade, considering the times, are pretty good. Mr. Cole is building a two-story house in the north part of the town near the tannery, and Mr. Rice has commenced to build a cellar for a two-story house near the Lowell depot. Mr. Henry Sheldon is building a very good sized barn, 30x50. Mr. Darius S. Fuller has moved into the house lately occupied by Henry Paul, who has moved into his new house in the centre.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Library Magazine.—The current number of this magazine contains

parents who had seen better days, but who now begged me, with tears, to supply their children with public books, and to keep concealed the fact of this mortifying dependence upon public charity. Is it supposed that they do not feel it, because they say nothing about it? because they do not parade their grief in the newspapers? because they do not tell the world of their shame and wretchedness? They do feel it keenly. Let the supply be free to all, and you visibly lift thousands of heads now bowed with this unmerited disgrace; you visibly lift many thousands of children above the degradation of confessed pauperism. Put them on a level with their more favored companions; they will grow to be manlier men and womanlier women; in time of public danger they will uphold with a stronger arm and a more loving patriotism, the hand of the Commonwealth that has so gently and generously led and lifted them in their hour of weakness.—Homer B. Sprague, A. M.

LOWELL BATTERY.—The Lowell battery, invented and manufactured at Gen. Butler's works in Lowell, was tested at the Washington navy yard, Wednesday. The Lowell battery is an improvement on the Gatling gun, and fires 400 shots a minute.

Married.

In Woburn, May 7, by Rev. Wm. S. Barnes, Mr. George H. Dickson and Miss Annie E. Ingerson, both of Woburn.
In Woburn, May 2, by Rev. J. F. Winkley, Mr. Andrew Shannon and Miss Fannie Blakeley, all of Woburn.
In Winchester, April 27, by Rev. Mr. Collett, Mr. Philip McConlogue, of Woburn, and Miss Sarah Porter, of Winchester.

Kill the Moth and Bug,
and preserve your Furs and Carpets from destruction by the Miller and Buffalo Carpet Bug, by using the Moth and Bug Carbolic Powder.
Sold only by
GEORGE S. DODGE, Apothecary,
165 Main Street, Woburn. 177

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.
In Woburn, May 6, Sarah, daughter of Patrick Keating, aged 15 years.
In Woburn, May 6, William Flanders, aged 74 years, 11 months.
In Woburn, May 7, Mrs. Joanna C. Ash, aged 83 years, 2 months.
In Winchester, May 8, Laurence F., son of Frank H. and Della A. Clark, aged 1 year, 5 months, 12 days.
In Winchester, May 1, Jennie C., daughter of Charles and Anna J. Davenport, aged 1 year, 5 mos.
In Medford, April 23, Mr. Oliver Tufts, aged 70 years.

For Sale and To Let.

ROOMS TO LET, 211 Main Street, Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY.
STOVES stored for the Season by C. M. Strout, Agent.
HOUSE TO LET on Salem street, 5 rooms with Hot and Cold water. Inquire of Charles Jones, 143.

Lost, Found, Wanted.

LOST.—Between Warren and Beacon Sts., Thursday morning, May 8, a small russet leather bag. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at the Journal Office.
LOST.—On Thursday morning, the discharge and other papers belonging to Chandler H. Ford, of the 29th Mass. Vols. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving them at Miss Hayford's Millinery Store, 176 Main street, Woburn. 189

1851. 1879.

THE

Woburn JOURNAL.

29th VOLUME.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

JOHN L PARKER, PUBLISHER,

204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

All kinds of Printing, of every description, the best to be obtained in Woburn, at the

JOURNAL

STEAM

BOOK and JOB

Printing Office

CALL AND SEE SAMPLES.

NO. 204 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN.

Teas! Teas! Teas!

Just received a choice lot of old fashion Oolong TEA
AT 35 CENTS PER POUND. 3 POUNDS FOR \$1.00.
This is a better Tea than those selling in town at 40 cents a pound.
TRY IT.
H. F. SMITH,
154 Main Street, - - Opposite Common.

NEW FIRM.

Having purchased the stock of STEPHEN NICHOLS, and leased the store lately occupied by him, in North Woburn, we are daily receiving new goods, all of which we shall offer at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Dry Goods, Notions, Hosiery,

GLOVES, LINENS, WHITE GOODS, KNITTING COTTON, YARNS.

Dress Goods in different Styles and Patterns,

At 5, 8 and 10 cents per yard. Former prices, 12½, 15, 20 and 25 cents.

PRINTS at 3, 4 and 5 cents per yard, many of them the best makes; Mer-

rimack's, Cocheo's, and other Standard Prints. New Spring Styles, 6c a yard.

BLEACHED and BROWN COTTONS,

SHIRTINGS, TICKS, STRIPES, &C.,

Bought before the recent advance in Cottons, will be sold at the lowest prices before the advance.

WOOLENS and FLANNELS lower than ever before known.

ALSO, A LOT OF

CARPETING

At 20 to 40 cents a yard.

A large lot of BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS,

Which we are desirous of closing out, will be sold less than cost. These are not Shoddy Goods, but good substantial Goods, made for service. A LOT OF

MEN'S, BOY'S, and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

Will be sold at less than half-price.

WE SHALL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL STOCK OF

CROCKERY, GLASS WARE, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS,

FLOUR, GRAIN and FEED,

Including everything to be found in a First-Class GROCERY STORE.

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, TOBACCOS & SPICES A SPECIALTY.

Having buyers in Vermont, with every facility for buying and shipping Produce, we are receiving

VERMONT BUTTER from the Best Dairies, Fresh Eggs,

Maple Sugar, Potatoes, &c.

By close attention to the wants of the public, we hope to merit and receive a share of your patronage.

GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY, free of expense.

GIVE US A CALL.

DEMING & BOYNTON.

North Woburn, Mass., April 28, 1879.

Special Notices.

GREAT SPRING BLESSING.

DR. BLISS' CATARRH BITTERS. This is the best Spring medicine you can take. It will remove that annoying feeling you have, for it puts new vigor into the blood, thoroughly cleansing and purifying it, thus striking at the very root of the troubles to which so many are subject in the SPRING TIME, such as CATARRH, HUMORS, SORES, LIVER TROUBLES, &c., all of which come from IMPURE BLOOD, or infection of the LIVER. Some of the herbs in these Bitters are Mandrake, (for the Liver), Yellow Dock, Burdock, Prickly Ash, (for the Blood), Rhubarb and Boneset (for the Stomach). Then we add something that works especially in the blood for CATARRH. Large bottles, over one hundred doses, 75 cents. 179

GEORGE C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston.

CHARLES K. CONY,

Auctioneer, Real Estate Agent

—AND—

CONSTABLE,

168 MAIN ST., 184 Woburn.

M. ELLIS & Co.,

BUILDING MOVERS.

Office Basement of Post Office,

WOBURN, - - MASS.

M. ELLIS. 183 JOSEPH COLE.

MANURE and SPENT TAN

for sale cheap at BRYANT & KING'S, Woburn, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

All persons interested, take notice.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles A. Wheelock and Gertrude S. Wheelock, his wife, in her own right, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation legally established, and doing business in Woburn, Middlesex County, Mass., dated April 1st, 1875, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., libro 1346, folio 118, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, the third day of June, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on Salem street, in the easterly part of said Woburn, containing nine thousand three hundred and ninety-two square feet, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, on said Salem street, at land of Oliver F. Bryant, thence the line runs westerly on and by said Salem street, seventy feet to a stake, at land of one Moore, thence northerly by land of said Moore, one hundred and thirty-two feet and four inches, to a stake; thence easterly by land of said Moore, seventy feet to land of Bryant; thence southerly by land of said Bryant one hundred and thirty-six feet to the point of beginning.

Said premises are the same conveyed to said Gertrude S. Wheelock by William R. Wheelock and William H. Wheelock, by deed dated July 19, 1875, and recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, book 1270, page 20.

\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, Mortgagee, and present holder of said mortgage, By James N. Dow, Treasurer.

Woburn, May 10, 1879.

BILLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and promptly executed at this office.

WOBURN, MASS.

180

WE HAVE OPENED THIS WEEK

One Case Prints,

New Spring Styles, the best goods in the market, and warranted all perfect, at

5 cents per yard.

In consideration of the fact that cotton goods have advanced from 10 to 15 per cent, including Prints and all Domestic, we have, so hesitation in pronouncing this the

Best Bargain

we have ever offered in Woburn. We shall have only this lot, and an early examination will secure the best styles.

We shall open this morning an assortment of

3-Button KID GLOVES,

Street and evening styles, at

35 Cents per pair.

This bargain need only be seen to be appreciated.

We would remind our customers that our goods are all bought for CASH, and will be sold at the

Closest prices that can be made.

John P. Fernald,

185 MAIN ST.,

WOBURN, MASS.

180

MEN AND BOYS' SPRING GOODS.

LATEST STYLES OF
HATS, CAPS AND CLOTHING,
AND ALL KINDS OF
FURNISHING GOODS.

The largest line of Plain and Fancy Half Hose, ever in town. Everything at Low Prices. Please Call and Examine.

THE WOBBURN CLOTHING STORE,

POST OFFICE BLOCK, 199 MAIN STREET.

Special Bargains!

We would mention as Special Bargains for this week.

PIN HEAD CHECK DRESS COODS,

At 25 Cents a Yard. Very Desirable. Double Fold.

LADIES' PIN STRIPE HOSE.

Full Fashioned. 25 Cents.

Our 6 1-4 Cent Unbleached Cotton

We cannot replace at that price.

CHARLES A. SMITH & SON,

177 MAIN STREET, - - - - - WOBBURN.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,

DEALERS IN

and CHOICE

EASTERN PRESSED

Lumber

No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBBURN.

40

NEW SPRING SUITS,

Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods,

FINE WHITE and FANCY SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE PATTERNS.

J. C. BUCK & Co.,

174 Main street, Woburn.

111

For Fine Teas and Choice Coffees,

—VISIT—

RAILROAD STORE.

TEAS AT 40, 50, 60, 75 AND 90 CENTS PER POUND.

A full line of nice Coffees always in stock.

FLOUR.

Our Flour at \$9.00 is the best we have seen for a long time, and can safely be called the very best.

Our St. Louis Flour at \$6 7/10 cannot be duplicated at less than \$7.25.

GIVE IT A TRIAL.

The sale of Crockery, Glass, &c., is steadily going on, and we shall sell at cost until further notice. Now is the time to buy these goods, many of them at a figure less than cost of manufacture.

Please call and examine, whether you buy or not.

RAILROAD STORE,

115 MAIN STREET.

J. W. GARDNER.

110

SPRING STYLES.

JUST OPENED, A FULL LINE OF

Fashionable Goods for Spring Wear.

G. R. GAGE & Co., Merchant Tailors,

171 Main Street, - - - - - Woburn, Mass.

60

COAL

From \$5.00 to \$6.50 Per Ton.

JOS. B. McDONALD.

110

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—AT THE—

Boston Branch

GROCERY and TEA STORE,

131 Main St., Woburn.

110

TEAS! TEAS!

We have just received a large invoice of EXTRA STRONG Formosa, Oolong, and Japan Teas, and are now offering BETTER TEAS for 50c. per pound than have been sold in Woburn for from 60c. to 75c. per pound. Buying invoices of importers for CASH enables us to sell BETTER TEA at a less price than any other house in Woburn.

GRANULATED SUGAR, 8 1-2 cents per pound.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,

FULLERTON BROS.,

Formerly with Cobb, Bates & Yerxa.

Managers,

69

False Impression Corrected!

We assure our patrons that we never exhibit or offer for sale,

TRIMMED HATS OR BONNETS,

That are not our own production, whatever may be the custom of others. And all who may favor us with their orders, will be certain of getting the finest quality of workmanship and style. We never have had a more successful

OPENING,

or received more encouraging commendations than this season. We guarantee perfect satisfaction. Our stock is large and elegant, and prices lower than ever. We have also a large stock of fine

HOSIERY AND CORSETS!

Fancy Dry Goods, &c., &c. Run in and see us.

CUMMINGS,

150 Main Street, - - - - - Woburn, Mass.

168

NEW DRY GOODS STORE.

NO. 147 MAIN STREET,

COPELAND, BOWSER & CO.,

ANNOUNCE

BARGAINS in all DEPARTMENTS,

—AN—

IMMENSE STOCK,

ALL NEW FRESH GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY, VERY CAREFULLY SELECTED, AND

Bought for CASH.

A HEAVY STOCK OF DOMESTICS

all bought before the recent advance in prices. Come and examine our goods and learn our prices; goods will be cheerfully shown whether you wish to purchase or not.

TERM, CASH.

COPELAND, BOWSER & Co.,

WOBBURN, MASS.

169

CARPETS!

Buy your Carpets direct of the Manufacturers, and save all intermediate profits.

J. & J. DOBSON,

The largest Manufacturers of Carpets in the United States, invite special attention to their

SPRING STOCK,

Comprising all the latest novelties in design and coloring. We are prepared to show the largest stock and assortment ever offered at retail in this country, consisting of

MOQUETTES, WILTONS, AXMINSTERS, VELVETS,

BODY AND TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, &C.

WE OFFER A SPECIAL LINE OF

ROYAL WILTONS, \$2.00; AXMINSTERS, \$1.50;

VELVETS, \$1.50;

(Fully one dollar per yard less than their actual value.)

BRUSSELS, \$1.25; TAPESTRY, 65 and 75c.;

KIDDERMINSTER, 75c.; INGRAINS, 50c.

These goods are all warranted, and as good as can be found in this or any other country.

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110

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In great variety and at Low Prices.

Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light and the best Harness for the money in the World.

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Journal Club Column

A heavy man, while attempting to get into a carriage the other day, fell with the greatest display of emphaticness ever witnessed in these parts. He made such a depression in the earth where he sat down with his feet on top, that he is positive the flag-staff on the palace of the Emperor of China gazed him in the back. He may tell the truth, for the Chinese Emperor, palace, flag and all, may be coming to this country (like the grasshoppers) by an underground route, since the passage of the anti-Chinese bill by our Congress.

"Oh, I suppose he loves Sarah, and would be glad to marry her," she was saying to another woman in the post-office corridor, yesterday, "but I don't." "Isn't he a nice young man?" asked the other. "Well, he's nice enough, but very reckless with his money. At Christmas time he made us a present of a French clock for the parlor, and there's not one of us in the house could speak a word of French. He might just as well have presented us with a German thermometer or a Spanish umbrella! We had to trade it for a barrel of molasses."

An exchange tells of an old farmer who, having eaten an oyster stew for the first time, said:—"I liked the soup pretty well; but I didn't like them pollywogs." That reminds us of the little story of the Hoosier who lunched with "Old Hickory" when he was President. Among other things, there were champagne and olives on the table, of which the guest partook freely. When the lunch was about ended, Mr. Hoosier remarked:—"General, that's mighty good cider, but confound your pickles!"

He was a venerable and agricultural looking man, attired in the latest New Jersey fashion, and he stood on a street corner near Washington market. Holding up his left hand, and gazing reflectively upon three pieces of string tied round an equal number of fingers, he soliloquized:—"That's to remind me—get a spoon of cotton; other means don't forget the calico. But, what in thunder's this one for? Ah, by gum! that's don't get drunk again!"

Dr. Glynn, whose name is still remembered in Cambridge, being one day in attendance on a lady in the quality of her physician, took the liberty of lecturing her on the impropriety of eating cucumber, of which she was immoderately fond, and gave her the following receipt for dressing them:—"Peel the cucumber," said the doctor, "with great care; then cut it into very thin slices, pepper and salt it well, and then—throw it away."

A poor fellow is met on the boulevard in a very thin overcoat ornamented with a tremendous hole on either side. "I say," says a friend, with complacent compassion, "you ought to freeze to death in a coat like that." "Not at all," replies the other, with a cheerful shiver, "this coat's all right. The cold just comes in at one hole and goes out at the other, and I never feel it."

In a primary school not long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the uses of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "bird's-nest;" and pointing to the hyphen asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause a little Fenian piped out, "Plaze, ma'am that's for the bird to roost on."

"They tell me Leadville is pretty high up," remarked a Denverite to a visitor from the carbonate field. "High up!" ejaculated the other, "well, I should say. The air is so thin that you've got to fan it into a corner to get a square breath. Why, I sort of live in a valley, but many a time when I went home at night I had to push a cloud from the door to get in."

A man in a church fair who had a fifty-cent bowl of stew suddenly rose, in excitement, and began to pull off his coat and vest. "Why do you do that?" asked the pious lady who took the fifty cents. "Why, great heavens!" he cried, "there is a little oyster away down in there, and I'm going to dive for it."

Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in his narrative of travel in "The Heart of the Continent," tells of an eccentric genius who improved on the old yarn to the effect that "the weather would have been colder if the thermometer had been longer," by saying he had been where "it was so cold that the thermometer had gone off the nail."

A full-bearded grandfather recently had his beard shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner table his three-year-old granddaughter noticed it, gazed long with wondering eye, and then ejaculated:—"Grandfather, whose head you got on?"

The butcher's boy called the baker's girl his sweet bread, and asked her to be his rib and cleave unto him. She wrote him a tender line, and sent him a little flower in token that she would be his helpmeet, for she kneaded some one to love; then he declared he never sausage an angle.

A former paragrapher has settled in Toledo as a teacher of writing. One of his scholars said to him the other day:—"Which is the proper way to make K, Mr. —?" The ruling passion was strong in the teacher, and he replied:—"Make K while the sun shines."

It is said that one of the members of the Indiana Legislature had his curiosity excited by observing the nut crackers at the hotel table, and asked, "What'n thunder is them bullet-moulds done here?"

"Shall we take a 'bus' up Broadway?" said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin the wonders of the city. "O dear, no!" said the frightened girl. "I would not do that in the street."

The Toledo Commercial remarks that a man never knows what a red-hot fool he is until he attempts to pull off his undershirt with a lighted cigar in his mouth.

A music seller announces in his window a sentimental song: "Thou Hast Loved and Left Me" for ten cents.

House cleaning refrain: "Get up and dust!"

The fellow who rang the church bell for a false alarm of fire, tolled a lie.

Miscellaneous.

TRAVELLING IN JAPAN.

The following spicy letter containing an account of what the writer saw in Japan, is translated from Munson's Photographic News where it was originally printed in the peculiar "fly tracks" of the short hand writer. It will be found very entertaining.

There is occasionally something very delightful in being lost—cast adrift somewhere away from the certainty of numbered streets and stereotyped ideas. We have never enjoyed the luxury of that feeling so fully as since our landing in Japan. We are entirely "off our reckoning." We wander from surprise to surprise, ever in the most complete uncertainty as to what is going to turn up next. The European town of Yokohama, it is true, offers but little of interest, except from a commercial or historical point of view. It smells very strongly of tea—from its numerous tea-fringing or drying establishments, and our chief sensation while we go through its streets, perspiring under a broiling sun, is that we have somehow or other fallen into a huge tea kettle. But as soon as we reach the native city, which adjoins the European settlements, quaint sights and sounds crowd upon our eyes and ears. The streets are full of figures that seem to have started out from fans and tea-caddies. Some are moving to and fro with big paper umbrellas, and mounted on queer wooden shoes or little boards raised by small cross pieces two or three inches above the ground, which give them the delectable appearance of being quite tall. Others drive past in *ginrikshas* or little one-seater carriages drawn by active runners. Hinge carts are being slowly propelled by half naked coolies, who give a kind of nasal grunt at every pull. In the numberless little shops tradesmen and customers are exchanging profuse civilities. Enter one of them and you become the recipient of the same demonstrations, the owner, who is generally found squatting among his wares, proceeding immediately to knock his forehead three or four times upon the floor. In fact the display of extraordinary politeness attracts your attention on all sides. Two native ladies have just met at a street corner—there they stand, bowing and courtesying and smiling and smirking at each other repeatedly for several minutes, as if started by machinery and unable to stop until unwound. Then they take a little—then suddenly relax into the same bowing and courtesying, etc., and so on alternately until you can't help wishing for just a little share in all the nice things which they must be saying to one another. The good humor of the natives never fails. We have been for several days plunging into all sorts of shops. We have examined any quantity of silk stuffs, porcelain, bronzes, "curios," and have gone out most of the time without making a purchase; we have walked into temples and peeped behind idols and altars; topped in front of private houses, and stared in the most indiscreet fashion into the interior of households; we have been met everywhere with a smile.

Japanese taking the same liberties in New York could not have life insured at any price. Our *ginriksha* men, who are generally our sole guides, seem to enjoy our curiosity and investigations as much as we do. All their English assets put together do not I am sure exceed ten words; but they make strenuous efforts to explain everything to us by gestures, and we get along very well. So well indeed, that we have resolved to start for Kamakura (where the great brass Buddha is to be seen) without waiting for an interpreter. But we have missed his assistance now and then, but our very perplexity may add a relish to the trip. It is only a 24 hours excursion from Yokohama. We leave our hotel in the afternoon, to avoid the heat of the day. We have two *ginrikshas*, and two men to each *ginriksha*—one pulling and the other pushing. In a few minutes we are in the open country, in the midst of a landscape of peculiar beauty. In the far distance towers the snow covered cone of *Fuji Yama*, the great sacred mountain of Japan. Around us succession of little villages, clad in the richest and freshest vegetation, winding in and out between the hills with the most picturesque sinuous lines. Every inch is under cultivation. But every field is a mere patch. A little rice plot is followed by a little square where yams are cultivated, and this square is flanked by four other little squares, every one exhibiting a different variety of foliage. Occasionally a little compartment which does not seem much larger than an ordinary sized dinner table, is hedged in all around with a row of vegetables different from that which it contains. It is the triumph of detail, of the minute. Our coolies who have stripped off every inch of garment with the exception of a narrow loin-cloth are making good use of it. We go right along past little hamlets half hid in foliage, up and down narrow paths, between bamboo hedges and out again into the little lanes between the fields. After ascending a pretty steep road we paused to glance at the "Plains of Heaven," and to rest under the "Fling-away-the-pencil-pine," which derives its name, says the guide book, from the despair of a native artist who vainly endeavored to render with his pencil the beauty of the scenery before his gaze. The moon was just rising as we got to the place and the prospect was indeed a lovely one; but we made no attempt at sketching it, and kept our Faber's. Half an hour's rapid run brings our equipages to the village of Kanakawa, at one of the tea houses of which we are to rest for the night. A perfect form of tidiness is our tea house. Like all Japanese houses it is a small, frail frame building, with the look of a neat little toy. I am almost afraid of bringing the whole structure down with a crash as I ascend the light, creaking stairs to the second floor. A mat constitutes the entire furniture. We squat on the floor to eat the victuals which we have prudently taken with us from Yokohama. A sort of thick quilt is however, brought to us subsequently to lie upon, and a mosquito netting. Thus provided, we pass a tolerably comfortable night, undisturbed except once, when we were startled by the extraordinary performance of our native landlady, who seemed to be shoving the entire establishment round and round indefinitely. For everything in the place slides in grooves—the light screens that partition off the rooms, the windows, the

doors, and the very walls I believe; the whole concern seems susceptible of going round like our wooden horses at a fair. Our hostess was merely closing up for protection against the rain which was then pouring.

Up at sunrise. A glance at the waters of the bay which our balcony overhangs, and which are just then flooded with the most delicate and varied tints of light—then of once more in our *ginrikshas*. We arrive at Kamakura at about 8 A. M. It is now a mere village, but is said to have once contained 200,000 houses when it was the capital of the "Shoguns," the former temporal sovereigns of Japan, a dignity which it enjoyed for nearly 400 years. There is a temple there where relics of Yartomo, the first Shogun, and the founder of the city in 1190 are shown, as well as those of some other Japanese heroes. We dignify the attending "bonzes," or priests, by trying on familiarly the enormous helmet of Yartomo, and by blowing an uncouthly blast on the battle-conch of Iyeyasha another celebrated Japanese Shogun and worthy. A few miles further in the country looms up the gigantic image of Buddha—Daibutsu—the "Great Buddha." It was formerly within a temple which has been destroyed by fire. It represents Buddha in a sitting posture, with his head slightly inclined forward, with an expression of complete abstraction and repose. It is 44 feet high, and 87 feet in circumference. The face is 8½ feet long, the mouth 3, the ears 6. The material is said to be an alloy of copper, tin and gold—the latter I suspect in very homopathic proportions if any. We penetrate into the huge idol, in the interior of which there is a shrine, and mount by means of a ladder into its head. The god is attended by a few "bonzes" who drive a little trade in photographs at ten cents apiece.

From Dai-Butsu we turn to the sea shore on our way to Enoshima, a sacred so-called island of the Japs. It is only an island at high tide. It was now about noon. The sun shone fiercely and the sand reflected the heat and light pitilessly. But we are buoyed up by the vision of a cave which the guide-book described in Enoshima. The heat grew more and more intense, and so did our longing for the cave. When we reached the natural causeway which connects the "island" with the main land at low tide, the feeling had assumed the character of a monomania. The cave—"Ana," as the book told us was the native word for it—"Ana" we wanted nothing else. The polite and smiling "Bonzes" vainly tried to entice us into examining their curiosities, gods, and gimcracks. "Temple," "temple," they cried out, with despair in their voices, in the only English words they knew. "Ana," "Ana," we replied as we hurried on, looking neither right nor left, until half distracted, after 20 unsuccessful attempts to check our career, the poor fellows turned on their heels, and took us to the cave, for which service they might at least claim a few cents. A bath and then a meal at a tea house overlooking the wide ocean, restored us to a due appreciation of temples of which there are a great number on the island. We also noticed among the different articles for sale in the booths which abound, a curious sponge with long spines which look exactly like threads of spun glass.

On our way back we take a different road—the Tokido or imperial road, which connects Yeddo, the capital, with Keoto, the ancient city of the Mikados. It is the great highway of Japan. The moment we turn into the broad thoroughfare from one of the small lanes we had been threading we find ourselves in a stream of motion and activity. The ubiquitous *ginrikshas* flying this way and that way; stage coaches drawn by small native ponies and preceded by *fetos* or runners to make room for the vehicle; travellers on foot and travellers on horseback; coolies with ladies on their shoulders; strange pilgrims with enormous hats and queer straw-blankets or mats on their backs; tea houses at every 50 yards or so, where the pretty "neenas" or waiting girls invite the passengers with the most delectable smiles, and courtesies, and words, (at least I suppose so, for I don't understand a syllable); glimpses of delightful green fields on either side, with now and then a tall grove and a temple nestled in its shade, whenever issue the deep sounds of bell and gong—such is the panorama which unfolds itself without interruption for miles, as we go racing (our *ginriksha* men, I mean, of course) under the magnificent over-reaching trees lining the "Tokido" from which we finally diverge, only to take a side road to Yokohama and our hotel.

Fortune Telling.—The following are some of the rules by which fortune-tellers profess to be guided in their practice of *arology*:

January.—He that is born in January will be laborious and a lover of good wine, be very subject to infidelity, yet he will be complacent, and withal a fine singer. The woman born in this month will make a good housewife, rather melancholy, but yet good-natured.

February.—The man born in the month of February will love money much, but ladies more. He will be stingy at home, but prodigal abroad. The lady will be humane, and affectionate to her mother.

March.—The man born in March will be rather handsome; but he will be honest and prudent and die poor. The lady will be passionate, jealous, and a chatterbox.

April.—The man who has the misfortune to be born in this month will be subject to maladies; he will travel to his disadvantage, he will marry a rich heiress who will make him miserable. The lady born this month will be tall and stout, with agreeable wit and great talk.

May.—The man born in the month of May will be handsome and amiable; he will make his wife happy. The lady will be greatly blessed in every respect.

June.—The man born in June will be of small stature and passionately fond of children. The lady will be a personage fond of flattery, and will marry young.

July.—The man born in the month of July will be fat and suffer death for the woman he loves. The female of this month will be handsome, with a rather sulky temper.

August.—The man born in the month of August will be ambitious and courageous; he will have two wives. The lady will be amiable and twice married, but her second husband will cause her to regret the first.

September.—The man who is born in September will be strong and prudent, but will be easy with his wife, who will give him great uneasiness. The lady will be round faced and fair-haired, witty, discreet, and loved by her friends.

October.—The man born in this month will be addicted to drink, but good-tempered, generous and kind-hearted. He will be comfortable in his circumstances. The woman will be good humored, stont and handsome.

November.—The man will be of a miserly and crabbed disposition. The woman a vixen.

December.—The man will be steady, quiet and religious; well to do in life, but no general favor. The lady will be amiable and virtuous.

A young man living in the western part of the Town, discharged his gun at a hawk that was sailing far over his head, and the effect of the discharge was that the feathers flew and that the hawk dropped a living black bass, weighing about a pound, which it had probably captured from Roberts pond, some half mile distant.—*Waltham Record*.

Gov. Talbot has presented the pen with which he signed the bill giving women the right to vote for school committee to a young lady who was very active in behalf of the measure.

The Somerville Journal wants to know if "The Daughter of a Regiment," is any relation of the son of a gun.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Artemus Glover to Jerome B. Judkins, dated July 17, A. D. 1874, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, South District, lib. 1316, folio 52, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, the twentieth day of May, 1879, at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—The following described parcel of land, situated in the Town of Winchester, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, being lot numbered fifty-six on a plan of Building Lots in said Winchester, drawn by Josiah Hovey, July 1st, 1874, and duly recorded, containing seventy-five hundred square feet, and bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Hancock street, fifty feet; easterly by lot fifty-seven on said plan, one hundred and fifty feet; southerly by lot fifty-eight on said plan, one hundred and fifty feet; westerly by lot fifty-nine on said plan, one hundred and fifty feet; being part of the same premises conveyed to Artemus Glover by Jerome B. Judkins, by his deed dated July 17, A. D. 1874.

Said Mortgage was duly assigned to the Lexington Savings Bank, by said Judkins, by deed dated November 7, A. D. 1874, and recorded with said deeds, lib. 1329, fol. 321, and by Thomas Savage, et al assignees, by deed dated July 3, 1877, and recorded with said deeds, lib. 1443, fol. 399; and it is uncertain who is the owner of the equity in said premises.

\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

GEORGE W. ROBINSON, Receiver of Lexington Savings Bank, No. 1 Pemberton Square, Boston.

A. E. SCOTT, Attorney, April 22, 1879.

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\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

GEORGE W. ROBINSON, Receiver of Lexington Savings Bank, No. 1 Pemberton Square, Boston.

A. E. SCOTT, Attorney, April 22, 1879.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Artemus Glover to Jerome B. Judkins, dated July 17, A. D. 1874, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, South District, lib. 1316, folio 52, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, the twentieth day of May, 1879, at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—The following described parcel of land, situated in the Town of Winchester, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, being lot numbered fifty-five on a plan of Building Lots in said Winchester, drawn by Josiah Hovey, July 1st, 1874, and duly recorded, containing seventy-five hundred square feet, and bounded as follows, viz:—Northerly by Hancock street, fifty feet; easterly by lot fifty-six on said plan, one hundred and fifty feet; southerly by lot fifty-seven on said plan, one hundred and fifty feet; westerly by lot fifty-eight on said plan, one hundred and fifty feet; being part of the same premises conveyed to Artemus Glover by Jerome B. Judkins, by his deed dated July 17, A. D. 1874.

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GEORGE W. ROBINSON, Receiver of Lexington Savings Bank, No. 1 Pemberton Square, Boston.

A. E. SCOTT, Attorney, April 22, 1879.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

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EASTERN, WESTERN, and Northern LUMBER, BUILDING MATERIAL

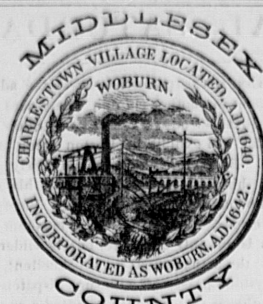
of all widths, dimensions and qualities, constantly on hand, and delivered promptly, at shortest notice, at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

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WOBURN



JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879.

NO. 20.

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Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for
Sleight or Dance parties. With one of the best
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Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all
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Boards in town. Orders by mail promptly at-
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FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,
At the Lowest Prices.
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of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments
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seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Of-
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

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Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.

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We have a stock of the above, made by Croft, Wilbor & Co., of Philadelphia, and consider them the
nicest article of the kind ever in our store.

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OUR PRICES

Parasols and Sun Umbrellas

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Spring Styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats,

YOUNG GENTS' STIFF AND SOFT HATS.

ONE OF THE BEST ASSORTMENTS EVER BEFORE OFFERED.

TURBAN AND INDIA SMOKING CAPS.

Boys' Hats, Boys' Turban and Cadet Caps,

Fine Silk, Alpaca and Scotch Gingham Umbrellas.

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STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

EVERY GARMENT MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.
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The All-Wool Suits have a yellow lot ticket, and the Cotton and Wool a white ticket.

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SUITS \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00,
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The All-Wool Suits have a green lot ticket, and the Cotton and Wool Garments a white ticket.

Gentlemen's Custom Department.

WORK AND FIT GUARANTEED.

We make to order a better suit for the money than any other House in New England.

CUSTOM PANTALOONS, \$4, \$4.50, \$5.

Our South End Store is designed to accommodate our patrons who reside in the southern part of the
city, and those who may arrive upon any and all trains upon railroads leading from that section of the city.
Our two stores combined make us the LARGEST HOUSE IN BOSTON OR NEW ENGLAND in
the line of Clothing.

WILMOT'S, - - - 263 Washington Street,

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SOUTH END STORE, - - 747 to 751 Washington Street, Boston.

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FLORISTS,
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108 MAIN STREET,
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Hours at Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.

George H. Conn,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.
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Office at Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.
Hours at Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.

DR. O. P. ROGERS,
DENTIST,
139 1/2 Main Street, 145 Woburn, Mass.

Original Poetry.

THE LAST OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

And one o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves; by soft winds fanned,
She faded 'mid Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent's knee.

Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond O earth!

—Hemans.

When my spirit homeward flies,
And this body ready lies,
For the tomb.

And with soft and quiet tread,
Solemnly around the dead,
Strangers come;

Not one bitter tear will start,
Not one crushed and broken heart,
Will be found;

As with gentle hands they lay,
Tenderly my form away,

In the ground.

When the solemn rites are paid,
And beneath the flowers I'm laid,
All is done.

Earth with all its strife is past,
And the goal is reached at last,
Life begun.

When up to the loving band,
Waiting in the better land,
Death shall take,

And my spirit newly born,
Place amid the angel throng,
And I wake,

Then will memory of tears,
And the bitter pain of years,
Be swallowed up,

And a pure seraphic joy,
Happiness without alloy,
Fill my cup.

Then the loved ones gone before,
Fondly to my heart once more,
I shall press.

And with gratitude, I'll raise,
Joyous songs of love and praise,
God to bless,

No more parting, no more fears,
God himself shall wipe my tears,
All away!

Then shall dawn the holy light,
And earth's dark and winter night,
Change to day.

That a vision so divine,
Full of rapture should be mine,
Wondrous love!

Savior at thy feet I fall,
Waiting patiently thy call,
From above.

Yielding up to Thee my will,
Only striving to fulfill,
Every task.

Give me strength for every cross,
Grace to bear my earthly loss,
All I ask.

BERTHA BRYANT.

Boston, April 8th, 1879.

Selected Story.

RE-UNITED.

On a wild October night Elsie Raymond
sat beside her solitary fireside in deep
thought—in thought that, truth to tell, was
tinged by sadness. It was not often that
she sat thus, for she was the most cheerful
and busy of little women, the best of sisters
and aunts, and the kindest of neighbors.
This being the case, she found little leisure
for thought or solitary musing, for in some
one of these relations, work enough was al-
ways provided for her.

But to-night she seemed to have arrived
at one of the halting-places in her life. Her
young sister Sophie, the last of her charges,
had that morning been married. The old
gray homestead had been left desolate when
her smiling face went from it, at least so
Elsie thought. True, she had a tribe of
small nephews and nieces staying with her,
while her mother, Elsie's sister Mary, and
her husband, accompanied the bridal party
on their tour, but they had long been asleep,
and there was no token of their presence in
the somewhat prim-looking room, except a
great basket of playthings in a corner, and a
row of shoes, headed by Willie's "new
boots," and closed by baby Elsie's tiny
bronzed slippers, that were ranged against
the wall.

Elsie's father had died suddenly, the vic-
tim of a fatal accident, and his widow, over-
whelmed by the sad and terrible bereavement,
soon followed him. With her dying
breath she commended her younger children
to the care of her elder sister, and exacted
a promise that she would devote her life to
them. The girl could hesitate at no demand
made in the last feeble accents of her dying
mother. She lifted the little unconscious
babe from the feeble arms that clasped it,
and holding it close to her bosom, and look-
ing upon the tearful face of the little group
gathered around that death bed, she gave the
required promise.

In an hour her mother had ceased to
breathe, and Elsie's life work had begun.
But it was not until the sad ceremonies of
the funeral were over, and the little family
had returned to the desolate home, that El-
sie fully comprehended all she had under-
taken.

None who have truly loved will fail to
comprehend the struggle that for the follow-
ing weeks went on in Elsie's soul. It was
no light sacrifice that was demanded of El-
sie; duty and love, her promise to the dead
and her vows to the living, were the antag-
onists that contended every inch of ground.
John Francis loved Elsie full well enough
to have aided her in her life task. He saw
no reason in the duties she had undertaken
why she should not fulfill her vows, and in
becoming his wife divide the burden of her
responsibilities and care.

But she thought differently. She felt that
she had no right to allow his generosity to
lead him into such a sacrifice. He was

young, and life lay bright and long before
him. Should she allow the shadow of her
care to project across the sunny path?
Should she seek to lay upon his shoulders
the burden that weighed her down and
doomed her to a life of toil? She could en-
dure and sacrifice much for the children, so
dear to her by ties of blood—the sacred leg-
acy of her dead parents. But to him they
were nothing, save for her sake, and she
might have to see him grow weary and dis-
contented with the untimely cares that mar-
riage with her must thrust upon him.

So Elsie and John Francis parted, as they
feared, forever. When her lover found that
no arguments or prayers could change her
purpose, that she had solemnly recorded her
vow to the dead, and was fully prepared to
perform it to the uttermost, even to the sacri-
fice of her dearest hopes and most cher-
ished wishes, he disappeared from the
neighborhood without a farewell to any who
had known him.

After a time a letter came to the parish
clergyman to tell that he was safe, and about
to sail for a foreign land, and from that hour,
for all those twenty years, no tidings of John
Francis had fallen on Elsie Raymond's ears.
When she knew that he was gone and would
not return, she very carefully gathered to-
gether every little memento of the happy
season of her happy love, and locked them
in the casket he had given her, thenceforth
to be the shrine of her affections. Then
sternly and uncomplainingly, she turned to
her life-task.

Year after year rolled on. Elsie spun and
wove, and directed her maidens and her
farm-laborers, and taught and nursed her
brothers and sisters, and in all things strove
to supply to them the place of the parents
they had lost.

In time the wounds of her heart healed,
at least they ceased to bleed at every touch,
and she learned to find solace in the affec-
tion of her children, as she called them,
while habit made her duties light, and al-
most pleasant.

The midnight hour had already passed
when Elsie rose to retire. Her long, lone-
ly vigil had made her timid and nervous,
and she could hardly repress a shriek of
alarm—as just at that moment a heavy knock
was heard at the outer door, and resounded
through the house.

But Elsie's only thought was of a sum-
mons to some sick or dying bed, for in that
quiet neighborhood people were seldom
abroad at night on less urgent errands; so,
smiling at her causeless alarm, and still
trembling in spite of her bravery, she undid
the fastening of the door, and threw it open.

A tall man wrapped in a long, dark riding
cloak, stood upon the threshold. By the
light of the flaring candle Elsie held, she
could not distinguish his features. She only
saw the strange eager look of a pair of very
bright eyes, as the stranger bowed in answer
to her salutation.

"Madam," he said, "I am benighted, as
you see, and in trying to reach the next
village have lost my way. I am drenched to
the skin, and my horse is too weary to go
further, through these miry roads; and see-
ing a light here, I have ventured to crave
a shelter for him and myself, for the re-
mainder of the night. I assure you that
you will find me no ungrateful guest."

"Sir," Elsie resumed, simply, "the doors
of Raymond farm have never been closed
to the weary wayfarer. Enter, and a ser-
vant will care for your horse."

The stranger bowed again, and passed
her silently, as she held back the broad
half of the door. What was it that, at the
sight of that tall willowy form caused her
heart to beat so wildly? She put up the
bar that secured the door and then preceded
her guest to the apartment she had left.

She stirred the smouldering embers, and
threw on fresh wood, which caught the
flames that soon leaped cheerily up the
broad chimney. Leaving the stranger
covering over the blaze, she went and called
the gardener to take charge of the horse that
was neighing impatiently at the outer gate.

When she came back she busied herself,
silently, in preparing refreshments for the
stranger, who still sat beside the hearth,
casting curious glances at her as she moved
about. Thrill after thrill shot through
Elsie's frame, as she met those bright,
strange glances. She had begun to feel
almost frightened at his singular manner,
when he suddenly addressed her:

"Madam," he said pointing to the row of
little shoes, and the overflowing basket of
toys, "I see that lonely as is this house, it
is not desolate. Human flowers, that
brighten so many homes, bloom here. You
have little children, beautiful and loving,
and doubtless a good husband. Pardon me,
madam," he added, observing Elsie's emotion,
"we who are lonely wanderers up and down
the world are wont to notice, with somewhat
of jealousy, the tokens of domestic happi-
ness that are denied to us."

He was silent, as if waiting for an answer,
and Elsie, conquering her emotion, answered
quietly:

"There are children here, but not mine.
I have neither husband nor children," and
a faint sigh struggled up from her heart, as
she thought what might have been.

Just then the gardener came stamping in
at the kitchen door and showed himself,
shaking the water from his garments. Elsie
turned to the stranger.

"Your meal is prepared," she said;
"when you have partaken, the servant will
show you to your room."

And bidding her guest good-night, she
went away to her room, and lay down
upon her bed, but not to sleep. Through
the long hours, until the late autumn dawn,
she tossed restlessly upon her couch, think-
ing much of the strange guest, and marvel-
ing why his image mingled so continually
with her visions of the past.

The next morning, when the breakfast
hour was passed, the stranger spoke of his
departure.

"Before I go, madam," he said, "I ought
to inform you who I am, that you may at
least, know you have not bestowed your
kindness on one unworthy."

"For twenty years I have been a wan-
derer in other lands, a sad, lonely, disap-
pointed man. Yet I have ever kept one
hope bright and vigorous, the hope of return
to my native shores, and the scenes of early
happiness."

"I was born and lived till manhood in the
midst of a region much like this in which
your home is situated. I was an orphan,
but I had a small competence and many
friends. My guardian had a daughter whom
I loved, and who acknowledged that my love
was returned. We were betrothed, by the
consent of her parents, and our wedding day
was very near, when strange misfortunes
overwhelmed my Alice. First, her father
died a sudden and terrible death, then her
mother drooped beneath the blow, and
shortly followed, leaving to Alice the care
of the younger children, and exacting from
her a promise that she would never leave
them until they were all provided for, I
would willingly have shared the heavy bur-
den that now fell upon Alice, but she re-
fused to bind me to her life of toil and self-
sacrifice. She laid her love and all her
bright hopes upon the altar of duty, and I
appalled by the sacrifice and mad with dis-
appointment, fled from the country and be-
came a wanderer in other lands."

"Elsie, I promised to return when your
task was ended! I am here! Have you no
word of welcome, after all these years of
separation?"

He had no need to ask, for Elsie lay sob-
bing in the arms opened to receive her while
the little ones looked on wonderingly, and
the old gardener, to whom the secret had been
imparted the night previous, stood with
clashed hands uttering ejaculations of thank-
fulness.

"Elsie, shall we ever part again?"

"Never," said Elsie, with a quiet simpli-
city: "never again until death;" and she
looked up into his face with the old confi-
ding glance that had greeted him a score of
years before.

Very quietly the middle-aged pair settled
down at the old homestead, which was beau-
tifully adorned by the wealth John Fran-
cis brought from foreign lands, and dearer
far to them than any palace home, with the
store of memories that people its dim cham-
bers, and all the green demesne which had
witnessed their early joys, and their reunion
after weary years of separation.

A LETTER FOR MURPHY.

—A little freckle-
face ten-year-old school boy stopped at the
post-office, in Columbia, the other day and
yelled out:

"Anything for any of the Murphys?"

"No, there is not."

"Anything for Jane Murphy?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Tom Murphy?"

"No, sir, not a bit."

"Anything for Terry Murphy?"

"No; nor for Pat Murphy, nor Dennis
Murphy, nor Peter Murphy, nor Paul Mur-
phy, nor Bridget Murphy, nor for any
Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or
foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or
barbarous, male or female, black or white,
franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or
otherwise. No, sir, there is positively noth-
ing for any of the Murphys, either individ-
ually, jointly or severally, now and forever,
one and inseparable."

The boy looked at the postmaster in astonish-
ment and said:

"Please look if there is anything for my
teacher, Clarence Murphy."

HOME ENTERPRISE.

—Spend your money
at home. Your merchants are your neigh-
bors and your friends; they stand by you in
sickness—are your associates. Without
your trade they cannot keep up business.
No stores then, no one wanting to buy prop-
erty to settle on and build up your place.
It is your home; you cannot improve it
much by taking your money away to spend
or invest.

There is no way of improving a place so
much as by encouraging good merchants,
good schools, and good people to settle
among you, and this cannot be done unless
you spend your money at home.

Spend your money at home, for there is
where you get it.

It is necessary to get credit it is of your own
town merchants you have to get it, and they
must wait for the money; spend it at home.

Spend your money at home. It will make
better business for the merchants; they can
and will keep better assortments and sell at
lower rates than if the only business they
could do was what is credited out, while the
money goes to other places.

Sending your money at home is the only
way to make your town prosperous. Get
your groceries, dry goods, boots and shoes,
clothing, etc., at home, and show a little
interest in home enterprise.

Get your printing at home. It can be
done as cheaply and much better than is
usually done by the rammers of establish-
ments who try to undermine their neighbors,
and in a few months fall up and pay 0 on
the dollar.

There are ninety-three societies for
the prevention of cruelty to animals in the
United States.

There are 185 tribes of Indians left
in the United States.

MARJIE'S LESSON.—"Run up stairs, Mar-
jie, and get my glasses, won't you, dear?"

Marjie was reading.

"Yes, grandma, in just a minute."

Grandma sighed. She knew from experi-
ence how long Marjie's "minutes" were.
After waiting a quarter of an hour she arose,
and painfully dragged herself up stairs to
get what it would not have cost her grand-
child one weary moment to have run and
brought, as she was requested.

Mrs. Kimball came into the room for
something an hour later.

"Why, Margaret Kimball!" she cried, on
seeing how her daughter was employed.
"Didn't I tell you not to read any more in
that book till you had finished hemming the
table cloth you commenced yesterday?"

"Ye—s—m," stammered Marjie; "but
I only took it up to read a minute. The
time must have gone faster than I thought."

"How long ago was that?"
Marjie turned toward the clock.

"Why, it's stopped," she exclaimed.
"I charged you this noon to tell your
father

Journal Club Column

A POEM OF PLACES.

"New" in Chili tones she said,
"I will be Frank, she true,
Although you are a brilliant catch,
I do not care for you!"

"O lady, Dane to hear my suit,
This heart is lost by thee."
"Nay, sir, I cannot heed your words,
For you are not to me!"

"Tis Welsh," she added, freezingly,
"Since Siam pressed so far,
To Him who no longer here,
And so, good sir, Tatar!"

"What Ottoman like me to do?"
"Bewailed the stricken man;
"I'll finish up my mad career
And wed the Gallic!"

—St. Louis Times-Journal.

A camping party were preparing breakfast under an elm tree, and a small boy, to whom the task of grinding coffee with a worn-out coffee-mill had been assigned, after twisting away until he got heartily sick of the job, started the camp by asserting: "This ought to be the gods' coffee-mill." "What do you mean by such nonsense?" asked the head of the family. "Why," he replied, "they say the mills of the gods grind slowly, and if slow's any object they'd better come and get this'n."

San Francisco News Letter:—"My darling," says Mr. Sadraque, who has been ostensibly duck-shooting at San Mateo all the day and night previous, "did the officer boy bring you those ducks I shot? I told him, 'No, sir, he did not,' replied Mrs. S., in an icy and appalling manner, 'but the butcher's boy has been here to say that, as he cannot fill your order for said duck to-day, he sends you a half-dozen tame ones instead.' Tableau.

"Vell," said a new-comer in a Western town, "at chance I would have in starting up with saddle-dree peesnia?" "That business is overdone, and competition has almost ruined the trade," was the answer. "Vell, could I make somedings mit a pakery?" "Think not," said the native, "the town is full of bakeries now." The man looked puzzled and half mad, and suddenly came to the conclusion:—"Vell, den, py shimmy, I will run for office!"

"Mother, where's Bill?" "My son, do not let me hear you say Bill again. You should say William." "Well, mother, where's William?" "In the yard feeding the ducks." "Oh, yes, I see him now." But, mother, what makes ducks have such broad willows?" "Go out to your brother directly, you little scamp, or I'll box your ears."

"Give me five cents, mister?" queried a corpulent woman a day or so ago. "You don't seem to be much in need," said the party solicited. "You are a pretty, well dressed, healthy looking woman, and you have a large basketful of groceries." "Yes," she responded, "but I want five cents. I want to hire a boy to carry my basket for me." She didn't get it.

A Vicksburg negro fell from the deck of a steamboat the other day, was sucked under a coal barge, came up in time to catch his breath before he slid under a raft a mile long, and finally scrambled ashore down at Warrenton, about seven miles below, with the remark:—"No use tryin', ye kaint drown a deep-water Baptis'!"

"Jane," said her father, "I thought you hated stingy people; and yet your young man—" "Why, papa, who said he is stingy?" "Oh, nobody, replied pa; "only I could see he was a little 'close' as I passed through the room."

An Englishman was boasting to a Yankee that he had a book in the British museum which was once owned by Cicero. "Oh, that ain't nothing," retorted the Yankee; "in the museum in Boston they've got the lead-pencil that Noah used to ckeck off the animals that went into the ark."

Grace Greenwood relates, as an instance of the extravagance of New England humor, that when a young farmer's wife made her first boy's pants precisely as simple before as behind, the farmer exclaimed: "Goodness! Jennie, he won't know whether he is going to school or coming home."

An agent who had sold a Dutchman some goods was to deliver them at the residence of the purchaser. The Dutchman gave him the directions:—"You shoost goes behind dot are church: den you turns up right for a while till you come to a house with a big hog in the yard. Dot's me."

It's funny! but a soft-pampered woman can pass a hot pie plate to her neighbor at the head of the table, with a smile as sweet as distilled honey, while a man with a hand as horny as a crocodile's back will drop it to the floor and howl around like a Sioux Indian at a scalp dance.

"Have you given electricity a trial for your complaint, madam?" asked the minister, as he took tea with the old lady. "Electricity," said she. "Well, yes, I reckon I has. I was struck by lightning last summer and hove out of the window; but it didn't seem to do me no kind of good."

The Toledo Commercial is responsible to a higher power for the following atrocious:—"A gentleman of this city has a small piece of tobacco which has travelled all over the world. It's a sort of wandering chew, isn't it?"

The southern people are busy trying to explain the Genesis of the negro Exodus, but from the numbers that are leaving and the reasons given it seems the southern people are not Judges, and their Chronicles are at fault.

A young man, to hector a young lady, said:—"This is St. Patrick's Day. Where is your green bow?" As quick as a flash came the response:—"You are green enough for me; come along."

Two women of Watertown are going to have a talking match for the championship, and eighteen hundred of the twenty-three hundred inhabitants of the place have already purchased tickets for the west.

A boy who had read of the sailors heaving up the anchor, wanted to know if it was seasickness made 'em do it.

Miscellaneous.

GRANDMA HALE ON THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS.

"Of all things, a night journey is the most tedious," said Clarence Hatfield, as he let himself fall heavily into the stiff and uncomfortable seat of the railway car, with the faded velvet cushions, and its back at exactly the wrong angle for aught approaching the luxury of a nap.

"I say, Clinton, do you think we might smoke?"

"Well, I rather imagine not," said I, with a motion of my head toward the other passengers.

"There appear to be ladies on board," Hatfield shrugged his shoulders.

"Such ladies!"

"Well," laughed I, "they don't appear to be particularly stylish in manner or costume, but nevertheless, my dear fellow, the divinity of their sex hedges them around like a wall."

"Divinity of their hump!" shortly interrupted Hatfield. "As if these half-dressed dowdies, with babies and hand-boxes, could possibly belong to the same world with Beatrice Hale!"

To this I made no answer. It did not seem to me exactly appropriate to lag the sacred name of Beatrice Hale into a discussion, in place like this. Yet what could I do, except to feel my cheeks flush, and the roots of my hair tingle? For I was unmistakably in love with Bee Hale, and so was Clarence Hatfield.

If I were to waste quarts of ink and reams of paper trying to describe her manifold charms and excellences to the reader, it wouldn't do any good. Such things have been tried before and failed. Let him imagine the fairest brunette the sun ever shone on, and he may come near the mark. Suffice it to say that she was as beautiful as a dream, and that Hatfield and I were both slaves at her feet.

Which of us did she like best? Ah, that was the question! It was something like the children's old game of see-saw. "Up I go, down you come." Sometimes I fancied I had the ghost of a chance—sometimes I was convinced that Hatfield was altogether the preferred, and that I had better emigrate to Australia at once.

"Hollow!" cried Hatfield, breaking unceremoniously in upon the thread of my musings, "there goes the whistle. We shall be off directly. Thank goodness for that!" And he put his feet on the opposite seat and prepared for as comfortable a four hour's ride as possible.

Clarence Hatfield and I, be it understood, were employees in the extensive business of Messrs. Jenkins, Jumperton & Co., auctioneers, and had been down in the country "putting up" a sale of swampy lots, cut into streets and squares, according to the most improved metropolitan methods of doing such things.

It had been dismal business. November is not an inspiring month at the best, and a three days' fog had conspired against the success of "Mont Morra Park, as Jenkins, Jumperton & Co. had christened the new speculation. Yet we had done reasonably well, and were now thankful enough to get back to New York.

As the train gave its starting lurch the door flew open, and in came a tall old lady, in a prodigious black bonnet and a fur cloak, surrounded by a perfect *chevaux de frize* of squirrel cages, leather bags, brown paper parcels, and sandwich boxes. She was closely followed by a young lady, dressed in black, and closely veiled, and paused hesitatingly in front of our seat.

"Young man," said she, in a low voice as gruff as that of a man, "is this seat engaged?"

"Yes," said Hatfield, "it is."

"For your feet?"

"No matter what for," superciliously replied the head clerk of Jenkins, Jumperton & Co. "Please to pass on, old lady. You'll find seats beyond."

But this was a stretching of the truth. There were no seats beyond, as the old lady could easily perceive, unless she chose to sit directly opposite a red-hot coal fire, or upon one of those corner arrangements close to the door, which are equivalent to no seat at all.

The old lady hesitated and changed her heavy carpet-bag from one weary arm to the other. I thought of my own good Aunt Polly at home, and rose at once.

"Pray take this seat, ma'am," said I.

"And let me put your parcels up in the rack for you."

"Clifton, what a fool you are!" cried Hatfield, in an impatient sotto voce. "Why couldn't you have sat still and minded your own business."

"It is my own business," I answered, brusquely, "to see that every lady is made as comfortable as it is in the nature of things to be. Now the squirrel cage, ma'am—I'll go very comfortable under the seat, I think."

Hatfield uttered a contemptuous grunt, but he never offered to take his feet from off the opposite cushions, although the younger woman stood in the aisle, uncomfortably swaying backward and forward with the motion of the train, until a woman beyond, observing the state of affairs, drew a sleeping child into her lap, and beckoned the other to take the place thus vacated.

By this time the old lady had established herself to her entire satisfaction, and opened her sandwich box.

"Much obliged to you, young man," said she. "It's easy to see that you're a mother of your own at home, and that you're in the habit of doing reverence to her gray hairs. As for this person"—with a nod of her poke bonnet in the direction of Mr. Hatfield—"if he's got a mother, I can't say much for her bringing up of him. Perhaps he may be old himself one day, and stand in need of a little politeness and consideration from the young."

"When I'm anxious for your good opinion, ma'am, I'll let you know," returned Mr. Hatfield, rather flippantly.

The old lady could only express herself by a vehement sniff. And even I was a little annoyed at his manner.

"Hatfield," said I, in a low tone, "you might behave like a gentleman."

"So I will," he retorted, with a shrug, "when I find myself in company that calls for such treatment."

I said no more, but, leaning up against

the side of the door, prepared to make myself as comfortable as possible, until the train should stop at Stamford, its first way station, and some descending passengers might make way for me.

Reader, did you ever stand in an express train in full motion? Did you ever feel yourself swayed backward and forward, bumping one of your phenological developments against one side of the car, and bringing the base of your spinal column against the top of a seat at the opposite end of the train? Did you ever grasp blindly at nothing for support? Did you ever execute an involuntary paschal, by way of keeping your balance, and then grind your teeth to see two pretty young ladies beyond laughing at your antics? If so, you will know how to pity me during the year and a half between B—— and Stamford.

Hatfield went to sleep and snored; the old lady in the gigantic bonnet ate sandwiches and drank from a wicker flask of excellent smelling sherry; the young lady sat as noiselessly as a black veiled statue; fretful babies whimpered, old gentlemen uttered strange sounds in their sleep; the lights flared like sickly moons overhead, and the shriek of the train, as it flew through the sleeping villages, sounded like the yell of a fiery-throated demon.

"Stamford!" bawled the conductor.

At last I succeeded in dropping my weary and stiffened limbs into a seat, where slumber overtook me in just a minute and a quarter: for I had been asleep on my legs once or twice, even in my former disadvantageous attitude, and I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses when we finally thundered into the echoing vastness of the Grand Central Depot in New York.

Hatfield, alive to the necessity of catching a car before the whole world of travellers should crowd into it, stumbled over the old lady's ankles with small ceremony.

"Oh, take care! You've knocked the squirrel cage over!" cried she.

"Confound the squirrel cage!" shouted Hatfield, gnashing his teeth, as the ancient dame placed herself directly in the aisle to set the furry pot up again, thereby completely blocking up his egress.

"Serves you right, Hatfield," said I, as I stooped to assist.

Just then the young companion of our old lady advanced, flinging back her veil.

"Grandma," said she, "the carriage is waiting. I'll send Thomas for the parcels, Mr. Clifton. I am very much obliged to you for your politeness to my grandmother, who is unused to travelling. As to Mr. Hatfield—the less said about his courtesy the better." And Beatrice Hale's black eyes flashed disdainfully on Clarence's cowed visage.

"Miss Hale," he stammered, "if I'd the least idea who you were—"

"You would have regulated your conduct accordingly," impatiently interrupted Miss Hale. "Thanks—I prefer to see people in their true light. Mr. Clifton," turning graciously to me, "you'll call and see how grandmother stands her journey, tomorrow, won't you? Oh, thank you, the carriage is close by."

And to this day, I believe that is the way I won my wife; for Clarence Hatfield was a brilliant, showy sort of a fellow, who far outshone me in general society, and I think Bee had been disposed rather to fancy him until that night. But she was disenchanted now for good and all.

And Grandma Hale comes to us every Christmas with a hamper of good things from Hale farm.

THE POOR WHITE IN VIRGINIA.—The soil of peninsular Virginia is rather kindly than rich. Certainly it has not the richness of virgin land of which it is said, "Tickle it with a hoe, and it laughs in a harvest," but light manuring produces a quick return and ample crops, and that considerably earlier than in other places north of Norfolk.

There is still a remnant of the old style of farming to be seen, of which it was said that there were only three crops raised in Virginia—corn, hogs and niggers, of which the hogs ate all the corn, and the niggers devoured all the hogs. One of these "crops," however, is removed from the list. The "poor white" is poor—very poor.

The small farmers of the North can not compare with these in absolute destitution of money. "Doctor," said one of them, who had slowly recovered consciousness after being terribly injured by an exploding grindstone, "I reckon I'm pretty badly bruck up, hain't I?"

"Yes, my man, you are hurt just about as badly, to stand a chance of recovery, as any man I ever saw." "That's so, that's so. Wa'al, doctor, do you know, they ez poor ez I am, an' ez much ez I need money, I—I wouldn't ev'ed this happen to me for—twenty-five dollars." Many of these poor whites are day-laborers on the neighboring farms, but others work a small patch of potatoes or corn on their own account, in ground mostly so filled with stumps and so given to over-growing bushes as to be useless to any but themselves. One sometimes sees them working in their fields. Paternalism does the ploughing, Filius Minimus does the corn and the rest comes in regular sequence, Mater leads the hoeing. The poor are woefully ignorant, and to the upper classes are, in many instances, indolently unprogressive, though far less so than formerly. In short, the Virginia portion of the peninsula seems sunk in a Rip Van Winkle sleep that has lasted a hundred, instead of twenty years, and that as yet shows but small signs of awakening.

Howard Pyle, in *Harpers for May*.

FIRING THE RIVER.—"He will never set the river on fire," is properly, "He will never set the Thames on fire." The temse was a corn sieve which was worked in former times over the receiver of the sifted flour. A hard-working, active man would not infrequently ply the temse so quickly as to set fire to the wooden hoop at the bottom, but a lazy fellow would never set the temse on fire.

How many of our readers ever realized that Thomas Jefferson was but 23 years old when he drew up the Declaration of Independence?

"What is a pedestrian?" asked the child. "The pedestrian," explained the father, "is a tramp set to walking in a circle."

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WOBURN JOURNAL.



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WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1879.

NO. 21.

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the line of Clothing.

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Office (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.
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THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
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COAL!

I make a specialty of supplying parties who team
their coal. All who wish to purchase low, for
CASH, can get bargains at my wharf.
Coal delivered and housed at the lowest prices.
The

"Stirling Shamokin,"
"GIRARD,"
and **"Lykens Valley,"**
coals, are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.
I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all
the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail
promptly filled.

GEO. S. DELANO,
MEDFORD CENTRE, 79 MASS.

Musical.

Miss A. A. Campbell,
desires a few pupils on the
PIANO FORTE,
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

Poetical Selection.

FLEETWINGED JOY.
Joy is a butterfly winged and fleet,
Dancing and glancing
Hither and yon
In the light of the radiant
Morning sun.

Do not think to catch him? How foolish thou art!
He'll lead thee ever
From place to place
In a fruitless, breathless,
Wearisome chase.

Lay thyself down in the sweet smelling grass,
Sudbly down
Of guarded apple trees
Whose blossoms float down
On each breath of the breeze;

And crown thy songs and wait in hope
Sudbly down
From the blue of the sky
Will flutter the wings
Of the glad butterfly.

Do not speak, do not stir, but wait, only wait,
He'll hover above thee
A moment, and then
Turn as to leave thee,
Then float back again.

And just as the waiting grows heavy to bear,
He'll suddenly, softly,
Sink down to rest
On thy throbbing heart
On thy turbulent breast.

—Boston Journal.

Selected Story.

The Private Secretary.

About the beginning of this century, while
the revolutionary wars were raging, com-
munication in cipher was naturally very pre-
valent; and ingenuity was taxed to the ut-
most on one hand to invent, and on the other
to detect the medium used in secret corre-
spondence. As a rule the decipherer had
beaten the cipher, and no known method
was secure of detection. If conventional
signs merely were used, the recurrence of the
different symbols gave a key easy to follow
out. Some ingenious spirits corresponded
by reference to the pages and lines of par-
ticular editions of particular books—others
by an agreed vocabulary. But these last
methods, although they might preserve the
secret, disclosed what was often quite as
dangerous, that there was a secret. I am
about to tell you of a plan which for a long
time was not only undetected but unsus-
pected.

It was at that time when the first Na-
poleon had assembled his fleets and trans-
ported at Brest, with the ostensible, and as
generally believed the real, view of making a
descent on England. The greatest precau-
tions were observed by the English govern-
ment in regard to correspondence from
France, and an amount of espionage was
practiced at the post office which left Sir
James Graham's subsequent performances in
that line far behind. The national excite-
ment was intense, and the political depart-
ment was administered with irony away.

My uncle, Sir George Trevor, was, as the
world knew, high in admiralty, and as it
was from him that I heard this anecdote, its
veracity may be depended upon.
The despatches to and from the admiralty
were the subject of the greatest vigilance and
the most stringent regulations. The clerks
were not permitted to send or receive letters
which were not submitted to the chief clerk,
and it was believed that letters which were
addressed even to their private residences
were frequently opened at the post office.

At the time I write of, the chief clerk was
an elderly man of the name of Parker—a
wizened, wiry, dapper individual, so imbued
with the official tincture of Whitehall, that it
had become a second nature to him. He was
a genial and kindly soul, keen and energetic
in the affairs of his office, and in all others a
mere child.

He had engaged as his private secretary a
young fellow of the name of Beaumont, who
was one of the most promising subordinates
in the establishment. He was a modest, un-
assuming man, very good looking, with a
countenance and air suggestive of depression
and melancholy. He was evidently of good
education, and probably well-born also, for
his manners were easy and indicated good
breeding. He was a native of Jersey, and
had been introduced to the notice of the ad-
miralty authorities by some influential mem-
ber of parliament. He was much liked in the
office, and discharged his duties to perfec-
tion.

One morning Parker presented himself be-
fore my uncle with a visage pale with wear
and trembling with excitement.
"Why, what is the matter, Parker? Has
Bonaparte come?"
"He may have, for aught I know," said
Parker. "Things are all wrong, Sir George!"
"What is wrong?"
"The letters are wrong. There is a spy
among us. I have known it for long; now I
am quite sure; but I cannot find him out."

Parker went on to explain that he had for
some time suspected that some one in the
office communicated private information and
despatches outside; but more than ever con-
firmed in his suspicions, he was entirely
baffled in his endeavors to detect the culprit.
"But Parker," said my uncle, "how do
you come to be so sure that your secret has
been betrayed?"
"By the funds, Sir George. They answer
to the news as surely as the bell down stairs
does to the toll-bell. I find them going up
and down as if they were sitting in the of-
fice," said Parker, personifying the stock ex-
change for the moment.

"Have all the letters to the clerks been ex-
amined strictly?"
"Yes, I read them all myself."
"Find nothing in them?"

"Mighty little. Some are from home,
some from friends, and some of them from
sweethearts," said Parker, twisting his face
into grim smile, "and run things they say
in them."
"And the young men's letters. Are they
run, too?"
"They are more careful like, as they know
I am to see them, but Lord save you, sir,
they are all stuff; not a ha'porth of harm in
them."

"This matter must be seen to," said my
uncle; "I have had my own misgivings on
the subject. Bring me all the letters which
come to, and are sent by, the clerks for the
next week. There is no reason why you
should have all the rum things to yourself."

So my uncle had the letters for a week, and
found them very much such as Parker had
described them. The suspicious symptoms
had increased, the Stock Exchange responded
more sensitively than ever; but not the
slightest ground for suspecting any one
transpired. My uncle was bewildered, and
Parker was rapidly verging to insanity.
"It is certainly not the clerks," said my
uncle. "There is no treason there," said
he, pushing back the letters of the day. "By
the way, how does young Beaumont get on?
She seems a nice creature, that sister of his,
to judge by her letters."

"He is the best hand in the office, by a
long sight; and his sister is a very sweet,
ladylike creature. They are orphans, poor
things, and he supported her out of his
salary. She called at the office two months
ago, and I gave him leave to see her for a few
minutes in my room. But he knew it was
against rules, and has not seen her here
again."

"But what are we to do?" said my uncle;
"I think I will speak to the First Lord."
"So he spoke to the First Lord, who thought
the affair serious enough."

"It must be in the letters," said he.
"It cannot be in the letters," said my
uncle.

"As you please," said the chief; "but al-
though you cannot find it there, perhaps
another can. I would try an expert."

My uncle had no faith in experts, or Bow
streets runners, and mistrusted them. But
he could not refuse to try the experiment
suggested. So the most experienced de-
cipherer in London was summoned into
council and to him the letters of the day were
secretly submitted.

He read them all very carefully, looking
at them in the light, and looked at the light
through them. At last he put them all
aside, excepting one from Elinor Beaumont.

"Who is the lady that writes this?" said
the taciturn man of skill at last.

"A very sweet young woman," said Parker,
smilingly; "sister of my private secre-
tary."

"Does she write often?"
"Yes, she is his only correspondent, and
writes about twice a week."

"Where does she live?"
"She lives in Jersey, Beaumont told me.
Their father was in business there."

"And does she always write about the
same kind of things—about's rheumatism,
pneumonia, sea parties and the like?"
"Much the same, excepting when she
speaks of Beaumont himself."

"Hum!" said the expert.
"Well, sir," said my uncle, who was
rather impatient of the man of skill's pom-
posity, "and what may 'Hum' mean? Have
the young woman and her aunt's rheumatism
done the mischief?"

"Hum! She dates from Fleet street?"
"And why should she not date from Fleet
street, sir?"

"I should be sorry to prevent her," said
the unprovoked philosopher. "Has this cor-
respondence continued long?"

"Oh, yes—a couple of years or so, not
nearly so regularly as lately!"

"For how long regularly?"
"About two months."

"That is about the time when you first
suspected the betrayal of confidence?"

"Really, my friend, if you can't see fur-
ther into a million than that, you may give
up the profession," said my uncle. "Take
my word for it, the Beaumonts have noth-
ing to do with it. Rubbish."

"Hum!" and with that the man of skill
took his hat and departed, saying he would
be back in two days.

The two days, however, were five before
he came back, and was closeted with un-
cle and Parker, with whom he had fallen
into great disfavor.

"Wants to make a job," said the latter—
"a regular humbug."

"Sir George," said the regular humbug,
"has Mr. Beaumont a locked desk in his
room?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Parker, "he has."
"Have you a key that will open it?"
"I have—and what of that?"

"I wish to have that desk opened without
his knowledge, and the contents brought to
me."

"And on what pretense, said my uncle,
"do you propose to put this insult on a man
against whom there is no reasonable ground
of suspicion, and who has not been allowed
to speak for himself?"

"There need be no insult, for he will
know nothing of it; neither will any one
else."

"I will not permit it, sir,"
"Hum! Then I can do no more in the
business."

"But," said Parker, whose official notions
made him unwilling to break off the nego-
tiations in this manner, "what pretense
have you for doing this to Mr. Beaumont,
and not to the other clerks?"
"Shall I tell you? There is no such per-
son as Elinor Beaumont, and the address in
Fleet street is a notorious haunt of sus-
pected foreigners!"

"Good gracious!" said my uncle, chang-
ing color, "you don't say that?"

"It is the fact, but you will see the ne-
cessity of being cautious and silent in the
matter. Detection hangs on a thread as it
stands, and a whisper will break it."

"What do you mean?" said Parker, "about
Elinor Beaumont? I have seen her."
"There is no Elinor Beaumont in Jersey.
I have sent and ascertained the fact."

"I am sure there is some mistake about
all this, which Beaumont can clear up. Let
us send for him."

"If you do the game is up. I trust, in
fact, he does not know of my visits. We
cannot be too cautious in these matters."

"Pedantic ass," muttered my uncle, "but
I suppose we had better give him his own
way. If you meet Parker and me here at
seven to-night, we shall have this wonderful
desk open, and your great discoveries shall
be made."

They met again that evening. The desk
was opened by Parker, and a bundle of let-
ters, carefully packed up, all from Elinor
Beaumont, and a quantity of circulars,
playbills and shop receipts were handed to
the expert.

That gentleman read through the letters,
and seemed much struck by the last.

"Read that," said he, handing it to my
uncle.

As the letter is important, I give it entire:

120 FLEET STREET, Sept. 24, 1868.
MY DEAR CHARLES, — Although we
had an adverse wind all the way, we made
without difficulty the port we were bound
for. My aunt, in spite of the weight of her
fifty years, enjoyed the trip much, and is
ready to sail again. I hope you will think
of sending the line you promised on the 25th
and come yourself as our party is no smaller,
and we should enjoy the visit.
When I was in London last week I saw
our cousin Harry, fresh from Windsor.
There is little change to be observed in him
—not as much as you would expect. Come
to us on Friday. Yours, very affectionately,
ELINOR B.

My uncle read this out loud, from begin-
ning to end, and then said:

"Do you see anything suspicious in that?
It seems to me very innocent."

"Hum! it may be. Was there anything
else in the desk?" said he, addressing
Parker.

"You may go and look," growled that
potentate; and he led the way, the expert
following.

The desk was quite empty, with the ex-
ception of two or three scraps of waste
paper. On one of these the expert pounced
and returned with the air of elation to the
other room. He then unfolded this scrap
of paper, and disclosed a half sheet exactly
the size of the paper on which Elinor Beaumont's
letters were written, in which ob-
long holes at intervals had been cut.

He then placed this half sheet over the
letter, and handed both, thus placed, to my
uncle, whose astonished eyes read the fol-
lowing words, which the holes left visible:

"Fleet wind-bounded. Fifty sails of line
25 smaller. Should the wind change, ex-
pect us on Friday."

"The devil!" said my uncle; "and Nelson
ordered off to the West Indies."

Then and there, as you may suppose,
were hurrying and scurrying, and running
and chasing, and despatching of government
couriers, and semaphore telegraphs, and
carrier pigeons, and all the old world means
of communication then in fashion. The
key, thus obtained, disclosed the whole
correspondence, which turned out to be a
connected series of letters from the French
government, smuggled into Jersey. The
result history knows; the intended invasion
was abandoned, and Napoleon went else-
where.

"But what put you on the scent?" asked
my uncle afterward, with many apologies to
the expert.

"I suspected the trick from the first, al-
though it was a very good specimen of it.
The letters were too innocent, and had too
little point in them. But they were done
with admirable skill. The grammar was
complete; and the little dots or marks which
bunglers use to guide them in writing the
words which are to be read, were entirely
absent. The way the deception is effected is
this: The correspondent, before commencing,
takes a sheet of paper and cuts holes in it,
which, of course, in the two half sheets,
exactly correspond. They each take one
half sheet, and when a letter is to be written,
the writer so arranges the words that those
intended to be read shall appear in the holes
when the half sheet is placed over the paper,
which is the same size. When his corres-
pondent receives the letter, he places his half
sheet over it and reads off the words, as you
did. The difficulty, which was so well con-
quered in this case, is to make the sense run
fluently, and to prevent any visible break in
the writing. Without the half sheet with the
holes in it no one can have the slightest
clue to the real meaning. My suspicions,
once aroused, were confirmed by the inquiries
which I made. The whole story about the
sister was fabrication. The letters did come
from Jersey, the answers went to Fleet street
to the charge of very notorious foreign
agents. But if our friend had not been fool
enough to leave his half sheet in his desk we
might have groped in vain for the mystery."

Beaumont disappeared in the night, and
was never heard of again at the admiralty.
It transpired afterwards that some accom-
plice had warned him of the expert's visit to
the admiralty, and his inquiries in Jersey.
He had made an attempt to get admittance
to his room, but was scared away by the
sounds he heard, and contrived to escape to
France. The lady who acted the sister, and
who visited the admiralty, partly to put the
authorities off their guard, and probably to
interchange the key to the cipher, was a
Parisian celebrity who both before and after-
wards was renowned for her daring in politi-
cal intrigue.

I WISH HE HAD LIVED.—The other day,
when a burly big driver of a coal cart
backed his vehicle up to the alley-gate of an
old house in Detroit, to dump out a half ton
of coal, some children came out of the side
door, and the driver beckoned them near
and said:

"Last time I was here, one of the wheels
crushed a bit of a dog belonging to one of
you. I heard a great crying out, but I can't
be stopping to look out for dogs on the
street."

The children made no reply, but as they
watched him unload the coal, they won-
dered if he had little children of his own,
and if he ever spoke kindly to them. He
may have felt the burden of their thoughts,
for suddenly he looked up and said:

"Well, I own I'm a bit sorry, and being
as I knew I was coming up, I brought along
an orange to give to the child who owned
the dog. Which of you is it?"

"The dog belonged to little lame Billy in
that house there," answered a girl. "It
was all the dog he ever had, and when you
killed it he cried himself to death. He
didn't have any plaything but that dog."

"And will you take him this orange?"
"I can't, sir, 'cos he's dead, and they're
coming to take him to the grave-yard pretty
soon."

The driver looked up and down, seemed
to ponder the matter, and then he crossed to
the other house. The little coffin and its
burden was in the front room, and two or
three old women were wiping away their
tears and talking in low tones. The driver
put his hand on the closed coffin and said:

"I didn't know it was his dog—I didn't
know he was lame and sick. God forgive
me if I made sorrow for him!"
The vehicle sent to convey the body to
the cemetery drove up at that moment, and
burly big man continued:

"If he was alive I'd buy him anything he
could ask. I can do nothing but carry him
softly out."

He gently took up the coffin in his stout
arms and carried it out, his eyes moist and
his lip quivering, and when he had placed it
in the vehicle he looked up at the driver in
a beseeching way and whispered:

"Drive slow—drive slow! He was a
poor little lame boy!"

The driver wondered, and he moved away
slowly, and the coal cartman stood in the
centre of the street and anxiously watched
till he was off the cobblestones. Then, as
he turned to his own vehicle, he said:

"I didn't mean to, but I wish he had
lived to forgive me!"

TEACH YOUR BOYS.—Teach them that a
true lady may be found in calico quite as
frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school educa-
tion with common sense, is better than a
college education without it.

Teach them that one good honest trade,
well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly
"professions."

Teach them that honesty is the best policy,
that "tis better to be poor than to be rich on
the profits of "crooked whiskey," etc., and
point your precept by the examples of those
who are now suffering the torments of the
doomed.

Teach them to respect their elders and
themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men
some day, they cannot too soon learn to pro-
tect the weak and helpless.

Teach them by your own example that
smoking in moderation, though the least of
vices to which

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John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1879.

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THE CADETSHIP.—Master John F. Carr, of the Woburn High School who was examined for cadetship on the 8th inst., was not rejected for physical defect, as we were misinformed, but he passed the physical examination, and failed subsequently. The successful candidate was a student in the Institute of Technology, and was of course ahead of Master Carr in his studies.

The controversy between Congressman Bowman and Gen. Banks, in regard to an appointment of a cadet to West Point, has been settled by the appointment of Mr. Bowman's candidate, Alfred B. Jackson, of Boston (Bunker-Hill District), by Francis A. Batchelor, of Lynn, as alternate. Gen. Banks claimed that the appointment belonged to Batchelor, and at once raised an issue as to whether he or Mr. Bowman should have preference. The authorities of the war department do not think that Gen. Banks ever made any recommendation of Batchelor, as no papers have been discovered on file at the war department or the executive mansion. Gen. Banks filed a long statement in the nature of an argument for the appointment of Batchelor, but this did not produce any effect, the President being obliged to accept the fact that Gen. Banks failed to make a recommendation when notified to do so, while Mr. Bowman promptly complied with the summons and sent in the name of Jackson. Those who know how well Jackson appeared before the committee, and are conversant with the scandalous circumstances attending the examination when Batchelor was selected, do not regret the latter's chances of entering the academy at West Point as very good.

THE EXCURSION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS PRESS ASSOCIATION.—At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Press Association, the subject of the annual excursion was referred to a committee, consisting of N. A. Horton of the Salem Gazette, President of the Association, C. W. Slack of the Boston Commonwealth, Alphonso Ross of the Boston Daily Advertiser. The routes considered were, Mount Desert, Moosehead Lake and the Pennsylvania coal region, including Howe's Cave and the Delaware Water Gap. The Moosehead trip could not be made until August. The coal region has virtually been decided upon for the trip, which will be made under the auspices of Gen. Burr, who is building a section of road to connect with the Hoosac Tunnel line. Unless some unforeseen cause prevents, the party will leave Boston on Tuesday morning, June 24, and return by way of New York and Providence line, arriving home on Tuesday, July 1.

THE SAVINGS BANK.—The new officers of the Five Cents Savings Bank, with the exception of Dr. Harlow, who declines to serve, were qualified on Tuesday evening. President Cummings is of opinion that by keeping the bank closed until January, payment can be made in full. He has lately examined the stocks, and is making a thorough examination of the mortgages, with a view to ascertaining the exact standing of the bank, and to know the condition as it really is. His idea is to call in the mortgages, if there are worthless ones get rid of them, and put the institution on a business basis.

Rev. Daniel R. Cady, a well known clergyman of the Congregational denomination, died at Westborough on Saturday, of pneumonia, aged 66 years. He was formerly pastor of the Congregational Church in Westborough, where he ministered six years, removing thence to Arlington, in which place he preached twenty years. About three years ago he resigned his pastorate and made his home in Westborough, preaching occasionally, but seeking no regular charge. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

MAJOR RICHARDSON'S COMMAND.—G. O. No. 5, Fifth Regiment, assigns Major A. L. Richardson to the command of the first battalion, composed of companies A, E, F and H, and Major G. F. Frost to the command of the second battalion, composed of companies B, C, D and G. It also says the majors will visit and inspect each company in their respective battalions once in each month.

SLIGHT MISTAKE.—We received a request a few days ago to look up on the town records the date of the birth of an old gentleman now residing in a neighboring town, and who claims to be 104 years old. We found that he was born in Woburn 89 years ago, and he had made a trifling mistake of 15 years. Probably to a person who has lived four score and nine years, a few years more or less are of little account.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.—Mr. C. B. Tillinghast, of the Boston Journal, has been appointed State Librarian, and will assume the duties of that office June 1st. This is an excellent appointment, as Mr. Tillinghast is an accomplished journalist, and well qualified for the position.

TOWN MEETING.—Next Monday evening at 7 o'clock, the Town will be assembled in Lyceum Hall to consider the North Woburn Street Railroad loan, the By-Laws, the purchase of the Thaddeus Parker estate, and the purchase of a new engine for the Water Works.

JUST WHAT TO DO TO VOTE.—Naturally the women of Massachusetts desire to know exactly what steps they must take to make their rights as electors sure. The following preliminary steps are the proper ones to take. They have been carefully prepared by Judge Russell, whose active support of the new law just passed, was largely conducive to its passage.

1. Women who have paid a state or county tax within two years of election, need not take any action, except to demand registration. This demand may be made (1) in Boston, fourteen days before election. (2) In other cities seven days before election. (3) In towns, at any time up to Saturday before election. If the tax has been paid by the parent or guardian, it is sufficient. If the tax was assessed on the woman's property standing in her name, it is sufficient, although paid by the hand of another.

2. If a woman has paid no tax, she must on or before Sept. 15, give written notice to the assessors that she desires to pay a poll tax. She must also furnish evidence, that she was an inhabitant of the town or city on May 1. She must also furnish a true account of her estate real and personal, under oath. (1) If she has no estate real or personal she should say so. (2) The fact that such estate is returned, does not of itself subject her to taxation. For example, a woman returns that she has a deposit in a Savings Bank. It is not taxed, because it is exempt by law. But it must be returned. 3. Persons only desiring to pay a poll tax for Suffrage, may have the tax divided so as to pay either a state or county poll tax. This in Boston will be \$1.00. In some towns, it will be much less. The state and county tax will differ in most places. And Suffrages may be gained by paying the smaller tax.

By following the above directions, every woman in the State, duly qualified, may exercise her legal right to vote for members of the School Committee.—*Woman's Journal.*

BEAN POT.—In the bean pot pedestrian contest last week, Maine bore away the trophy. Mr. Grover ran last Friday evening 32 miles and 10 feet; actual running time, 5 hours and 22 minutes, an average of six miles an hour. This week the contest is resumed, the Maine boys having been paid \$800 for the bean pot, which has again been set up as a prize. In the four days travel thus far accomplished, Maine is first, Massachusetts second, and Rhode Island third, with a fair probability that Rhode and Maine will change places before ten o'clock Saturday night. On Wednesday, Fred Hichborn ran 39 miles 4,303 feet, or within 325 yards of 40 miles, in 5 hours 59 minutes. We doubt if there is a horse in Woburn that can accomplish that feat.

LAMP EXPLOSION IN A STABLE.—Monday evening about ten o'clock, as Officer Conn was passing along Union street, he noticed a bright light in Hawkins's stable. Going to the stable he found that a kerosene lamp which was fixed against the partition between two stalls had exploded, and the flames were bursting out, greatly endangering the stable. With the aid of some citizens who followed him into the building, Capt. Conn succeeded in putting out the fire, the frightened horses in the stalls and the combustible surroundings making it an affair of no little danger as well as difficulty.

FIRE IN A BROOM.—Sunday evening, between 8 and 9 o'clock, passers-by were attracted by a volume of smoke in Philip Treador's store. Major Bancroft was notified, and after considerable search found that the smoke emanated from a broom, which was smoldering, and just ready to burst into a flame. It is thought that the fire originated from a lighted match thrown into the corner by the proprietor, after lighting his pipe.

INSPECTION OF THE 5TH.—The Fifth Regiment, M. V. M., was inspected on Boston Common last Wednesday. Co. G, Capt. J. W. Ellard, was present with 3 officers and 45 men, only one company showing any more strength. Sergt. Bowers of Co. G, has been detailed permanently as left general guide. Corporal Philbrook was detailed on the color guard, and Privates E. D. West and A. W. Nason as markers. The Phalanx went to Boston by the 1.15 train and returned by the 7.30.

HORSE CAR ACCIDENT.—Alfred P. K. Knight, newsboy in the employ of C. E. Cooper, stepped on the front platform of the horse car, Wednesday afternoon, as it was passing the Railroad Store, to leave some papers, slipped off, one wheel passed over his right arm, but as he fell one side of his coat caught under the wheel, and two large wooden spools in the pocket were crushed thereby, probably saving the arm from being broken, though it was badly bruised.

COURT'S CIRCUIT.—The circus has come and gone. The weather was too rainy for a street show, and the comfort of the audiences in the leaky tents was not very great. The show was good, however, and in the evening there was a large audience.

THEY SAY BUSINESS IS DULL.—Sugar and coffee are selling slowly. Not so with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; we understand our druggists can hardly supply the demand.

ASSESSORS.—The Assessors will commence their sessions next Monday, and continue four days of that week, and two of the following, to receive statements.

THAT KEROSENE LAMP EXPLOSION last week Thursday was at Luke Warren Fowle's, instead of at Capt. Luke R. Tidd's, as we were informed.

RESIGNED.—William Adams, keeper of the Woburn Almshouse, has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted.

UNIVERSALISM.—Rev. N. R. Wright will hold services in Grand Army Hall next Sunday forenoon and evening.

MR. BARTLETT will give ten dollars to know who cut up his cloth signs. It was a mean piece of mischief.

THE ICE CREAM WAGON commences its journeying next Wednesday.

THREE PERSONS were baptised at the Baptist Church last Sunday evening.

CHAS. JACKSON'S best sweet navy tobacco.

WALNUT HILL.—The Spring meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association occurred on Wednesday and Thursday. On Wednesday the weather was fine with the exception of a slight shower about 2 o'clock. In the Director's match at 200 yards, Mr. D. Kirkwood won the badge with a 24 out of a possible 25. This badge is shot for each year. Mr. Souther wearing it last year. Great interest was taken by the riflemen in the Herald cup match at 200 yards, open to all comers rounds, 7. Besides the valuable cup offered, fourteen other prizes were given in this match. There were fifty-six entries, and some of the most brilliant shooting done ever witnessed at Walnut Hill. Messrs. Sumner, Osborn, Law and Arnold made 33 each out of a possible 35. Mr. Sumner heading the list. In the military match which was open to all comers, position standing, any military rifle, rounds, 7, there were seven prizes offered, the first being a valuable medal. The three highest scores made by Messrs. Hubbard, Rockwell and Gragg, the former making 31 out of a possible 35. There was also some fine shooting at 600 and 900 yards.

BASE BALL.—Last Saturday afternoon the High School team played a nine in the diamond field against the Cummings Grammar. The game was played on Wyman's circus ground. The first inning was a blank for both sides. In the second High made two runs, and Cummings one. The third was a blank, but in the fourth Cummings made a run and tied the score. The fifth added two to Cummings and one to High. The next three innings were blanks, but in the ninth Cummings made six runs, mainly on errors by High, and the game was won by the Cummings boys with a score of 10 to 3. The following is the score:—

	HIGH.	CUMMINGS.
Perham, rf.	0	0
Foster, ss.	2	0
Grammer, lf.	4	1
Fowler, 3b.	1	0
Curran, 1b.	1	1
Richardson, p.	3	1
Quinn, cf.	0	0
Carter, 2b.	2	0
Matthews, c.	2	0
	27	3
Cummings,	0	10
High,	0	2

ART NOTES.—Speaking of the art exhibition now open in Boston, the *Traveller* thus comments on a contribution by Mr. Albert Thompson:—

No. 440. "Study of Rocks," by Albert Thompson. Is a small piece, but full of sentiment. It is a cool, attractive, pleasant picture. The blue-moss boulders, interspersed by its bits of pasturage, of which the tastefully-grouped sheep are taking advantage, and the gnarled old trees, are as natural as real life, and the heavy, damp air of the darkling dale seems actually there to complete the comfortable little scene. It would not do, however, for the artist to fall into a mannerism in this sort of work, for while occasional studies of the kind are very acceptable, it requires more life and energy to build a name and fame upon.

HORSE NOTES.—Hon. John Cummings, of Woburn, is said to be one of the principal breeders of fine blooded horses in the Eastern States. He owns about a hundred horses, bred from the best of stock, and all of which have been raised by himself. He has recently been driving a handsome pair of Gray Eagle stock raised on his own farm. They are very stylish and good gaited. Wesley P. Balch last week sold three trotters for Mr. Cummings, to Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston. They are all by "Godfrey's Patchen," and are half brothers to "Hopful." Mr. Balch also sold for Mr. Cummings three young horses by "Gray Eagle," to the Harpers of New York.

LESS CRUELTY.—Our attention has been called to the fact that there has been an improvement in the old horses that the junk men drive into Woburn, and we are assured that this is mainly due to the vigilance of Officer Cooper, who keeps a sharp lookout for the men who would otherwise exercise their cruel proclivities. Mr. Cooper has distributed 1500 tracts among the young people, and we are glad to learn that there is a growing sentiment in favor of the humane treatment of our friends of the brute creation.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.—Post 33 will attend divine service at Trinity Church, Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Next Tuesday evening, at half past seven, the Post will go to the Baptist Church by invitation of the Young Men's Association, under escort of the Phalanx. There will be addresses by Messrs. F. S. Burgess and E. A. Pierce, and singing by Misses Herriek and Minnie Robie.

CENTRAL SQUARE HOSE CO.—The Engineers and Selectmen met in convention Thursday evening to arrange for the building of a hose house at Central Square. A sub committee, consisting of the Clerk of the Selectmen and the Engineers, were chosen to arrange for the purchase of land, get plans for the house, and report.

JURORS.—At a special meeting last Saturday evening, Charles H. Johnson and Henry A. Gleason were drawn to report June 3d, and George W. Morrill and James McFeely to report June 10th, at the Superior Court at Cambridge, June term.

SODALITY.—There was a reception and procession of the Young Ladies Sodality at the St. Charles Church last Sunday, a sermon by Rev. M. D. Murphy and the admission of 40 new members. After the benediction, a solemn Te Deum was sung by the choir.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—At a special meeting of the School Committee Thursday evening Messrs. Johnson, Converse, and Parker were appointed a sub committee to confer with the Selectmen in regard to the supply of coal for the present year.

ACCIDENT. John Burns being struck with the circus fever last Tuesday, commenced to practice as an acrobat, during which he fell on his arm and broke it.

SELECTMEN.—At a special meeting Wednesday evening the resignation of the keeper of the Almshouse was accepted.

Rev. A. J. Rich, of Brookfield, will occupy the Unitarian Pulpit, Sunday next, morning and evening.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.—The second anniversary of Rumford Lodge, Knights of Honor was held on Wednesday evening at Grand Army Hall. On the platform were E. W. Gray, Dictator of the Lodge; J. A. Cummings, Supreme Dictator of the order in the U. S.; F. W. Hopkins, Grand Dictator, C. H. Eaton Grand Reporter, and S. W. Pollard Grand Sentinel of the Grand Lodge of Mass.; W. S. Barnes of Somerville, D. G. D., with E. Glines, J. E. Whittaker, and G. A. Bruce. They were accompanied by ladies and private members of the order. The exercises were opened with a metrical address by Messrs. Cummings, Hopkins, Eaton, and Mayor Bruce. The speeches were interspersed with music by Miss Putnam and Mr. Horkorn, Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. Fulton, Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Parker. Refreshments of cake, ice cream and lemonade were served during the evening. The lodge at present numbers 40 members, and the explanation of the principles of the order by the distinguished visitors, and the active efforts of the members, will no doubt secure a large increase during the year.

RETURNED.—E. D. Hayden, Esq., has returned from his late excursion.

Mr. William Slater has arrived home from England, where he went to arrange some affairs relative to an inheritance left by his father. He established his identity, although his brother stoutly denied it. The case was appealed, and he may have to go back before the matter is settled.

DECORATION DAY.—Next Friday will be Decoration Day. Calvary Cemetery will be decorated in the morning. The services will be continued in Lyceum Hall at one o'clock in the afternoon, address by Mr. James Burroughs, after which the Post will go to Woburn Cemetery and decorate the graves.

Deming & Boynton make "astonishing" announcements this week.

Rev. Mr. Barnes is spending a few weeks in Canada.

Dr. Tibbets the great cancer doctor is in town.

Dr. Harmon has moved in opposite the depot.

East Woburn.

DEPOT ROBBERY.—The Boston and Lowell Co's. depot at Montvale was broken into last Friday night. An entrance was effected by breaking a window fastening in the baggage room. The exit was made through the regular door, the key having been left in the lock. An overcoat belonging to the depot master, a hundred cigars, about a dollar in change, and several other articles were stolen, amounting to about \$10 in value. No clew has been found to the perpetrators.

ACCIDENT.—Last week Patrick McKenna in falling put out his hand to save himself and received a severe strain. Not readily recovering from the effects he consulted a surgeon and found that he had broken his collar bone.

HOSE HOUSE ENLARGEMENT.—D. W. Stewart has the contract to enlarge the Hose House in East Woburn, and will commence operations at once.

Winchester.

ALEWIVES FOR MELROSE.—A gentleman from Melrose was in Winchester one day this week for the purpose of procuring a stock of alewives for a pond in Melrose. At this season of the year this prolific fish ascend the rivers to deposit their eggs in fresh water ponds. These fish put into the Melrose pond will spawn there and then return to salt water. The spawn will hatch and shortly start for the ocean, where they will remain for three years and then return to the place of their birth to spawn in their turns, so that once planted the supply will continue indefinitely. It is a curious fact that the alewives put into the Melrose pond will next year return to spawn in the Winchester pond, their birth place.

THE WIDENING.—The County Commissioners were in town on Tuesday and viewed the Brown-Stanton lot, which it is proposed to cut in order to widen Main street. The engineer of the Commissioners was here on Thursday and made the requisite surveys. The widening will cause only a slight delay, and of course any damage to the owners will be cheerfully paid. There will have to be some little change in the working drawings, already well under way. The improvement will be one of the best ever made in Winchester.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. H. F. Barnes, pastor of the Baptist Church, will preach his farewell sermon, and resign the pastorate of the Church, next Sunday morning, May 25th. This action on the part of Mr. Barnes will cause regret, as he has made many strong friends during his residence here.

BASE BALL.—The first match game of Base Ball by the Mutual Fun and Frolic Club of Winchester, will be played at the corner of Bacon and Church streets, on Decoration Day at 9.30 A. M., against the Jewellers Nine of Boston, for the championship of the Jewellers.

It is thought that the taxes will be quite light this year.

Burlington.

ELECTION.—The following officers have been elected by the Sunday School:—T. I. Reed, Superintendent; Mattie E. Sewall, Secretary and Treasurer; Horace B. Butters, Librarian.

Wilmington.

THOSE SEEDS.—The long expected seeds promised by Mr. Muddock have arrived at last. The Executive Committee of the Farmers and Mechanics Club decided to dispose of them by sale and in accordance with that decision the seeds were brought into the Town hall at the last meeting, May 17th. The bidding was very lively and the amount realized \$7.30, which considering that the price paid was but \$5, turned out to be quite a profitable investment, independent of the advantages which may be derived from the cultivation of a new variety of seeds. The most exciting part of the sale proved to be the seed potatoes, numbering 18, which were purchased by Mr. John T. Wilde at the extremely liberal figure of 9 cents each. A small pack of Marrow Squash was also in great

demand and was ultimately purchased by the president of the Club, H. Allen Sheldon for 75 cents.

BIRTH.—Mrs. Abbie Cady presented her husband last Saturday with a bouncing boy. Weight 11 pounds.

MARRIED.—On Sunday of last week, Mr. George Burnap of this town was joined in the bands of matrimony to Mrs. Parker, of Burlington. The happy couple now reside in that town.

The rather unexpected death of our much esteemed townsman, Mr. Samuel Nichols, has cast a gloom over this community. He departed this life last Wednesday and was interred on the Friday following. The funeral services were held in the church and were attended by almost all the inhabitants of this town and friends from far and near, who embraced this opportunity of paying a last tribute of respect to their departed friend. Mr. Nichols had arrived at the age of 67. For the past forty years he has been quite a public character. He belonged to the order of Odd Fellows and passed to the highest grade. For many years he was a leader of the choir, possessing a beautiful base voice. Thirty-six years ago he was first elected Tax Collector, since which period he has continuously filled many offices of trust, such as Selectman, Assessor, Overseer of the Poor, &c., in a manner creditable to himself and to the highest satisfaction of the people. The whole community deeply sympathize with his family in their great loss. He was a good man, a kind father, an excellent neighbor, a trusty friend and possessed the crowning virtue of thorough honesty and incorruptible integrity; take him for all in all we shall seldom see his like again.

Correspondence.
LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY.
My dear Journal.—Perhaps your readers will be interested in an account of a strange ceremony I saw a few weeks ago at Zinger Derry, a Greek village some four miles from our Talas home. You would have enjoyed the ride from Talas to Zinger Derry. Leaving our house we picked our way through the narrow streets, doing our best to avoid treading on the sleeping dogs and the lounging Turks. A ride of ten minutes brought us to the upper part of the town, 300 feet above our starting point. There we obtained a fine view of the Cesareia plain. Although it was but the 10th of April, the plain was at its best as far as appearance goes. Here and there were large fields of barley or wheat of a bright green color, while between them would be seen the ploughed fields with their varying shades of brown. Nearer the village were the vineyards with their apricots in full bloom and the pears just coming out. Making our way between high walls, where the water used in irrigation had cut deeply into the rock, we came out upon a ridge that we followed all the way to Zinger Derry. On our right was piled the mighty mass of Mt. Argæus, the snow that covered the lower slopes of the mountain reflected the light of the sun with a dazzling brightness although the top was concealed by a thick veil of cloud. This top never loses its mantle of snow, for it is more than 15,000 feet high, or twice as high as Mt. Washington. The air of the country is so clear that you can usually discern the sharp edges of the precipices with perfect distinctness. Zinger Derry is about a thousand feet above our house in Talas. It is a Greek village of considerable wealth, although there is very little business done in it. Most of the men go away to Adana, Constantinople, or some other city to engage in business, and then return home to enjoy what they have made. Like most of the villages of this section the town is built of stone, its streets are clean, for Turkey; and the people are active and intelligent. We have a very promising work in this village; and its school is one of the best of its grade in our field. Leaving our horses at the house of the Protestant preacher, my companion—a converted Greek, who teaches our High School—and myself hastened to the monastery where all the people of the village seemed to be gathered. This monastery is very old and immensely rich, pilgrims come to it with their offerings from all parts of the country, and many a marvelous tale is told of the cures effected through its priests and relics. Approaching the entrance through a grave yard—it is hard to approach anything in Turkey without passing a grave yard—we found peddlers crying their wares with Oriental earnestness; they lined the passage and extended even into the outer court of the monastery. Joining the moving crowd we made our way past the door of the church into the inner court, where the "stand" had been erected. The church occupied one side of this inner court, while the other sides were filled with rooms for the use of the monks and priests and the accommodation of pilgrims. Obtaining a good position on the top of this two-story "Khana" or house, we began to watch the crowd. It was a strange scene to Western eyes. About 2,000 people were gathered on the roofs and in the court below. A crowd here is much the same in disposition and conduct as a crowd in America, and yet the appearance is very different. Here bright colors predominate, the costumes are very varied, many of them being not only rich but tasteful. Quite a large number of men were in "Frank" dress as our style is called, and many of the women had dresses of European pattern. About a third of the women wore shawls or bright handkerchiefs on their heads, but a great majority of both men and women had on the brilliant Turkish fez, with its graceful tassel.

There was little to remind you that it was a religious ceremony that was to be performed: least of all would you expect that amid such surroundings there would be a representation of the Last Supper. The appearance of the Last Supper was very different. Here bright colors predominate, the costumes are very varied, many of them being not only rich but tasteful. Quite a large number of men were in "Frank" dress as our style is called, and many of the women had dresses of European pattern. About a third of the women wore shawls or bright handkerchiefs on their heads, but a great majority of both men and women had on the brilliant Turkish fez, with its graceful tassel.

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Soon the priest appeared, escorted by four boys with images and a crucifix upon long standards. Some of them had copies of the ancient Greek Testament open before them, and read in a sort of half chant as they walked. The archbishop held a sceptre in his right hand, and from his shoulders in graceful lines there flowed a rich purple robe, deeply embroidered with gold. It was indeed a royal purple. A special attendant held the end of the "train" and stood by his side even when he sat to keep it from touching the floor. There were but nine priests besides the archbishop upon the platform: what had become of the other three "disciples" I cannot say. After they had taken their positions and while minor details were arranging the priests kept up their peculiar nasal chant: there was no articulation distinguishable above the low but persistent hum of the crowd. The priests were noble looking men, most of them well advanced in years. These Greeks as a class have fine faces, and not a few of the women are remarkable for their beauty: you are often reminded of that beauty which inspired the masters in the classical days of ancient Greece.

When the bishop had read a few verses from the Greek Testament his mantle was taken off and advancing in front of the table he explained in a few words that the ceremony about to be performed was intended to teach us humility.

Discovering some men and boys in a tree in front of him, just as he was finishing his homily he told them to get down. One or two began to move a little but most of them paid no attention whatever to him. Again he called to them but they would not stir. An enraged assistant seized a club and struck vigorously at those who were lowest: they quickly moved out of the way but still kept in the tree. Undisturbed by this disobedience of the faithful, the archbishop turned to his preparation for the washing. Two priests took a large towel and attempted to gird him with it; he seemed to object and they remonstrated with him, but continued their work. Seizing the towel in the middle he snatched it away from them and threw it over his shoulder with very much such an appearance as a spoiled child in America would have when it insisted on its own way. To say the least this did not conduce to reverence in the spectators. While he was preparing himself the priests bared their right feet. I must say I could hardly keep from laughing as I witnessed the operation: pulling off one's stocking is not a very graceful thing at best; to do it for show even as a part of a religious rite is simply ridiculous. Some were so stiff that it was hard work to get the foot upon the knee, and sometimes the stocking would stick. The deacon did not content himself with simply removing the stocking; he did it up in a bunch and gave his foot a good "dry polish." When all was ready the servant put the foot-bath before each priest and the bishop, daintily footing his fingers in the water touched the foot lightly a few times and then dried it with his towel. When he came to "Peter" that "disciple" refused to submit to the operation, but soon yielded and was washed like the rest. There was a smile on his face and on the faces of one or two near, as he refused. Do you wonder that I did not enter into the solemnity (?) of the rite?

No sooner was the washing completed than the crowd made a rush for the stand. Such a scene I never saw before. Like madmen they struggled, each wishing to wet a handkerchief or cloth in the water made holy by the use to which it had been put. It was with great difficulty that the priests could keep their feet amid the surging crowd on the narrow platform, and even the archbishop himself was jostled about unceremoniously. When the water was all gone they tossed the dish down to the crowd and one after another would rub the inside of it if perchance they might get a drop of the precious water: even that which had been spilled under the priests' feet, was taken from the floor. Those who had been fortunate enough to get some water would rub it over their own faces and those of their friends near. As you watched the eager upturned faces waiting for this anointing the ridiculousness of it could not be kept out of sight: you wanted to laugh but were compelled to pity, for thus they hoped to save their souls!

As soon as this part of the ceremony was over the bishop was re-arranged in his gorgeous robes and they all seated themselves to celebrate the Last Supper. One of the priests cut the bread and tossed it upon the table with much the same air and manner with which a coarse-minded policeman would cut bread for the boys at a "Poor children's picnic." After mumbling a few words of blessing in ancient Greek the bishop took the bread and broke it, giving half a "strip" to each priest. As each took his portion he bowed humbly and kissed the hand that gave it. While eating himself a priest would give bits to those near him and when all had eaten they tossed the rest to the crowd. You have seen a handful of pennies thrown into a crowd of boys at a cattle show; this did not differ much from that in appearance.

When the wine was passed, each received a half tumbler and tossed it down with a couple of swallows as if he were practicing in that art. The archbishop took neither the bread

Journal Club Column

When the battle of Franklin was at its height now and then there was a soldier who would not face the music, and, holding to the idea that "distance lends enchantment," on all such occasions would exhibit his faith in the idea by taking "leg-bail" for the rear. These cases were getting too numerous towards the close of the battle, and Col. B., A. A. G., of our brigade, was sent back to the rear to intercept those seeking for safety, and return them to their respective posts of duty.

Col. B.—said he hailed one fellow who was making tracks for some place of safety with all the energy of despair.

"Halt! I say, and return to your command!"

The flying son of Mars took no notice of the command.

"Halt! I say, and go back to your post."

The soldier paid no attention to him.

The colonel now became exasperated, and yelled out:

"If you don't turn and go back to your company, I will shoot you, sir!"

Without pausing in his flight, the soldier yelled back to him:

"Shoot and be hanged! What's one bullet to a basketball?"

Col. B.—let him go, and after the battle told the incident as a good joke.

"Phairst Phloria," wrote an amorous youth who is smitten with the phonetic craze. "Phorever dismiss your phears and ply with one whose phervent phancy is phiked on you alone. Phriends, phamily, phather—phorget them and think only of the phelicity of the phuture! Phew phelows are so phastidious as your Pherdinand, so phain not phondness, if you pheel it not. Phorego phrolic and answer phinally, Phloria." "Oh! Pherdinand, you phool!" was phair Phloria's curt reply.

A young woman who had never learned the gentle art of cooking, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, manages to have the kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from the bridal trip, and just as her lord come in from the office, exclaims loudly, "Hurry up, Eliza, do! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me; where's the soap?"

The following extraordinary inscription appears on a tombstone in the English grave-yard at Peshawar:—"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Blank Blank, A. M., who spent 17 years of his life as a missionary among the Afghans, and translated the Holy Writ into their language. He was shot by his attendant. Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

"Now, then, madame, please look steadily at this place on the wall," said the photographer to an old lady, when he had put her in position and the plate in the camera. The old lady looked hard at the point indicated, then got up and walked across the floor and minutely inspected it, and, then, turning to the photographer, gently remarked, "I don't see anything there."

A lady was entertaining at dinner a stranger who had brought a letter of introduction to her husband, and at the end of the meal coffee was served. The lady asked her guest if he ever took sugar with his coffee; he replied:—"Oh, never, madam; that is to say, hardly ever, unless the coffee is very poor." A few minutes later he said:—"Will you please give me a little sugar?"

When the Confederate army was on its shortest rations, General Lee remonstrated one day with a straggler for eating green persimmons, and asked him if he did not know that they were unfit for food. "I'm not eating them for food, general," replied the man, "but for the sake of drawing my stomach up to fit my rations."

An appetite for information. Arthur (who has been listening breathlessly to one of grandpa's Bible stories)—"And were you in the ark, grandpa, along of Noah and all the rest of 'em?" Grandpa (indignantly)—"No, sir, certainly not!" Arthur—"Then how is it you wasn't drowned?"

The superintendent addressed the Sunday school on obedience to the moral law, and urged the keeping and not breaking of the commandments, and to fasten the impression, asked, "Is anything better for being broken?" "Yes," said a little boy, "a nag." The address proceeded no further.

"Mamma, I don't think the people who make dolls are very pious people," said a little girl to her mother, one day. "Why not, my child?" "Because you can never make them kneel. I always have to lay my doll down on her stomach to say her prayers."

Scene—Boarding-house table: Bachelor with a far-away look soliloquizes: "Oh; that I had the wings of a dove!" Landlady: "Pray, what would you do with them, Mr. Jones?" Jones: "I would fly away and get the rest."

"Them creeters say we ain't capable of votin'," exclaimed old Mrs. Thrasher at a New Hampshire school meeting, looking scornfully at the males present. "I reckon I know as much about financials as they do!"

Pedestrian—(who has dropped a half crown in front of the "blind") "Why, you confounded humbug, you're not blind!" Beggar—"Not I, sir! If the cards say I am, they've given me the wrong one. I am deaf and dumb."

They were walking home from a rehearsal. Said he: "Lovest thou me?" Said she: "Thou knowest I love thee!" Then they measured noses, while the trees sighed, the lake murmured upon the pebbled beach, and the moon shone in soft splendor.

—Vidette.

He commenced with, "O, can these lovely eyes of thine"—when she stopped him short and told him she wasn't canning that kind of fruit just then, and wouldn't be coaxed to it, either.

"Here," said the farmer, as he exhibited a broken jar to the manufacturer, "I packed this jar full of butter, and the jar split from top to bottom. Perhaps you can explain the phenomena." "Oh, yes, I can," was the ready reply, "the butter was stronger than the jar."

Miscellaneous.

MR. PALMIEAF'S PROPOSALS.

White and glistening, like a mammoth bridal veil, the December sun lay over the New Hampshire hills; dark and delicate, like the tracery of lace-work, the leafless woods held up their boughs against the dazzling winter sky—and Reverend Peter Palmieaf, studying over an embryo sermon in his own especial sanctum, glanced up where a blackbird was whistling in the casement, and thought to himself what a lovely world the Lord had made.

When all of a sudden a shrill voice called through the entry:

"Peter, the horse is ready!"

"What horse?" said Mr. Palmieaf.

"Our horse? to be sure!" said Miss Paulina, his sister.

"What for?" demanded the parson, staring through his near-sighted spectacles at the door.

"To take you to Mr. Darrow's."

"Why am I going to Mr. Darrow's?" further questioned the man of theology.

"Well I never?" said Miss Paulina, bounding into the study with a yellow pocket handkerchief tied around her head, and her sleeves rolled in a business-like fashion up to her elbows. "Peter, you grow more moody and absent-minded every day of your life! Have you forgotten our discussion at the breakfast-table? Why, you were going to Mr. Darrow's after a girl, to be sure!"

"A—girl!" repeated the young minister, dreamily, rubbing his forehead. "Oh, I do recall something of the conversation. A hired girl?"

"Yes," nodded the lady briskly. "She's going to leave Mr. Darrow's this morning, because the family is so large, and work so heavy. She can't find that fault with our establishment, I guess. Ask her how much wages she wants, and how old she is, and ask her whether she has any followers—a follower in the one thing I can't tolerate, tell her, and be sure you bring her back, and her bundle. I must have some person to help me before cousin Philinda's folks come from the city."

"But suppose she won't come?" said the young minister, dubiously, fitting on the fingers of his gloves.

"Then you must make her come," said Miss Paulina, hurriedly retreating, to look after a certain kettle which was noisily boiling over at the back of the house.

And thus, charged with his mission, Reverend Peter Palmieaf got into the one-horse cutter and jingled merrily away.

Mr. Darrow's farm-house nestled under a hill, in the protecting shadow of a cluster of evergreens, with a green fence in front of it, a red barn at the rear, and a perfect colony of dove-houses at the sunny angle, and Mr. Darrow himself, a ruddy-faced, elderly man, with a fringe of white whiskers around his chin, was shoveling away the pearly masses of snow in front of his door.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow leaning on the handle of his spade, as the bells jingled up in front of his gate, and then stepped.

"How! Why it's the minister! Good morning, Mr. Palmieaf—good morning! That there Sunday sermon of yours was a masterpiece. Me and Wynne Senex—"

"Yes," said Mr. Palmieaf, leisurely alighting, and tying the horse to the post. "But I have called on business this morning."

For Mr. Palmieaf was emphatically a man of one idea, and for the time being the "hired girl" had chased all theology out of his head.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow; "business?"

"I've come after a young woman," said the minister.

Mr. Darrow dropped his spade in the middle of a snow drift.

"Do you mean Dolly?" he said.

"If that's her name—yes," asserted the minister, solemnly.

"You don't mean that it's to be an engagement?" cried Mr. Darrow.

"Well, yes,—that is, if we suit each other," said Mr. Palmieaf, mildly.

"Je-rusalem!" said Mr. Darrow, who had always heard that Mr. Palmieaf, like most men of genius, was an "eccentric," but had never realized it before. "Have you spoken to her?"

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Palmieaf.

"Of course I shouldn't think of such a thing without seeing you first."

"Very straightforward of you, I'm sure," said the farmer. "But of course I can have no objection, if Dolly herself is suited. Though, and he smote one red-mittened hand on his knee, "now I come to think of it, you've never seen Dolly!"

"No!" said the minister, serenely. "But that need make no difference."

"Je-rusalem!" again uttered the farmer.

"It wasn't the way I used to look at things when I was a young man."

"Tastes differ," said Mr. Palmieaf, a little impatient at his lengthened discussion.

"Can I see the young woman?"

"Oh, of course you can see her," said Mr. Darrow. "She's in the dairy, skimming milk. Dolly! Dolly!" raising his voice to a wild yell, "Here's the Reverend Mr. Palmieaf wants to see you! There's the door, just to the left, sir."

And in his near-sighted way, the minister stumbled into Farmer Darrow's dairy where a rosy-cheeked girl, with jet-black hair, brushed away from a low, olive-dark brow, and eyes like pools of sherry wine, was skimming the cream from multitudinous milk pans into a huge stone pot.

"Young woman," said Mr. Palmieaf, turning his spectacles upon her amazed face, "do you want to engage yourself?"

"Sir?" said Dolly, her spoon coming to an abrupt standstill, amid the wrinkly and leatherlike folds of the cream on a particular pan.

"In other words," explained Mr. Palmieaf, "do you want a good home?"

"Indeed, sir, I never thought of such a thing!" said Dolly all in a flurry.

"How old are you?" questioned Mr. Palmieaf.

"I am eighteen," said Dolly, in some confusion.

"Have you any followers?"

"Sir?" fluttered Dolly.

"Beaux, I mean," elaborately explained the clergyman.

"Of course I haven't," said Dolly, half inclined to laugh, half to be angry.

"The class in geography was on exhibition, when the question came, 'Who discovered the Sandwich Islands?' Every hand was instantly raised, followed by a chorus of 'Joseph Cook.'"

"Then I think you'll suit me," said Mr. Palmieaf, "or, rather, my sister. Our family is not large; the wash is light, and Pauline is a most considerate mistress. Get your bundle."

"My what?" said Dolly, in bewilderment.

"Your clothes. I am to take you back with me immediately," said Mr. Palmieaf.

"Pauline expects company. It is essential that we obtain help at once."

Dolly Darrow looked up with cheeks crimsoned like any rose, eyes full of deep brown sparkles, and around which danced a perfect galaxy of dimples.

"Wait a minute, please," said she.

"Certainly," said Mr. Palmieaf.

And he sat down on a wooden stool in the corner, and fell to meditating on the "thirdly" of his uncompleted sermon, while Dolly sped up the stairs, three steps at a time.

"Father," cried she, flying into the presence of her parents, "the minister has taken me for Bridget!"

"Eh," said Mr. Darrow.

"You don't tell me!" said Mrs. Darrow.

And he went to hire me," said Dolly, with eyes gleaming with fun. "And I'm going! Quick—where's my hat, and my shawl and mufflers?"

Mrs. Darrow rose up in all the majesty of her black silk gown and gold watch-chain.

"Dorothy Darrow," said she, "you're never going to hire out as a servant?"

"Yes, I am," said Dolly. It's better than private theatricals. He's so nice and absent-minded, and Miss Paulina is a jewel. Oh, do make haste, or he'll be tired of waiting!"

And Dolly succeeded in carrying her part. Fifteen minutes later, she got into the cutter, with a big bundle, which Mr. Palmieaf stowed snugly away under the seat, and the minister drove home with secret exultation.

Miss Paulina was in the kitchen, frying sausages for dinner, when Dorothy Darrow walked in, with cheeks like carnations, hair blown over her face, and the bundle over her arm.

"Here I am, Miss Palmieaf," said she. "The hired help, at your service."

Miss Paulina stared.

"Why, it's Dorothy," said she. "And I sent Peter after—"

"Yes, I know," said Dolly, brightly. "But Bridget was gone, and he mistook me for her, and he has engaged me to work here. And, oh, Miss Paulina, please don't deceive him. Because I am a smart little housekeeper, and I can help you just as much as any Irish girl could. Just give me a trial, that's all."

Miss Paulina had a shrewd appreciation of a joke; her hard features relaxed with a smile, as she stood looking down at the radiant little brute.

"Well," said she, "I don't mind if I do."

For one month Dorothy Darrow officiated as hired girl at the parsonage. Then she came to the clergyman one day.

"Mr. Palmieaf," said she, "I am going to leave the place!"

Mr. Palmieaf looked up in amazement and dismay.

"I hope, Dolly," said he, "that neither I nor my sister have unwittingly offended you?"

"No!" said Dolly, putting her little foot on the starting green leaves in the study carpet; "but oh, Mr. Palmieaf, I have done so wrong, and I do earnestly beg your pardon!"

"Dolly!" cried out the Rev. Peter in mild surprise.

"Because you are so good and true," sobbed the girl; "and I'm not a hired girl, and I only came here for a joke and I can't bear to think I'm de-de-deceiving you!"

And Dolly began to cry piteously behind the corner of her apron.

"You came here for a joke, eh?" said the minister.

"Y-yes!" confessed Dolly, behind her apron.

"Well, then," said the minister, gently drawing her towards him, "suppose you sin in earnest."

"Sir!" faltered Dolly.

"My dear," said Mr. Palmieaf, "I have got used to having you around, and I should miss you terribly if you leave us. Do you think I am too old to think of a blooming young wife like you?"

"Not a bit!" cried Dolly, indignantly.

"Old—you!"

"Do you like me a little bit?"

"A great deal," said Dolly, laughing and blushing.

"Then you will stay with me always?"

And Dolly promised that she would.

Everybody wondered how so bashful a man as Reverend Mr. Palmieaf ever mustered courage for a proposal; but not one knew that the "engagement" began for a joke and turned out in sober earnest.

THE DOWN-HEARTED MAN WANTED TO SEE IT.—About ten o'clock yesterday morning two men met on Sixth street and began threatening and calling each other names. One finally called the other a liar, and the two were about to grapple when a woman opened the door and said:

"Gentlemen, are you about to fight?"

"We are!" they answered together.

"Then have the kindness to wait a moment," she continued. "My poor husband has been sick for weeks and weeks, and is now just able to sit up. He is very down-hearted this morning, and if you'll only wait till I can draw him up to the window, I know he'll feel very grateful to both of you."

She disappeared in the house, and after one look into each other's faces the men smiled, shook hands and departed together.

—Detroit Free Press.

A fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl:—"How do you do, my little dear?" "Very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added, "Now my dear, you must ask me how I do." "The child honestly replied, 'I don't want to know.'"

The class in geography was on exhibition, when the question came, "Who discovered the Sandwich Islands?" Every hand was instantly raised, followed by a chorus of "Joseph Cook."

His Sisters, His Cousins and His Aunts.

A joke is told on a certain gentleman which is too good to be lost. Our friend purchased a pair of pants a few days ago, which, upon being tried on at home, he found too long. That night he remarked to his wife that he wished her to take off about an inch from each leg, but being fond of teasing her husband, she told him that she shouldn't do anything of the kind, and he retired, finally, without having obtained a promise from her that she would attend to the matter. Soon after he had left for his room, however, she, as a matter of course, clipped off the superfluous inch as she had been asked to do. The family is composed of six female members, in addition to the "good man," and it chanced that each one of the five, who were in adjoining rooms, including the mother of our friend, heard the dispute between man and wife about the pants, and after the latter had taken out the required inch and retired, the old lady, desiring to "keep peace in the family," and not knowing what her daughter-in-law had done, cautiously slipped into the room and cut off another inch. In this way did each of the five ladies, unknown to each other, and all with the praiseworthy object of preventing any misunderstanding between the married couple, clip an inch from the legs of the gentleman's trousers. The following morning, all unconscious of what had taken place during the night, he rolled up his pants in a piece of paper and took them to the tailor to be shortened to the desired length. Upon a hasty glance the latter ventured the opinion that they were already rather short; but the owner was too well posted on that score and insisted that they were fully an inch too long. On the following Saturday he called for the pants and took them home, and the next morning, when he came to put himself into of them, he was supremely disgusted at finding that the legs reached only a trifle below the knee. In other words, they had been altered to the fashion of a century ago, when knee-breeches were in vogue. He straightway accused the tailor of having ruined his pants, and indignation was expressed in language anything but mild. His wife heard him and came to the rescue of the Knight of the Shears, explaining that she had taken an inch from each of the legs, and her acknowledgment was followed by that of each of the other five ladies, when it was discovered that altogether the legs had actually been shortened to the extent of seven inches.—Allentown (Pa.) Chronicle.

THE USE OF LEMON.—The lemon tree is a native of Asia, although it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal and in the south of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds the dimensions of the smallest tree, while in its native state it grows to over sixty feet in height. Every part of this tree is valuable in medicine, though we rarely employ any of it but its fruit—that is the lemon itself; and every one knows how to employ this, as in lemonade—to squeeze the juice into cold water, or to cut it in slices and then boil it. Either way is good. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness—in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaint, inflammation of the bowels and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippin crushed may also be used with water and sugar, and used as a drink. Lemon-juice is the only anti-scorbutic remedy known; it not only cures this disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. I advise every one to rub their gums daily with lemon-juice to keep them healthy. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong hot black coffee. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part afflicted with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact, its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally and internally the better we shall find ourselves. Natural remedies are the best, and nature is our best doctor, if we would only listen to it. Decidedly rub your hands, head and gums with lemon, and drink lemonade in preference to all other liquids. This is an old doctor's advice.

"GAVE THEM TO HIS PA."—In a town not very far from Boston, where innumerable small streams tend to the ocean and are a great resort for smelts during the spawning season, and a town, too, where it has always been supposed the fish and game laws of the State were strictly enforced, a lady teacher remarked the other morning at the opening of the school: "Well, children, you look well and hearty this morning, how many of you had smelts for breakfast?" Every hand was up. "Why," she said to one little shaver, "you couldn't have had smelts, because your father is a policeman, and you know there is a fine of a dollar." "Oh, yes," replied the youngster, "I know that; but don't you see they give them to my pa not to have him tell."

BAD SELL IN NEWBURYPORT.—A Newburyport man was badly sold recently. He had a great project on hand for boring down bones to make "superphosphate." All the neighboring boys were engaged to collect material. The man thought, however, that he would first try the bones as a fertilizer without burning. So, having a lot of grape vines, the first lot of bones was planted around the root of one vine. The boys saw the proceeding, so at night they dug up the vine, and the next morning they presented themselves with a supposed new lot. The bones were brought again and put around a second vine. The process was repeated till fourteen grape vines had been thus served and fourteen times had those identical bones been sold.

The pedestrian who walks 500 miles in six days never travels faster than a boy does when he is dispatched to the cellar for a scuttle of coal while a circus pageant is passing the house.

"How dare you say 'dam!' before me?" severely inquired a clergyman of a loafer. "How did I know that you wanted to say 'dam!' first," retorted the bad man.

By E. F. E. THAYER, Auctioneer.

243 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by William T. Proctor to the first mortgagee, dated October 20, 1878, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1870, fol. 172, and by said Deed assigned to John Sawyer of Peabody and Norton E. Hollis of Braintree, both in the State of Massachusetts, by deed dated July 15, 1879, and recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1862, fol. 160, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, will be sold at public auction on Friday, June 15, 1879, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the residence of said William T. Proctor, on the premises described, being the mortgagee's premises, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit:—the following described parcels of land, to wit:—the lot of land, situated in the Northwesterly part of Winchester, in the County of Middlesex, the first parcel containing about four acres and eighty poles, and bounded westerly by land of William Adams, Asa Locke, Lemuel and land formerly of Ezekiel and Levi Johnson, called the Cutter Lot, as the fence stands; northerly on land formerly of said Ezekiel and Levi, called the Apple Tree Hill Lot, by the fence; and easterly by land of David Parker's heirs, by the fence; easterly, partly by land of said Parker's heirs, and partly by the late Ezekiel Johnson's homestead, by the wall, and partly by a town road; southerly, one rod and nine inches by land now lying in common to land of said Adams.

Also, another lot of land, called the Cutter Lot, containing about nine acres, two rods and thirty-seven poles, bounded easterly on the above described lot by the fence, southerly by land of Isaac Tufts and land of Jonathan Locke, by the fence; westerly by land of Abel Fitz, by the fence; and northerly by said Apple Tree Hill Lot, by the fence.

Also, one other lot of land called the Apple Tree Hill Lot, situated in the Northwesterly part of Winchester, in the County of Middlesex, containing about seven acres and forty-three poles, bounded southerly on the above described part of said Johnson's homestead, and partly on the above described Cutter Lot, by the fence; westerly by land of John Wining and Abel Fitz, by the fence; and northerly and easterly by land of the heirs of David Parker, by the fence.

Also, one other lot of land, situated in the Northwesterly part of said Winchester, being a triangular shaped lot, cut off from said homestead, by a town way, containing about eighty-two poles, bounded southerly on said town way; westerly on the above described part of said homestead, by the fence; and northerly, partly by land of late named homestead, and partly by land of said heirs of David Parker, by the fence.

Being the same premises conveyed to said William T. Proctor, by Deed, dated and recorded September 1878, and recorded with Middlesex Deeds, Book 1878, page 101, and by said Deed assigned to said John Sawyer and Norton E. Hollis, by deed dated July 15, 1879, and recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1862, fol. 160, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, on the lot first described in said mortgage, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on Tuesday, the tenth day of June, A. D. 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said Mortgage Deed, to wit:—certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Winchester, and containing one hundred and sixty-nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven square feet, more or less, and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at a stone bound at the Northwesterly corner of the premises, on the easterly side of Washington street, thence the line runs easterly by land now or formerly of F. O. Prince, seven hundred sixty and one-half feet to Highland Avenue; thence southerly by Highland Avenue, two hundred and twenty-nine feet to a stake at a contemplated street, forty feet wide; thence the line runs westerly by said contemplated street, seven hundred and forty-five feet to Washington street; thence northerly by and with said Washington street, two hundred and nineteen feet, more or less, to the point of beginning. Also one other lot of land containing about thirty-one acres, situated in said Winchester, easterly of the above described premises and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at a stake at the Northwesterly corner of the premises on the easterly side of Highland Avenue, thence the line runs easterly by land now or formerly of F. O. Prince to a stake at the intersection between the town of Stoneham and said Winchester; thence southerly by said town line and land now or formerly of Daniel Stevens and of Nathaniel A. Richardson and of Samuel Richardson to a stake at land of the heirs of Nathan Johnson; thence westerly by land of said Johnson's heirs and land now or late of Augustus Hardy to said Highland Avenue; thence northerly by and with Highland Avenue, three hundred and twenty feet to a stake; thence southerly by said town line and land now or formerly of Daniel Stevens and of Nathaniel A. Richardson and of Samuel Richardson to a stake at land of the heirs of Nathan Johnson; thence westerly by land of said Johnson's heirs and land now or late of Augustus Hardy to said Highland Avenue; thence northerly by and with Highland Avenue, three hundred and twenty feet to a stake; thence southerly by said town line and land now or formerly of Daniel Stevens and of Nathaniel A. Richardson and of Samuel Richardson to a stake at land of the heirs of Nathan Johnson; thence westerly by land of said Johnson's heirs and land now or late of Augustus Hardy to said Highland Avenue; thence northerly by and with Highland Avenue, three hundred and twenty feet to a stake; thence southerly by said town line and land now or formerly of Daniel Stevens and of Nathaniel A. Richardson and of Samuel Richardson to a stake at land of the heirs of Nathan Johnson; thence westerly by land of said Johnson's heirs and land now or late of Augustus Hardy to said Highland Avenue; thence northerly by and with Highland Avenue, three hundred and twenty feet to a stake; thence southerly by said town line and land now or formerly of Daniel Stevens and of Nathaniel A. Richardson and of Samuel Richardson to a stake at land of the heirs of Nathan Johnson; thence westerly by land of said Johnson's heirs and land now or late of Augustus Hardy to said Highland Avenue; thence northerly by and with Highland Avenue, three hundred and twenty feet to a stake; thence southerly by said town line and land now or formerly of Daniel Stevens and of Nathaniel A. Richardson and of Samuel Richardson to a stake at land of the heirs of Nathan Johnson; thence westerly by land of said Johnson's heirs and land now or late of Augustus Hardy to said Highland Avenue; thence northerly by and with Highland Avenue, three hundred and twenty feet to a stake; thence southerly by said town line and land now or formerly of Daniel Stevens and of Nathaniel A. Richardson and of Samuel Richardson to a stake at land of the heirs of Nathan Johnson; thence westerly by land of said Johnson's heirs and land now or late of Augustus Hardy to said Highland Avenue; thence northerly by and with Highland Avenue, three hundred and twenty feet to a stake; thence southerly by said town line and land now or formerly of Daniel Stevens and of Nathaniel A. Richardson and of Samuel Richardson to a stake at land of the heirs of Nathan Johnson; th

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SUITS \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00,
\$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00.

The All-Wool Suits have a green lot ticket, and the Cotton and Wool Garments a white ticket.

Gentlemen's Custom Department, BUSINESS SUITS—made from
measure, \$15, 18, 20.

WORK AND FIT GUARANTEED.

We make to order a better suit for the money than any other house in New England.
CUSTOM PANTALOONS, \$4, \$4.50, \$5.

Our South End Store is designed to accommodate our patrons who reside in the southern part of the
city, and those who may arrive upon any and all trains upon railroads leading from that section of the city.
Our two stores combined make us the LARGEST HOUSE IN BOSTON OR NEW ENGLAND IN
the line of Clothing.

WILMOT'S, - - - 263 Washington Street,
SECOND DOOR ABOVE THE HERALD OFFICE.
SOUTH END STORE, - - 747 to 751 Washington Street, Boston.

Florist.

S. W. Trembly & Sons,
FLORISTS,
And dealers in
ANTIQUE POTTERY,
161 Tremont Street,
BOSTON - - - MASS.

Professional Cards.

A. P. WOODMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE:
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.,
Opp. the New Public Library Building.
Office Hours—2 and 7 P. M.
Woburn, - - - Mass.

JOHN C. MAGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
168 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - - MASS.
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

George H. Conn,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - - MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
No. 54 Devonshire Street, Boston.
No. 159 Main Street, Woburn.

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

COAL!
I make a specialty of supplying parties who team
their coal. All who wish to purchase low, for
CASH, can get bargains at my wharf.
Coal delivered and housed at the lowest prices.
The

"Stirling Shamokin,"
"GIRARD,"
and **"Lykens Valley,"**
coals, are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.
I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all
the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail
promptly filled.

GEO. S. DELANO,
MEDFORD CENTRE, 79 MASS.

ICE. ICE.
The subscribers have just stored over
3000 TONS OF ICE
of a very superior quality, from the waters of Horn
Point, especially for Woburn and Winchester trade.
No pains will be spared to give

ENTIRE SATISFACTION.
R. PICKERING & CO.,
Ice Houses cor. of Beacon and Sturges Sts.,
66 WOBURN,
Office, 8 Wade Block, over Savings Bank.

A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.
Entrance from Court Street and 39 School Street

Musical.
Miss A. A. Campbell,
desires a few pupils on the
PIANO FORTE,
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable
and will give times. For particulars call at her residence,

Poetical Selection.

ST. JOHN THE AGED.

I'm growing very old. This weary head
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
In days long past that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with the weight of years.
These limbs that followed Him—my master—oft
From Galilee to Judah, yea, that stood
Beneath the cross and trembled with his groans,
Refuse to bear me even through the streets
To preach unto my children. Even my lips
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.

My ears are dull, they scarcely hear the sobe.
Of my own children gathered round my couch;
God lays his hand on me—yea his hand,
And not his rod, the gentle hand that I
Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine;
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.
I'm old; so old I cannot recollect
The faces of my friends; and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life;
But that dear face, and every word he spoke,
Grow more distinct as others fade away.
So that I live with him and holy dead
More than with living.

Some seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
Crest up the distant hills, and in the wake
Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!
And then he came and called me. Then I gazed,
For the first time, on that sweet face. Those eyes,
From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it forever. Then his words
Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical. Incomparable Love
Took hold of me, and claimed me for his own.
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

O, what holy walks we had,
Through harvest fields, and desolate, dreary wastes!
And oftentimes he leaned upon my arm,
Weary and wayworn. I was young and strong,
And so uprose him. Lord, now I am weak,
Old, and feeble! Let me rest on thee!
So, put thine arm around me. Closer still!
How strong thou art! The twilight draws apace.
Come, let us leave these noisy streets, and take
The path to Bethsaida, for thy smile
Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
Come, James, the Master waits; and Peter, see,
Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to his kingdom. Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so.
I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills,
And touch my Master. Oh, how oft I've seen
The coming of his garments bring back strength
To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
Up! bear me once more to my church! Once more
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love!
For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice
Just now, I think he must be very near—
Coming. I want to break the veil, which time
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
And watch his footsteps.

So, raise up my head.
How dark it is! I cannot seem to see
The face of my dock, for that dark sea
Back to his kingdom. Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so.
I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills,
And touch my Master. Oh, how oft I've seen
The coming of his garments bring back strength
To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
Up! bear me once more to my church! Once more
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love!
For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice
Just now, I think he must be very near—
Coming. I want to break the veil, which time
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
And watch his footsteps.

For SALE BY
A. GRANT,
Where all the leading novelties in Gentlemen's wear
are made to order. Spring Overcoats are a good thing
to have on hand. If you want a Noble Boston
Suit or a nice fitting Dress Suit, Grant's is the place
where you get suited every time.

A. GRANT,
Merchant Tailor
169 Main Street, Woburn.

FRESH AND RELIABLE
GRASS, GARDEN AND FLOWER
SEEDS of all kinds.
BOWKER'S
Lawn Dressing,
For Lawns, Grass Plots, and Cemetery Lots.
Also a new invoice of PAPER HANGINGS
and BORDERS of the LATEST STYLES.
A. E. THOMPSON,
No. 3 WADE BLOCK. 181

HENRY H. LEATHE,
ACCOUNTANT.
Accounts adjusted. Bills made out. Writing or
any description done in a satisfactory manner, and on
reasonable terms.
OFFICE with George H. Conn, 159 MAIN ST.

CHARLES K. CONN,
Auctioneer, Real Estate Agent
—AND—
CONSTABLE,
168 MAIN ST., 184 Woburn

REMOVAL.
DR. B. R. HARMON,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Has removed to
110 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.
Particular attention paid to Surgery.

N. Z. TABOR,
(Successor to E. D. West & Co.) dealer in all
kinds of Fresh, Dry, Smoked and Pickled
FISH.
Oysters, Glams and Lobsters in their season.
189 Main St., Woburn.

ICE CREAM.
The undersigned hereby notifies his former cus-
tomers that he is about to commence, for the season,
the manufacture of Ice Cream. Orders left at W. W.
Hill's Drug Store, or at W. F. Estabrook's Bakery,
will receive prompt attention. He will start the Ice
Cream Wagon, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1879,
and run every afternoon and evening.

S. H. PATTEN.
ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE

Sam and Amy. He was a handsome, quiet
lad, and very much attached to Aunt
Sophy.

He had begun to learn business with no
other ambition than that of being able one
day to have Aunt Sophy ride in her car-
riage.

He was learning book-keeping, and won-
dering how he could save enough out of his
fifty dollars a year to go into business for
himself.

"Well, Sam," said Aunt Sophy, at din-
ner, "you thought Amy's time would be so
much better spent if she were helping you
dig bait. Now how much has all the fish I
have bought of you this year amounted to?"

"About a dollar," said Sam, as well as
he could for the hot potato.

"Of course I am not going to ask you
what you did with it," said Aunt Sophy.

"I'd just as lief," said Sam, in the inter-
vals of his bone-picking. "I bought my
ball and bat."

"Well, Amy cut her rosebuds this morn-
ing, and sold them for five dollars."

"Sixties! Spose you're going to remem-
ber the poor, Amy!" cried Sam.

"Yes," said Amy, laughingly, and ex-
changing a glance with Aunt Sophy, "but
not now. I've spent it all."

"You have! What for?"

"Window glass."

"Whew! Window glass? Well, if that
isn't a shame! I suppose you're going to
set up a hot-bed, with lettuce and things—
and I did so want a bamboo fishing pole and
reel. I don't see how anybody can be so
mean!"

"Stop, stop, Sam!" cried Aunt Sophy.
"Amy has earned the right to spend her
money as she pleases, and she mustn't be
abused for it."

It was true. Amy had earned the right.
From the day she first opened her blue
eyes on the world, she had loved a flower.

She had planted her peas and beans as
soon as she could walk, dug them up to see
if they were sprouting, and pulled them up
to set them back in the right way, fully per-
suaded that they had come up wrong end
first.

As she grew older, a bunch of flowers was
the gift she loved most. She had loved her
doll; but her flowers better. All
the neighbors knew it, and everybody who
had a plant was sure to save a slip for Amy
Smith. The kitchen shelf and window
ledges were covered with the little pots, and
glasses, and bulbs, put there on account of
the steam and warmth of the kitchen.

So, before Amy was a dozen years old,
her great window full of blossoms the year
round was the town talk and admiration.

Aunt Sophy said it all, and like the wise
woman she was, said little, but waited for
things to take their course. She sold the
stove, and put a furnace in the cellar,
although she had to go without a new win-
ter outfit to do it; and the boys knowing
nothing of it, neither she nor Amy touched
any butter nor sugar during all that year.

One day, at last, when some wayfarers
stopped at the door and wished to buy a
bunch of flowers, and Amy made haste to
give instead of sell them, Aunt Sophy said:

"No, no; they asked to buy; allow them
the privilege. When they have bought and
paid for the quantity they wish, you can
give them as many more as they will ac-
cept;" and Amy sent them away loaded.

"Oh, if we only had a conservatory!"
sighed Amy then; and that night a thought
struck her, and she woke Aunt Sophy to
tell her of it.

The next day, in obedience to this idea,
Amy left a bunch of flowers in the post of-
fice to be sold, and twice a week thereafter,
finding there always some purchaser; and it
soon became quite the custom in the town,
when flowers were wanted, to send to Amy
Smith.

When Sam awoke one day, it was to the
sound of digging and stone-hauling, and to
see a deep hole under way at the southeast
corner of the house.

One night, with eyes as big and round as
the dollars themselves, he saw Amy pay the
stone-masons twenty dollars for her cellar.
On Monday the carpenters and glaziers
came.

When all was done, there was a little
glass roof, opening from Aunt Sophy's par-
lor, the greater part of the brick floor car-
peted with several inches of earth, through
which ran little hot-water pipes from an ar-
rangement that had been added to the fur-
nace.

"I haven't one cent left," said Amy, as
she surveyed the completed work. "Aunt
Sophy, you know, and you mustn't be
stingy. You mustn't keep things to your-
self."

"I'll tell you," said Sam, "if you're so
anxious. It's a chance to make our fortune,
and we've lost it."

"Some lottery, I suppose, then," said
Aunt Sophy, much relieved.

"Indeed, it's not. It's old Turnstable's
stand, store and stock! We heard him offer
to sell out the whole thing for two thousand
dollars cash. He's got to go Florida for his
lungs, and Decatur and I know every trick
of the business. We could roll the money
right over in a year. We could do twice as
well as he's done. Oh, we could build up a
great business there. We've got ideas! He's
sick, and afraid, and slow. But he won't
take promises, and we haven't any money."

Aunt Sophy and Amy exchanged glances.
"Is that so, Decatur?" one asked.

"Well, yes," said Decatur. "But what's
the use of talking about it. It happens to
thousands. We must plow along."

"And you really could build up a good
business there?"

"Oh, to be sure. Anybody could with
pluck and industry. But there, let's drop it!
I've got something new to show you in
checkers, Amy."

that it should not freeze; and with all her
efforts, the plants had prospered and doubled.

It was about this time that a modest ad-
vertisement appeared in the daily paper—
for it was a large country town, although
Amy's own section of it was a small one:

"Cut flowers, crosses, wreaths, bouquets,
for sale by Amy Smith." And day by day
the orders began to come in, till at last there
was hardly a single day without an order of
some sort—a box of flowers for somebody's
party, a bouquet, or a handful of orange
blossoms for some bride, a wreath for some
funeral, a dozen boutonnières for the manag-
ers of a ball, or fair, or dinner, or for the
"girl-graduates" of some school.

Sometimes it was all that Amy could do to
keep up her lessons and her school and fill
her orders. Of course her prices were low,
which explained much for her custom, and
she might often enough be seen trudging
along with a parcel of flowers to some sick
person, or to some poor mother who had lost
her baby, and had no money to buy flowers
to adorn its long sleep.

At New Year's Amy looked over her affairs
and she found she had cleared above ex-
penses, just one hundred dollars.

"Sixties!" said Sam again. "You don't
say so! I suppose you are going to send me
to the Polytechnic."

"Indeed, she'll do no such thing!" said
Aunt Sophy.

"I sh-ouldn't go to the Polytechnic if she
would!" said Sam. "And you needn't be
in a hurry, Miss Amy, to refuse before
you're asked! I'm going into business with
Decatur the minute I'm through school. He's
learned book-keeping, and I'm a real hand
at a bargain; and I'll wager we'll soon have
a hundred dollars to every one of
Amy's. So! But I think you might buy a
boat."

"I would be lovely, moonlight nights,
on the river," said Amy. "But no, I can't
afford it."

The next year, Amy had tripled her
receipts. She had left school, and now gave
all her time to her flowers. She had a boy
on the railway to sell her rosebuds, and even
sent her baskets into Boston.

The bay-window was full of those that
would flourish there, as, indeed, almost
every other window was.

"I declare, auntie," said Amy, one day,
"we shall have to pull down our barns and
build bigger!"

"So we shall!"

"But not yet!" And then the bank-
book came out of its hiding-place, and the
two heads bent over in a long confabulation.

Sam had left school by this time; and he
also was in a store—still the same Sam, and
rather apt to think that the owner of the
store kept it for his, Sam's benefit.

Decatur had gone up some rounds on his
ladder; but his salary was yet only three
hundred a year, with no prospect of more.
It used to make him melancholy enough,
because he was eager and ambitious.

As for Amy's conservatory, he was at
home so little, and so little of what went on,
that he hardly regarded it as more than play,
and doubted if she made much enough
money by it, on the whole, to dress her, she
was sometimes so shabby.

One evening—it was Decatur's twenty-
first birthday, as it happened—Sam and
Decatur came in together, and both of them
looked very downcast. "Why, what's the
matter, Sam?" said Aunt Sophy, taking
Sam's chin on the tips of her finger, so as
to look into his mischievous eyes.

"Don't!" said Sam, peevishly. "Don't!"

"Why, Sam?"

"I don't feel like it, I tell you! You
wouldn't either, if you'd lost such a chance
as Decatur and I've lost!"

"What chance?" asked Aunt Sophy and
Amy together.

"Nothing, nothing at all," said Decatur.
"What's the use, Sam?" he added in an
undertone. "It'll only make them feel bad
too. Where's the checkers, Amy?"

But Amy's quick ears were on the alert.
"If it makes you feel badly, we want to
know about it," she said. "It's your birth-
day, Decatur, you know, and you mustn't be
stingy. You mustn't keep things to your-
self."

"I'll tell you," said Sam, "if you're so
anxious. It's a chance to make our fortune,
and we've lost it."

"Some lottery, I suppose, then," said
Aunt Sophy, much relieved.

"Indeed, it's not. It's old Turnstable's
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to sell out the whole thing for two thousand
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right over in a year. We could do twice as
well as he's done. Oh, we could build up a
great business there. We've got ideas! He's
sick, and afraid, and slow. But he won't
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the use of talking about it. It happens to
thousands. We must plow along."

"And you really could build up a good
business there?"

"Oh, to be sure. Anybody could with
pluck and industry. But there, let's drop it!
I've got something new to show you in
checkers, Amy."

"Wait a minute," said Amy, "then I'll
play."

And she went over to her desk, and was
busy there some moments with a little blank
book and some scraps of paper.

Then she came back and put a scrap of
paper into the hand of Aunt Sophy, who
handed it over to Decatur. As he looked at
it, his head fell on the table between his

Sam was looking over his shoulder. "I'll
take it!" said he.

"You must take it, Decatur," said Amy.
"It is for both of you. We've been saving
it all this time for some such occasion. I've
the conservatory and my custom still left,
you know, and when you're rich you can
pay me."

"Of course you'll take it, Decatur," said
Aunt Sophy. "That's what it's for, and we
won't have any nonsense. Only I want you
both to appreciate all Amy's self-denial in
laying it away."

"It hasn't been self-denial," said Amy.
"It has been solid comfort."

"I never, never can pay you, Amy," said
Decatur, by-and-by, as they stood together
in the little

SMASH-UP.—One of Joseph Gardner's grocery teams was nearly demolished, on Wednesday forenoon, the horse attached becoming frightened, on Court street, and

Socialism.—By Mr. Godkin; the Currency and U. S. Supreme Court, by Mr. Brooks Adams; the Indian Question, by Ex-Secretary Cox; the State of Greece; the Condition of Turkey; London Actors; Recent American and English Literature, are topics in the *Inter-National Review* for June. A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y., Publishers. Price by mail, post-paid, 50 cents. This high-class magazine should be in every American household. The ablest and most charming writers in the world are contributors. Subscription, \$5.00 a year.

Winchester.—The Unitarian School will give its annual Floral Concert to-morrow (Sunday) evening, at half past six o'clock.

DIRECTOR.—Mr. D. N. Skillings was chosen on Wednesday a Director in the Nashua and Lowell Railroad.

On opening Mayor Prince's house on the return of the family to town, they found that during their absence the house had been entered, and the paper and carpets damaged.

PEDESTRIAN.—Winchester is represented in the six days go-as-you-please walk, now in progress in Boston. William Hamilton of this town, at one o'clock this morning had put in 194 miles, and was fourteenth in position. The leading man is credited with 290 miles.

MEMORIAL DAY.—A. D. Weld Post No. 148, G. A. R., have issued their programme for the patriotic duty of decorating the graves and honoring the memory of their late comrades, this Friday afternoon. Services commencing in Lyceum Hall at 3 P. M. Address by Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D. Decoration of the graves of deceased soldiers at Wildwood and the Catholic Cemeteries at 4 P. M.

STREET WIDENING.—In regard to the widening at the corner where Brown and Stanton propose building, we learn that the County Commissioners have decided that having after survey found that the street is not less than fifty-four feet wide at any point, they are not justified in ordering it widened at the expense of the County, but if the Town call them on to widen it at its own expense they will do so. There is some talk of calling a Town meeting in regard to it, but the general impression is that nothing further will be done.

BASE BALL.—Last Saturday the Winchester High School Nine played a game with the Cummings Grammar nine, of Woburn, in which the former were victorious 21 to 18 by the following score:—

WINCHESTER.		WOBURN.	
White, lb.	10	McGrath, cf.	10
Stoddard, c.	2	Carney, 2b.	3
Gendron, p.	3	Cummings, rf.	1
Nichols, 2d.	3	Burns, 3b.	3
Winsor, ss.	3	Maguire, ss.	2
Whitten, 3b.	2	Clay, 3b.	4
Carr, rf.	2	Welch, p.	3
Cobb, cf.	2	Begley, lf.	1
Carter, lf.	3	Flint, lb.	4
	21		18

The game spoken of last week, was played this morning, resulting in a one-sided victory of 33 to 4 for the Boston Nine.

Wilmington.—A commission has been issued to Chester W. Clark authorizing him to issue warrants and to take bail in criminal cases.

CORRECTION.—We understand that the dimensions of the new barn which Mr. Henry Sheldon is building are 38x50 and not 30x50 as previously reported. This space allows much greater convenience and the barn when finished will be a model building and accommodate a large number of cattle.

A very unusual event has occurred in our quiet town. Charlie Fogg an employee in the tannery has robbed a fellow workman of \$55 in money and a watch valued at \$50, and decamped with the spoils on the 2 o'clock train for Boston last Monday. This robbery is an exceedingly heartless affair, as the poor man who was robbed, had been saving the money all winter.

SUGARING OFF.—The closing of the singing school was celebrated last Friday by a sugaring off party. The vestry was filled with young and old anxious to participate in the sweets. Several solos, duets and concerted pieces were rendered with great dash and effect, and altogether this pleasant and social gathering was a very creditable and successful affair. The members of the singing school under Mr. Morse's tuition have improved greatly and it is to be hoped that this school which has been commenced in such an auspicious manner will be resumed next winter.

Special Notices.

GREAT SPRING BLESSING.
DR. BLISS' CATARRH BITTERS.
(This is the best Spring medicine you can take. It will remove that all gone feeling you have, for it puts new vigor into the blood, thoroughly cleansing and purifying it, thus striking at the very root of the troubles to which so many are subject in the **SPRING TIME** such as **CATARRH, HUMORS, SORES, LIVER TROUBLES, &c.** all of which comes from **IMPURE BLOOD**, or impurities of the **LIVER**. Some of the Herbs in these Bitters are Mandrake, (for the Liver,) Yellow Dock, Burdock, Prickly Ash, (for the Blood,) Rhubarb and Bismuth (for the Stomach.) Then we add something that works especially in the blood for **CATARRH**. Large bottles, over one hundred doses, 75 cents. 179
Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., Boston.

Married.

In Woburn, May 18, by Rev. M. D. Murphy, Mr. George Doherty and Miss Rosa Murry.
In San Francisco, Cal., May 13, by Rev. James McElroy, Mr. William R. Stone, formerly of Winchester, and Miss Minnie C. Clark, of San Francisco.

At DODGE'S Drug Store
You can obtain the
Prepared Heliochrome,
That is sure death to the worms and vermin, and will save your floor and carpet from being eaten.
AT DODGE'S DRUG STORE,
165 Main Street, Woburn. 220

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, May 24, Stephen Skinner, aged 82 years and 7 months.
In North Woburn, May 24, Benjamin Franklin Jones, aged 58 years and 6 months.
In Winchester, May 25, Stephen Dunham, aged 91 years.

For Sale and To Let.

TO LET.—2 tenements on Bennett St., 1 house and small stable on Pleasant St. M. C. BEAN.

ROOMS TO LET. 211 Main Street, Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY.

STOVES stored for the Season by C. M. Strout, Agent.

FOR SALE. 2 good Ayshire cows, and 1 Beach wagon. C. J. CARMODY, Mountain Street, North Woburn.

1851. 1879.

THE Woburn JOURNAL.

29th VOLUME.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

THE STORIES

which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor. The Journal will continue to be a live newspaper treating of

LIVING ISSUES

with an independent pen, giving its readers the best selections from

CURRENT LITERATURE

in the shape of stories, original and selected, sketches, paragraphs, &c., together with all the news, and discussions of current topics. The above has made and will maintain it as the

Popular Newspaper of the Town

and this fact should assure the business men that it is the best

ADVERTISING MEDIUM

they can possibly have. There is no better way to reach the people than through the newspaper, which is welcomed and read by every member of every family to which the paper goes.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

JOHN L. PARKER, PUBLISHER,

204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

All kinds of Printing, of every description, the best to be obtained in Woburn, at the

JOURNAL STEAM BOOK and JOB Printing Office

CALL AND SEE SAMPLES.

NO. 204 MAIN STREET,

Lost, Found, Wanted.

FOUND.—A stray dog, which the owner can have by proving property and paying charges. ED. WARD CLAFFERTY, Broad Street, Woburn. 235

Y. L. A.

The Young Ladies' Association of the First Baptist Church, Woburn, will hold a

Strawberry Festival,

IN THE VESTRY OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH,

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 5th, 1879.

In addition to the usual attraction of STRAWBERRIES and CREAM, ICE CREAM and CAKE, a variety of USEFUL and ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES will be offered for sale.

The public are cordially invited. Proceeds to be devoted to missionary purposes.

Admission, - - 10 Cents.

IN INSOLVENCY.

MIDDLESEX, ss. Woburn, May 19, 1879.

THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed Assignee in Insolvency of the estate of YANKEE P. LOCKE, of Winchester, in said County. The second meeting of the creditors of said Insolvent Debtor, will be held at the Court of Insolvency, at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twelfth day of June next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting, creditors may be present and prove their claims.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Assignee.

204

MEN'S CALF SHOES, \$2.50 to \$3.50, hand made.

LADIES' NEWPORTS, \$2.50 to \$3.00.

All work warranted. Repairing neatly done.

JOSIAH LEATHE, 241 Main St., Woburn.

Relief for the Feet.

Mrs. Dr. WELCH,

The ONLY First-Class

Lady Surgeon Chiropodist,

in the country who has lately been doing a very successful business in Stoneham and Wakefield, will visit this place next week at the

CENTRAL HOUSE,

MAIN STREET.

Corns, Bunions, Bad Nails, etc., removed without pain. Parties treated at their residence, per order, without extra charge. 227

FREE LECTURE.—Mrs. H. B. O'Leary, M.D., 75 Chester St., Boston, will deliver a Free Lecture to Ladies, on Physiology, at Grand Army Hall, Woburn, Monday afternoon, June 2, at 3 o'clock. Doors open at 2.

SURPRISING!

We have been greatly surprised, during the past month, at the number of new customers ordering hats at our Millinery counter, who were not aware that persons who

Purchase their Hats & Trimmings

of us will have them trimmed

FREE OF CHARGE.

OUR

Millinery Department

has never been so well stocked as this season, and our prices on all our goods are

BEYOND COMPETITION.

Do not pay 50 and 75 cents for work on hats, when you can buy the materials

CHEAPER OF US,

AND HAVE THEM TRIMMED FREE.

ALL KINDS OF

SUN HATS,

CHILDREN'S TRIMMED HATS.

AT THE

Lowest Boston Prices.

Remember the Place.

John P. Fernald,

185 MAIN ST.,

WOBURN, MASS.

223

SHERIFF'S SALE.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

MIDDLESEX, ss. Woburn, May 30, 1879.

Taken on execution and will be sold at public auction, on Saturday, the fifth day of July next, at nine o'clock, A. M., at my office No. 172 Main Street, Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, all the right in equity that James E. Abbott, of Lynn, in our County of Essex, had on the eleventh day of December, A.D. 1878, when the same was attached on mesne process, in and to the following described mortgage real estate, viz:—A certain lot of land situated in the southerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, on said Arlington Street and at land now or formerly of Joshua E. Littlefield, thence the line runs northeasterly by land now or formerly of said Littlefield and by land of said Bouteille and by land of one Barry to a corner at land now or formerly of one Welch; thence southerly by land formerly of said Welch and by land now or formerly owned by one Billingsby to said Arlington Street; thence northerly to said Arlington Street to the point of beginning. Said premises are sold subject to any rights of way contained in deed recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1289, Page 635, of Abbott to Fitzpatrick.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff.

225

BILLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter

Shetland Shawls.

We have just purchased in New York the FINEST LINE of Shetland Shawls we have ever shown, at prices which will enable us to sell many styles at

LESS THAN BOSTON PRICES.

CHARLES A. SMITH & SON,

177 MAIN STREET, - - - WOBURN.

DWINELL, HAYWARD & Co's.

STRICTLY PURE

Cream Tartar in Bulk.

TEAS AT VERY LOW PRICES.

OUR 35 CT. TEA IS A GREAT BARGAIN. 3 LBS. FOR \$1.

H. F. SMITH,

154 Main Street, - - - Opposite Common.

COAL

From \$5.00 to \$6.50 Per Ton.

JOS. B. McDONALD.

FOR SUMMER WEAR.

Blue Flannel Suits.

Also, SUMMER SUITS of various kinds,

ALL AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

201

Linen Dusters, Alpaca Sacks, Straw Hats,

NEW WHITE and FANCY SHIRTS,

SUMMER UNDERWEAR, &c.

J. C. BUCK & Co., Wade Block, 174 Main St., Woburn.

MEN AND BOYS'

SPRING GOODS.

LATEST STYLES OF

HATS, CAPS AND CLOTHING,

AND ALL KINDS OF

FURNISHING GOODS.

The largest line of Plain and Fancy Half Hose, ever in town. Everything at Low Prices. Please Call and Examine.

THE WOBURN CLOTHING STORE,

POST OFFICE BLOCK, 199 MAIN STREET.

108

JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,

DEALERS IN

Lumber and CHOICE Hay.

No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

For Fine Teas and Choice Coffees,

—VISIT—

RAILROAD STORE.

TEAS AT 40, 50, 60, 75 AND 90 CENTS PER POUND.

A full line of nice Coffees always in stock.

FLOUR.

Our Flour at \$9.00 is the best we have seen for a long time, and can safely be called the *very best*.

Our St. Louis Flour at \$6 ¹⁰/₁₀₀ cannot be duplicated at less than \$7.25.

GIVE IT A TRIAL.

The sale of Crockery, Glass, &c., is steadily going on, and we shall sell at cost until further notice. Now is the time to buy these goods, many of them at a figure less than cost of manufacture.

Please call and examine, whether you buy or not.

RAILROAD STORE,

115 MAIN STREET.

J. W. GARDNER.

110

SPRING STYLES.

JUST OPENED, A FULL LINE OF

Fashionable Goods for Spring Wear.

G. R. GAGE & Co., Merchant Tailors,

171 Main Street, - - - Woburn, Mass.

The Mason and Hamlin Organ Co.

Offer the largest assortment of the Best and Cheapest Cabinet or Parlor Organs in the world; winners of highest honors at every World's Exposition for twelve years. Only American Organ awarded such at any Two Highest Medals at Paris Exposition 1878. One to twenty-one stops: prices \$54, \$66, \$78, \$84, \$90, \$96, \$102, \$108, \$114, \$120, \$126, \$130, \$136, \$140, \$144, \$150, and upward. Sold also for easy payments. Prices are not much higher than those of very inferior organs. Before purchasing be sure to send for latest catalogue, with newest styles and low

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.

LADIES' PURE LINEN

HANDKERCHIEFS, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, and 12 1-2 Cents.

GENTLEMEN'S PURE LINEN

HANDKERCHIEFS, 10, 12, 15, 20 AND 25 CENTS.

The best bargain ever offered in this market.

Another Lot of **PURE LINEN SHIRT FRONTS, at 10 Cents.**

A better bargain than the lot on which we had such a run early in the season.

HOSIERY.

A large stock and special bargains in FINE HOSIERY. The leading stock in town.

A FULL LINE OF LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S UNDERWEAR.

BUTTONS.

Our line of Buttons are superior in every respect, and very cheap.

FANCY RIBBONS and REAL BRETONNE LACES. An unusual stock for this place, and at prices that *KNOW NO COMPETITION.*

SUMMER GLOVES, SUN UMBRELLAS, and FANS.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY DRY GOODS.

It is well known that we keep the LARGEST and most ELEGANT stock of

MILLINERY GOODS

In this community. Examine our TRIMMED HATS and BONNETS.

A. CUMMINGS, 150 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

208

Bargains! Bargains!

Special attention is called to our large and attractive stock of

DRESS GOODS.

ALSO, TO A LOT OF

SUMMER SKIRTS

In new and choice designs of all qualities. A very fine line of

Corsets and Underwear, Hosiery and Gloves, Parasols, &c.

All of which, with many other choice goods, are offered at prices which cannot fail to please.

Goods cheerfully shown whether you wish to purchase or not.

COPELAND, BOWSER & Co.,

147 Main Street, - - - Woburn, Mass.

193

GREAT ASTONISHMENT

Is expressed that the new firm,

DEMING & BOYNTON, North Woburn,

Can Sell Goods So Low.

QUICK SALES! SMALL PROFITS!

WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1879.

NO. 23.

Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865
Parks & Freeman,
MACHINISTS,
And Manufacturers of
Leather Machinery,
GLASSING, STONING,
Polishing and Peabbling Jacks, etc.
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting
Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings
Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short
notice.
97, 99, and 101 Main Street,
WOBURN, MASS.
All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership
formed January 1st, 1877.

HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,

(Successor to Porter & Young.)

MACHINIST
Steam and Gas Fitter.

81 MANUFACTURER OF

STEAM ENGINES.
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting
Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings
Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short
notice.

SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Business Cards.

THE
CENTRAL HOUSE,
WOBURN.

Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for
Sleighting or Dancing parties. With one of the best
dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for
carriage parties, the Central House will be found to
answer all the requirements of the travelling public.
LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.
Catering on the most satisfactory terms a
specialty.

A. BUCKMAN,

Dealer in

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 Main Street, Woburn.
Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on
hand.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Livery, Hack & Boarding
STABLE,
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
G. E. JONES, 13 Proprietor

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.
BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.
AT THE RAILROAD STATION,
WOBURN HIGHLANDS.

E. C. COLOMB,
TAILOR.
Church Street, - Winchester.

Having had many years experience as a Practical
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments in
the country, he offers his services to the citizens of
Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all
who may favor him with their custom.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
294 Washington St., Boston.
Photographs in Every Style made and finished in the
best manner. Card sizes, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50
per dozen. Cabinet Cards, \$2.00 per dozen. First
8x10 Photographs \$2.00. Club Pictures for schools
and families, 12 tickets for \$10. Copying of all kinds
at lowest rates by
H. S. DUNSHIE, - Artist.

HARDWARE.
Farming Tools & Seeds,
PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,
Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
L. THOMPSON, NO. 213 MAIN STREET.

W. N. GRAY,
Practical Roofer,
STONEHAM, MASS.

Slate, Tin and Gravel Roofing furnished and ap-
plied. Special attention given to repairing Roofs of
all kinds.

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,
TOWN BILL POSTER
AND DISTRIBUTOR.
WOBURN, MASS.
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 130 Main street,
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill
Boards in town. Orders by mail promptly at-
tended to.

R. C. HAYWARD,
Dealer in
GROCERIES,

FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,
At the Lowest Price.
103 Main Street, - Woburn.

MOSES BANCROFT,
139 1/2 Main Street, Woburn.
(SOLES' BLOCK).
SEWING MACHINES
of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments
Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange
for new ones.

Auctioneers.

WILLIAM WINN,
AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, - MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Of-
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
Office, 89 Court Street, - Boston.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main
street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

HILL'S

Creamed Castor Oil.

Creamed Castor Oil is not in any sense a patent medicine or a substitute for Castor Oil, but is the pure
oil prepared in such a manner as to make it pleasant to the taste and perfectly easy to swallow.
All mothers who have had to give their children Castor Oil, will know the difficulty of administering
it. This article children really like and take it as readily as they would fresh cream.
Pharmacists who stand high in public estimation, have given us flattering recommendations as to its
merits, and congratulated us on its elegance as a triumph of pharmaceutical skill.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

WILLIAM W. HILL, Druggist.

Opposite the Common. 240 WOBURN.

WILMOT'S CLOTHING HOUSES.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

EVERY GARMENT MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Business Suits, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$11, \$12, \$13, \$14, \$15, \$16.
Dress Suits, \$12, \$13, \$14, \$15, \$16, \$18, \$20, \$22, \$25.

The All-Wool Suits have a yellow lot ticket, and the Cotton and Wool a white ticket.

BOYS' AND YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

SUITS \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00,
\$9.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00.

The All-Wool Suits have a green lot ticket, and the Cotton and Wool Garments a white ticket.

Gentlemen's Custom Department. BUSINESS SUITS—made from
measure, \$15, 18, 20, 22.

WORK AND FIT GUARANTEED.

We make to order a better suit for the money than any other House in New England.

CUSTOM PANTALOONS, \$4, \$4.50, \$5.

Our South End Store is designed to accommodate our patrons who reside in the southern part of the
city, and those who may arrive upon any and all trains upon the railroad leading from that section of the city.
Our two stores combined make us the LARGEST HOUSE IN BOSTON OR NEW ENGLAND in the
line of Clothing.

WILMOT'S, - - - 263 Washington Street,
SECOND DOOR ABOVE THE HERALD OFFICE.
SOUTH END STORE, - - 747 to 751 Washington Street, Boston.

Florist.

S. W. Twombly & Sons,

FLORISTS,

And dealers in

ANTIQUE POTTERY,

161 Tremont street,
BOSTON. 2 MASS.

Professional Cards.

J. P. WOODMAN, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

OFFICE:
Cor. of Pleasant & Bennett Sts.

Opp. the New Public Library Building.
Office Hours—9 and 7 P. M.

Woburn, - - - Mass.

JOHN G. JAGUIRE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

168 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - - MASS.

Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to
9 P. M.

George H. Conn,

INSURANCE AGENT,

NO. 159 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - - MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.

No. 159 Main street, Woburn.

Office (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.,
Hours (At Woburn, 9 A. M., 5 to 9, 7 to 9 P. M.)

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,

24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

COAL!

I make a specialty of supplying parties who team
their coal. All who wish to purchase low, for
CASH, can get bargains at my wharf.
Coal delivered and housed at the lowest prices.
The

"Stirling Shamokin,"

"GIRARD,"

and "Lykens Valley,"

are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.
I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all
the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail
promptly filled.

GEO. S. DELANO,

MEDFORD CENTRE, 79 MASS.

ICE. ICE.

The subscribers have just stored over

3000 TONS OF ICE

of a very superior quality, from the waters of Horn
Point, especially for Woburn and Winchester trade.
No pains will be spared to give

ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

R. PICKERING & CO.,

Ice Houses cor. of Beacon and Sturgis Sts.,
WOBURN.

Office, 2 Wade Block, over Savings Bank.

A. B. COFFIN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street

Musical.

Miss J. A. Campbell,

desires a few pupils on the

PIANO FORTE,

and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

Poetical Selection.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged
If their errand is true and kind;
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind.
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompts the words, let them be said;
They may dash through the brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From this time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the beautiful words of truth.

Selected Story.

Looking Under the Bed.

It is a habit of many persons to take a look
under the bed before retiring for the night.
Mrs. Evergreen, my beloved wife, indulges,
if indulgence it can be called, in this pecu-
liar practice. I do not object to it in the
least, so long as she does not enforce the
performance upon myself; but when, as is
sometimes the case, she forgets it until she
has put out the light, and encased herself
under the comforter, then it is hard that I,
who am not troubled with nervous apprehen-
siveness, should have to get out in the cold
and do it for her. I have often remarked to
Mrs. Evergreen, when I have seen her pry-
ing under the bed, that it was a silly habit,
and that the sooner she gave it up the better.
To this gentle admonition my better half in-
variably replies:—

"La, Evergreen! what harm does it do?
It's a kind of satisfaction to know that no-
body's under there, and then I don't think of
such a horrible thing after I'm in bed."
"I think, my dear, you might just as well
pursue your investigations further, and look
into the bureau drawers and the clothes-bas-
ket."

"Evergreen, she will rejoice, 'don't men-
tion the idea, or I shall certainly do so.
Come to think of it, a man could very easily
get into the clothes-basket."
"Certainly he could, my dear, quite as
easily as Falstaff. You should certainly in-
clude the clothes-basket; and by-the-by,
there is the chimney—why not look up there
as well?"

"Now, Evergreen, you're laughing at me,
but I can't leave off the habit, and I never
will. It's a comfort for me to know there's
nothing wrong about it, and I don't see why
you should deprive me of it."

So, under the bed goes the candle, and no
signs of humanity discovered, Mrs. Ever-
green is able to repose in peace. But, as al-
ready observed, this precautionary act is
sometimes forgotten, and I am myself an
obliged to rise, light the lamp, and report.
I've done it rather more frequently of late
than is agreeable, and have intimated as
much to Mrs. E. She says:—

"Very well, Evergreen; I'll do it my-
self."

But this procedure is almost as bad, for
she invariably lets the cold in on me both
getting out and in. If it were not for this
mental idiosyncrasy on the part of Mrs. E-
vergreen, by giving her some good reason to
apprehend danger, I should relate to her
what I am about to lay before the reader.

In this narration, therefore, I ask the pub-
lic most particularly to bear in mind that
Mrs. Evergreen is of a sensitive nature,
rather apprehensive and slightly super-
stitious, and that what I have to say must
under no circumstances be imparted to that
lady. If for two and twenty years (that is
the period of our wedded life, and happy
years have they been)—if, I say, I have for
this long period refrained from imparting
the matter to the beloved sharer of my joys
and partner of my sorrows, surely the pub-
lic (which as we know, always does keep a
secret) will keep mine.

All young men, I suppose, have love af-
fairs before they eventually fix their affec-
tions on the one who is to bless their lot in
life. I know I had, and I don't regret it.
Regret it? Far from it. Mrs. Evergreen is
not present, and therefore I have no hesita-
tion in saying that if I had my life to live
over again I'd like to go through with the
same sentimental experiences, particularly
if it was to be succeeded by again leading
to the hymenal altar the present Mrs. E-
vergreen.

I was not bad-looking when I was in my
twenties. I think I may go further, and con-
fidently say that "Gus Evergreen" was a
decided favorite among the girls of Oak-
ville, and I really believed that I could have
had any of them "for the asking." As I be-
fore remarked, Mrs. Evergreen is not pres-
ent, and I indulge my thoughts somewhat
more freely than would otherwise be the
case. I don't think that I cared particularly
for any of the Oakville girls, however, and I
might have kept my heart whole to this day,
if it had not been for the circumstance which
I am about to relate.

Fred Evans, who had been my chum at
school, came to make a visit at Oakville
for a "day or two," as he said, when he
came; but he made it a week or two easily
enough after I'd taken him about a little
among the "young ladies." When that
time had expired, Fred said he really must
go, as he didn't know what his father and
mother would think of his long absence;

but it ended in his relieving their anxiety by
a letter and sending for his trunks. I knew
how the matter was, perfectly well, and that
Belle Bronson had bewitched him out of his
five senses. Fred tried to put it on to "the
country air, and the quiet which was bene-
fitting his health, etc.," but it was of no use
trying to deceive me, and I told him so.
Then he owned up frankly, and I promised
to help him all I could, if he required any
help in the prosecution of his suit. I never
thought Belle a flirt, or that she would wil-
lingly distress any human being; but she
had a way of looking in one's eyes as if to
captivate them for her mere personal amuse-
ment. At any rate, she had a larger share
of beauty than the other girls, but all their
attentions came to nothing. I feared it
might be so with Fred Evans, and warned
him accordingly; but Fred said he'd have
her if he tried all his life; that "she was the
only living being who had ever awakened a
real emotion in his breast," etc. After that
I said no more, but closely observed the lov-
ers, and soon came to the conclusion that
Fred was by no means disagreeable to her.
Things went on in this way without any de-
finite result until Fred received a sudden
summons home on account of his mother's
illness. When he came back to renew his
visit, he insisted on staying at the Oakville
Hotel, rather than wear his welcome out at
our house, and finding remonstrance un-
availing, there he went. The landlord,
(honest old Downsberry—I wonder if he yet
lives) gave Fred, at my suggestion, his best
bed-room, "No. 20." I am particular in
mentioning the number. "He shall have
No. 20," said Downsberry. "Any friend of
yours, Master Augustus, shall have the best
I have to give as long as I'm landlord." It
was a pleasant room, looking out on the dis-
tant hills, and the beautiful winding track
of the Black Water. But what cared Fred
for scenery? He was in the hands of the
blind god, and could not see even as far as
his nose except in the direction of Belle's cot-
tage. I used to go over to Fred's room and
smoke my cigar, while he, poor wretch, ex-
amined on his sufferings, doubts and solici-
tudes. Did she love him? That was the
question which disturbed every moment of
his existence, and to which with the closest
reasoning, he could bring himself a satisfac-
tory reply. Sometimes he thought a word
or sign settled the point beyond a doubt in
his favor; and at others he fancied he read a
coolness and indifference in her eyes. In
this condition of uncertainty he dared not
press the question, lest a hasty step might
bring him to grief.

At Fred's earnest solicitation, I promised
to sound Belle as to her sentiments if a fa-
vorable opportunity presented itself, or at
any rate to let her know in an indirect way,
that Fred was languishing in distress on her
account, and thus give her no excuse for un-
necessarily prolonging his misery. It so
happened, however, that my services were
not called into requisition. Belle Bronson,
because of the sudden arrival at her house
of some country cousins, was obliged to
give up her room—her mother's cottage be-
ing a small one—and to occupy for a single
night, a room at the hotel. We would cheer-
fully have offered her guests accommoda-
tion at our house, but we were in the same
predicament. An agricultural fair in the
village had brought many strangers into the
place, and my own guests were so numerous
that I had given up my room to two of them,
and had intended asking Fred Evans to let
me pass the night with him.

For this purpose I went to the hotel at a
late hour, and proceeded at once to Fred's
room, and to my surprise found no one there.
I did not even notice that his trunk was gone,
or suspect the fact, which afterward became
apparent, that "to oblige some lady guests
for this night only," as the landlady ex-
pressed it, Fred had consented to give up
"No. 20" and occupy a small room in the
rear of the building. The gas being turned
up I took a book to await his return, and hear-
ing at last what appeared to be steps ap-
proaching the room, and supposing it to be
Fred, in a momentary impulse to play a joke
upon him, I slipped under the bed, a large
and high one, intending to imitate a cat, (of
which animal I knew he had a detestation)
as soon as he entered the room. The door
opened, and I was on the point of indulging
in my ventriloquial faculty by giving a long-
drawn wailing, when from my hiding place I
perceived Belle Bronson take quiet possession
of the apartment!

My astonishment was so great, and the
sense of mortification so intense, that I did
not, as I should have done, make myself im-
mediately known to her. Thus the opportu-
nity for discovery and explanation was lost,
dared not move a hair, but hoped sincerely
that some excuse might take her out of the
room for a moment, and so facilitate my es-
cape. She, however, locked the door, re-
moved the key, and as I knew by the sound,
prepared to retire. Finally she knelt down
beside the bed, and clasping her hands
and bowing her head (so fearfully near to
mine that I could hear the soft words in my
very ear), she offered up her evening prayer
in a manner so full of feeling, and with such
sweet accents of womanly tenderness and
devotion, that I felt as if she was an angel
bending over the vilest of mortals. That
prayer went to my heart; but one portion
went through it and held it captive. Never
shall I forget my feelings of surprise and
my deep emotion when I heard her utter
these words: "Bless my dear mother, sis-
ters and friends; bless all around me, and
O God, bless him I love, Augustus E-
vergreen, and shower down thy mercies over
him. Amen." "Ah Augustus," said my
divinity to herself, as she arose from her
devotional attitude, "If you but knew that
I named your very name in my prayers, you
would be less indifferent to me!"

If I breathed short before, after this my
breath seemed to desert me entirely, and I
very thought that the beating of my heart
would betray me. Belle, pure as an angel
to me then, and white as a snow-flake, pro-
ceeded to turn off the gas and get into bed.
I felt her soft pressure over my head, and
shrunk closer and closer to the hard floor
upon which I was extended. What thoughts
rushed through my brain! Above me lay
a young and unsophisticated girl wholly un-
conscious that the one she loved lay so
closely to her, and who for the first time
been made aware of her interest in him, by
hearing words which she supposed went
only to Heaven! I knew then that the night
must pass away, and the morning come, and
that Belle must first leave the apartment be-
fore I could venture to change even my po-
sition.

Belle had laid perfectly motionless for
several minutes, and was, I flattered myself,
losing herself in sleep, when suddenly she
exclaimed to herself: "There I haven't
looked under the bed!" A horror ran through
me; all is lost; what should I do? Belle
rose, and I heard her feeling for matches.
She struck one, and was moving toward the
gaslight, when the lucifer went out, leaving
all darkness again. Blessed relief, but how
brief! Again I heard her feeling for the
matches, and try to light one after another,
as they failed to ignite; then an "Oh, dear,
there are no more!" escaped from her lips.

"Safe! safe!" whispered my soul to me,
and I thanked God in silence for my deliv-
erance. Belle groped back to bed, but did
not immediately get in; she stopped and
lifted the curtains that which hung around
the bottom cautiously passed her arm under
and around as far as she could reach. I
almost felt her fingers graze my face as I
held myself fearfully and silently back
against the wall, too far just too far for her
reach. Apparently satisfied that no danger
was near her, she lay down in the bed again
and I counted her respirations till she was
lost in slumber.

As for myself, sleep was utterly out of the
question. I never was so wide awake in
my life. How I lay upon that hard carpet
and thought the night out!—thought of her
and her love for me; thought of myself and
my love love for her. Yes, I was convinced
from that moment that the hand of destiny
was in it, and that a benign and all-wise
Providence had seen fit in this extraordi-
nary way to open my eyes to the path of hap-
piness and peace.

With the morning light fresh fears came
upon me lest my unconscious room mate
might yet peer beneath the bed for robbers
before she left the room; but my fears were
groundless. She rose and dressed expedi-
tiously, for she was to join her cousins at
an early breakfast, and she had overslept
herself. When at last she took the key, un-
locked the door and departed, I lost no time
in slipping out of my shameful place of con-
cealment and escaping from the hotel. On the
stairs I met Fred coming out of his
room, who exclaimed:—

"Why, what's the matter with you old
fellow! You look like the last days of an
ill-spent life. And your coat, too—why, it's
all over feathers and dust. Where have you
been?"

"Why, I slept—slept out last night; that's
all. Our house is full, and so I had to find
quarters elsewhere. I'm going home to
dress."

"I should say so decidedly. I see it all,
old fellow! You've been on a lark and had
to put up in the watch-house; come now,
own up and tell us all about it."

"No lark at all, Fred; nothing of the
kind, I assure you."

"Well, if not a lark what kind of a bird
was it? From the looks of the feathers I
should say it was a goose."

"You're the goose, Fred. But seriously
I've a word to say to you of a most im-
portant nature. Be a man, Fred, and make up
your mind to hear something excessively
disagreeable. It must be told you sooner
or later, and I may as well tell it now."

"Good Heavens, Gus! how earnest you
look at me; you don't mean to say that—
that anything has happened to Belle Bron-
son?"

"Don't mention her name again, Fred, or
think of her any more, for she'll never be
knowing to you. I have it from one who
knows all about it, that she has long been
attached to somebody else, and that some-
body else means to marry her. There's no
mistake about it; so bear up and try your
luck elsewhere!"

But friend Evans was not to be discour-
aged by mere hearsay. That very day he
went to see Belle, determined to know his
fate from her own lips. Soon after he left
Oakville and I did not see him again for
several years, when meeting him in town
one day, I insisted on bringing him home
with me and presenting him to his old flame,
Belle Bronson—the present Mrs. Evergreen.

"Ah, Fred?" said he, after dinner, when
my wife and the little Evergreens had left
us to ourselves—"Ah, Fred, you served
me a shabby trick when you allowed me to
lose my heart to the girl you were all along
intending to marry yourself—a very shabby
trick, one of which I never suspected you!"

So I had to tell him, in strict con-
fidence, of course, as I tell you, reader,
all about the bed-room affair at the Oakville
Hotel, and the love that grew out of it.

Thus talks an old farmer about his
boys: "From sixteen to twenty they knew
more than I did; at twenty-five they knew
as much; at thirty they were willing to hear
what I had to say; at thirty-five they asked
my advice, and I think when they get to be
forty they will acknowledge that the old man
does know something."

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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BONDHOLDERS.—The sale of the refunding certificates began at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning. Mr. Wyman had filed a bond for \$25,000 worth of the certificates, but as the time for the close of the sale draws near the demand for them is so great, that what remain in the hands of the Treasurer have to be distributed with some care, and \$10,000 was all that could be spared for Woburn. Mr. Wyman had secured for his assistants Mr. J. R. Green, cashier of the First National Bank, and Mr. N. W. Eaton. Each person was required to write his name, and have the right change. For one certificate \$10.07 was required, to pay the accrued interest on the certificate. At the appointed time, a good natured crowd assembled in the Post Office, some fifty or more, including two ladies, being in line at the commencement. When the "bank" was opened there being but two ladies present, Mr. Green appealed to the gallantry of the capitalists, and the ladies received the first installment. Officer Conn had charge of the line, and succeeded admirably in maintaining it to the satisfaction of all. Being a Greenbacker, he took a special interest in seeing the bonds put into the hands of the people. Of course no one person received more than ten certificates, amounting to \$100, but several of those in line had secured the services of young men to represent them, and in this way several large purchases were made, the bank being credited with \$1,600, and one family with \$1,000. The distribution was as fairly conducted as it was possible for it to be, no one had any reserved for him, and no one received any until the advertised time, and much credit is due Mr. Wyman and his assistants for their admirable conduct of the affair. The supply however, proved altogether inadequate to the demand, for in one hour from the time of opening the last customer found but seven certificates at his disposal, which he took, and longed for more.

One of the capitalists who had secured \$400, putting them in his pocket, on his return to his shop was unable to find them. An unsuccessful search was made, in and about the shop, but no bonds could be found. Finally he went home and told his wife of his loss. She suggested a searching of his pockets. Oh no, he had been through them again and again, and they could not be there. But she insisted, and lo the missing bonds were in his pants pocket all the time. It seems that he rolled them up when he put them in, but being printed on stiff paper, they had unrolled and stood up, so that every time he put his hand in his pocket, it slipped past them without discovering their presence, so much did they resemble to the touch his pocket lining.

There were 107 persons who secured the certificates. One man was content with one, five bought two each, one bought three, one took four, another five, ninety-seven took ten each, and the last corner could get but seven. The interest paid in addition to the \$10,000 was \$71.96.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.—A meeting of the veterans of the Republican party is called by Hon. Stephen M. Allen, of Duxbury, to be held in Wesleyan Hall, Boston, on Tuesday next, for the purpose of arranging a reunion, to occur July 19, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Republican party. We wonder if any one can furnish us the names of the men from Woburn, who attended that famous convention in Worcester, in 1854.

TOWN MEETING.—The following paragraph was omitted from our report last week of the Town Meeting, the question being on motion of Mr. Hill to purchase a new pumping engine.

The motion was then put and carried, yeas 56, nays 13.

On motion of Mr. Hill the meeting then dissolved.

We had a call the other day from Mr. Arthur E. Fessenden, who is foreman in the office of the Brockton Advance. He reports business good in Brockton, and the troubles brought on the paper by the action of Mr. Folger, as only temporary.

We are glad to learn that the Woburn Brass Band which played at East Boston on Decoration Day gave entire satisfaction, and their good playing will probably lead to other engagements in the same locality.

A year ago to-day Frank E. Davis was killed, and his murderers are still at large. There are many who feel that everything was not done that might have been toward ferreting out this crime.

The Water Commissioners held a meeting Tuesday evening and voted to advertise for proposals for a new pumping engine of 2,000,000 gallons capacity.

EARLY CLOSING.—The Provision Dealers will hereafter close their markets at six o'clock Thursday evenings.

TELEPHONE.—There is a strong probability that the telephone will be put into Woburn in a short time.

Go to A. E. Thompson's for our Paris Green.

Destructive Fire and Loss of Life.

About half past ten o'clock Monday night, an alarm of fire was given in the Centre for District Two, which proved to be for a fire at the Merrimac Chemical Co.'s, Works at "New Boston." The fire was first discovered bursting out of the roof of building No. 4, and so rapidly did the flames spread, that nothing could be saved from the burning building, and the dwelling house, store, and more than half of the buildings in the yard were destroyed. Although the workmen are organized as a fire company their efforts to stop the flames were of no avail. The Woburn Fire Department was present with the exception of Hose 5, which went as far as Dodge's Hill on New Boston street, and then turned back. The family of Mr. Thomas C. Godkin, the Superintendent of the works, living in a house in the yard had a narrow escape, Mrs. Godkin having barely time to escape by the back door with her children, in their night dresses, before the flames cut them off from re-entering the house to save any property. The hosemen made good use of hydrants, and the steamer supplemented their efforts with a stream from the brook on the west side of the railroad. The building where the fire started was a comparatively new one and contained furnaces, over which were cast iron pans for preparing chemicals, the great heat radiated from these furnaces it is thought kindled the woodwork of the floor above, which when once started burnt like tinder. As the building was consumed, large leaden tanks containing vitriol were melted, and a flood of the fiery acid poured out upon the ground and stood in puddles, or ran away into the brook. Mr. Albert V. Weeks, book-keeper at the works was early on the grounds endeavoring to save the property of his employers. In the northeast corner of the yard, but a short distance from some of the largest buildings stood a small shed used for the storing of nitrate. It was several times on fire and Mr. Weeks was very anxious about it, fearing an explosion. He had placed a man near it, and strictly charged him to watch the shed, and then stepped through the fence outside the grounds and east of Building No. 4. Here the melted sulphur and vitriol had formed a small pond, and Mr. Weeks took several steps into it supposing it to be water from the hydrants, before the acid burning through his boots warned him of his fate. Realizing his danger he shouted for help and tried to retrace his steps, and in doing so, fell over on his side. He managed to get back to the fence and was pulled out by the man he had left at the nitrate shed and a member of the H. & L. Co. His clothes were torn off, and a stream of water turned on him, and everything done to alleviate his terrible agony. The acid reached half way up his thighs, and as he fell he put out one hand, which with the arm was terribly burned, together with his side, and a large portion of his back. He was taken to a neighboring house, and surgical aid summoned from North Woburn and the Centre. He continued through the day and the next night, most of the time under the influence of powerful opiates. Wednesday forenoon he began to sink, and died without a struggle at quarter of ten.

The poisonous gases generated by the burning chemicals, rendered the task of stopping the fire not only difficult but dangerous, and the firemen were repeatedly driven from their hose to avoid suffocation. The steamer gave timely assistance, and the fire did not go below the point opposite where the steamer was placed. Several persons, beside Mr. Weeks, were burned by the acids. John Leighton, the pedestrian, had one of his feet severely burned, and several boys were slightly injured by the vitriol.

The loss will be about \$50,000, which is covered by insurance as follows:—W. Williamsburg City, \$1,500; Westchester, N. Y., \$8,000; Lancashire, Eng., \$4,500; North British Mercantile, \$3,000; Mercantile, N. Y., \$1,500; British American, \$1,500; Franklin, Boston, \$1,000; German American, N. Y., \$1,000; Home, N. Y., \$1,000; Citizens', New York, \$1,000; Liverpool, London & Globe, \$3,000; Imperial & North-east, \$4,000; American Central, St. Louis, \$2,000; American, \$2,874.75; Commercial Union, London, \$1,750; Scottish Commercial, Glasgow, \$2,000; German American, \$1,500; Prescott, Boston, \$2,000; Franklin, Boston, \$3,000; Exchange, New York, \$2,500; North German, Hamburg, \$1,500; Washington, Boston, \$1,900; Royal, Liverpool, \$1,900; Boylston, Boston, \$2,500; Pennsylvania, \$2,500; Fire Association, \$2,500; Irving, \$1,250; Providence, Washington, of Providence, \$800; Faneuil, Boston, \$1,500; Virginia Fire and Marine, \$1,500; Phoenix, \$1,500; Dorchester, \$2,250; Fairfield, of South Norwich, Conn., \$1,500; Total, \$65,599.75.

Mr. Godkin's furniture, clothing &c., were destroyed, and there was no insurance. The South Wilmington depot was badly riddled being frequently on fire. Two freight cars standing on the track were destroyed. There were about 30 men employed about the place, and a large business was carried on there. It is not yet decided whether the works will be rebuilt there or not. It is hoped, however that so important an industry, giving employment to so many, will not be taken from our town.

A barn belonging to Ruel Carter, across the railroad track from the Chemical Works, was several times on fire, but was saved by the firemen.

PIANO RECITAL.—The third annual exhibition by piano-forte pupils of F. H. Lewis, took place on Tuesday evening, in the Baptist vestry. The following programme was presented: Duet, Op. 60, No. 2, Misses Lang and Hineley; Les Amours du Diable, Miss Foster; Derniere Aurore, Miss Hineley; Theme and Variations, Mr. Sullivan; How can I leave thee, Miss Howland; Polonaise Brillante, Miss Lang; Novelties in F and E-flat on Black Keys, Mr. Cutter; Minuet from a String Trio, Mrs. Gilchrist; Arrangement of Weber's last Waltz, Miss Porter; The Trout, Miss Bancroft; Norwegian Wedding March, Mr. Lewis; Ballet Music, Miss Bancroft and Mr. Cutter. The number of pupils has been more than usual the past year, consequently advanced pupils only took part at this annual. An organ recital will be given by Mr. Cutter the latter part of June. The entertainment was a very satisfactory one, and Mr. Lewis is to be congratulated on his success.

BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

On Sunday evening last, the sixty-first anniversary of the Baptist Sabbath School was observed. The weather was quite pleasant but very warm, and therefore a large number did not attend who doubtless would have gone had the weather been otherwise. The meeting was opened by an organ prelude, invocation was then offered by Rev. Mr. Mills. An anthem by the choir was sung. Mr. G. F. Fosdick, the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, then read from Ecclesiastes. Rev. L. L. Wood, of South Boston, offered prayer. A duet by Miss F. A. Herick, of Stoneham and Miss Minnie Robie, of Woburn, Mr. Elmore A. Nichols then read the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer. The following are a few statistics:—At the present time there are 285 scholars in the Sabbath School, 59 in the infant department and 226 in the advance department, which are under the care of 28 teachers and 7 officers, making the total membership of 320. The average attendance including July and August, was 194. The largest attendance of any one session was 239, on Feb. 23, and the smallest was 106, August 26. During the year two of the members have been baptised. On June 1, 1878, there was a balance of \$56.48 in the Treasury. The total receipts during the year, from all sources were \$285.35, and the total expenditures \$245.42. By vote of the Sabbath School, \$29 was sent to the Freedman's Bureau or Mission, at Natchez, Mississippi. \$37 was expended for books for the library. Balance on hand June 1, 1879, \$93.93. One of the most interesting features of the Sabbath School is the Sunday School Library; it contains at the present time 584 well selected and choice volumes. The library is patronized by the school. During the year, Rev. W. M. Young, D. D., former pastor of the Church died, and resolutions were drawn up by the Sabbath School and adopted. In closing he said that he hoped God's blessing would continue with us in the future as it had in the past. This was followed by the anniversary exercise, which was very interesting and instructive. In front of the singers' gallery were five rows of seats which were arranged one above the other in pyramidal form, upon which were seated young ladies, members of the Sabbath School, the seat at the top being occupied by the youngest. The exercise consisted of a song, after which was an interesting recitation about the Bible and passages of Scripture interspersed with singing and chanting of the Lord's Prayer. At the close of the exercise, Rev. L. L. Wood, of Boston, was introduced and delivered a very interesting address, in which he forcibly amplified the lessons suggested by the "Pyramid of Truth."

After a few preliminary remarks the speaker said: "I had intended to use the black board, writing the word 'Saviour' upon it, and then taking each letter of that sweet name as representing some trait in the Saviour's character, address myself to the minds and hearts of the children and youth present, but I am glad to find in the beautiful lessons just recited, sufficient suggestion to occupy all my time. The pyramids are very old, but the Bible as a book of history, reveals facts and events which transpired hundreds and thousands of years before the pyramids of Egypt were built, among which may be mentioned the creation of the world, the origin and fall of man, and the deluge; and subsequent to the building of the pyramids, it tells us of God's wonderful dealings with his ancient people, and his judgments upon all nations of men; but its most wonderful historical record is the narrative of the birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of the world. The pyramids are very compact, solid, and awe-inspiring in their grand harmonious outlines. The sixty-six pamphlets of which the book which we call the Bible is composed, were written by at least 50 different men, at different times, covering a space of at least 1,500 years, and yet we find in them all, a wonderful compactness, harmony and mutual verification that is truly awe-inspiring, and which confirms their oft-repeated assertion, 'that they are the words of God.' The pyramids are enduring. Those wonderful structures have withstood the storms and blasts of nearly 5,000 years, and still they rear their proud heads 480 feet above the sandy plains and will in all probability stand until time shall be no more. So the 'Word of God' this great pyramid of truth, has endured for centuries the pelting storm of opposition and misrepresentation coming from all quarters, and still it lifts its head above the storm, and exerts a power which no other book or number of books can possibly exert; and through all the translations of the Bible, though they are many, and in some respects doubtless defective, there is to be found wonderful evidence of divine preservation; and centuries hence, when all opposition to it shall have been ground to dust, the Bible, as a 'pyramid of truth,' shall stand as a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night to all nations."

The speaker closed with a few words of encouragement to all who are engaged in the study of the "Word of God," and we regret that our space does not permit us to give a more complete report of his most excellent address.

An anthem by the choir was then sung. Mr. Fosdick now introduced Deacon O. M. Wentworth, of Boston, who spoke in a very interesting manner to the young folks and told them the story about Samuel, telling them that Samuel's mother took him when he was four years old to Shiloh. Eli was at that time High Priest in the temple, and Samuel was brought before him, and his mother told Eli that he could do with him as he pleased. Samuel loved Eli, and one night after staying with him awhile, Samuel heard a voice calling him, he thought it was Eli and he went to see what was wanted, but Eli told him that he did not call. Samuel heard this voice three times, and each time he thought it was Eli and so went to see him, but Eli said that it was not him and told him that the next time he heard the voice to answer it, that it was the Lord. By and by the voice was again heard by him, and Samuel did as he was told and the Lord commanded him to tell Eli certain things that would be done. Mr. Wentworth said that the little boys often heard the voice of God calling them and they took no notice of it, but thought it to be the Pastor or teachers, but it was God and they should do as he commanded them. The doxology was then sung and the benediction pronounced by the Pastor.

SUDDEN DEATHS.—The past week has been memorable for the large number of sudden deaths. Last Friday, Clarence S. Young, a young man of about 35 years age, residing with his mother at 289 Main street, was taken suddenly vomiting during the night, and the exertion precipitated an attack of heart disease which caused his death in a few moments. The same day John Carroll, living on Buckman street, returned from work at noon apparently well. Mrs. Carroll came up in town in the afternoon, and her husband remained at home. During the afternoon he was taken with severe cramps, and a pedlar who called at the house notified the neighbors of his distress. He died about three o'clock Saturday morning. An autopsy revealed the fact that the walls of his abdomen were ruptured, and it was cause for surprise that he could have worked at all on Friday. Mr. Carroll was 53 years of age. Sunday morning Samuel C. Sweetser, living on Union street, was found dead in bed. He had an attack of illness Saturday afternoon, but it soon passed away. He shaved at Barrett's at a late hour in the evening, and retired as well as usual. About four o'clock in the morning his son heard him make a slight noise, but thought little of it, but on arising a short time afterwards his father was found to be dead. Mr. Sweetser was 59 years of age, and leaves a wife and five children, two of whom are married. Monday morning John Fifield who has been in ill health for some time, and stopping with his son, called the latter about one o'clock and complained of cramps in his bowels. His son gave him some medicine and went down stairs to procure some hot cloths to apply to him, and although he was gone but a few moments, when he returned his father was dead.

William Converse, of North Woburn, who has been in failing health for some time, suddenly died last Sunday night.

COMFORT FOR THE FEET.—An article in the United States Trade Journal in referring to this important matter, gives a careful review of the many disadvantages arising from wearing boots and shoes not properly made for ease and comfort, and highly recommends the Hygienic Walking Boots, manufactured by Mr. Wm. H. Richardson, whose advertisement will be found in our columns, as being the best yet made for the health of the feet and consequently for that of the whole being, for from the intimate connection between the extremities and the nervous centres, the whole nervous system is often deranged by wearing ill-fitting or uncomfortable boots or shoes. The great satisfaction expressed by those who have proved Mr. Richardson's skill in producing the most perfect fitting and easiest covering for the feet, should induce those who would travel easily to give him a call. Mr. Richardson is a Woburn boy and well known in Woburn and Winchester, and his many friends in these towns will not forget his place of business.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—There was some fine shooting at Walnut Hill Saturday afternoon in the renewed competition in the "Winchester rifle" match. The rifle was won by Captain William H. Jackson, who made 72 out of a possible 75, the highest known score for fifteen shots at 200 yards. After the prize had been presented by Mr. J. N. Fry, Captain Jackson returned it to the association, and the contest for it will be renewed on successive Saturday afternoons. Some of the scores made were as follows: W. H. Jackson, 72; O. M. Jewell, 69; E. F. Brooks, 67; E. F. Richardson, 67; J. B. Osborne, 66; J. N. Fry, 66; A. Batbridge, 65; E. B. Souther, 65; C. U. Meigs, 63; F. Hollis, 62; C. R. Griffin, 61.

BASE BALL.—Two picked nines from Woburn Center played base ball at the Rye Field on Cross street, on Decoration Day and the First Nine beat the Second Nine as follows:—			
FIRST.		SECOND.	
Carson,	1	Hart,	1
Shay,	2	Dorothy,	2
D. Begley,	2	Richardson,	1
P. Welch,	1	Ellison,	3
Matthews,	1	Welch,	2
J. Begley,	3	Flinders,	1
Finley,	2	Flint,	1
McCall,	0	McHugh,	1
T. Kenney,	1	Mulholland,	1
	13		22

Umpire, Thomas Quinn.

SURPRISE PARTY.—Last Monday evening a party of about 50 friends called at the house of Mr. C. W. Nute. The hour was so late that he was surprised to receive a call, and he was more surprised to see so many, and still further surprised when the callers presented a purse of money to Mrs. Nute. The whole affair was a very pleasant one.

BUGGY UPRIGHT.—Monday night, a horse driven by Mr. Getchel in the employ of A. G. & J. A. Ham was frightened opposite the rooms of the Brass Band on Church Avenue, and turning suddenly upset the buggy which was considerably damaged. Mr. Getchel was not injured and caught the horse in time to prevent his running.

The mail business of Oak Hall, Boston, occupies the time of five men exclusively. Samples, prices, and rules for measurement are sent to any address. Perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed. The 5th Special Sale is now being held.

Mrs. Dr. Welch the lady Chiropractist has a corn sign hung in the Post Office, which speaks louder than words of her success in removing corns, bunions and bad nails. She will remain a few days longer at the Central House.

MISSION.—Rev. Father Bausch of the "Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help," Boston Highlands, will commence a mission at the St. Charles Catholic Church, on Sunday, to continue two weeks.

SCREENS.—Cyrus Lamb, on Wain street, makes the best window and door screens to be procured in Woburn. Call and see him.

Leave orders for ice cream at Hill's or Esterbrooks, before noon, and your order will be filled the same day.

Mr. E. A. Lawrence, of Bradford, will speak in Burlington and North Woburn, next Sabbath.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES FOR ALL.—The Great Art Publishing House of George Stinson & Co., of Portland, Maine, moves steadily on the even tenor of its way, apparently not feeling the dull times. During the year 1878 they sold over four million pictures of all descriptions. They publish every description of fine pictures, and the prices range from ten cents upwards to twenty dollars per copy. Their correspondence for this large business is immense; they receive, on an average, over one thousand letters per day. Messrs. Stinson & Co., publish only the better class of pictures, and it is well known that anything coming from this reliable house is of standard merit. We have just received copies of four very fine steel engravings, which they have just brought out. The plates were engraved in London, at an expense of four thousand pounds sterling, or twenty thousand dollars, to which great sum must be added the customs duty of twenty-five per cent, on account of their being imported into the United States. These engravings are after paintings by great modern masters of art, and the artists who engraved the plates stand in the front rank of the world's renowned engravers.

The Library Magazine.—The number of this excellent magazine just received brings a choice selection from the contents of latest numbers of leading foreign magazines and reviews. Contents:—Probability as a Guide of Conduct, by Hon. W. E. Gladstone; Sidney Doherty, by Robert Buchanan; Toilers in Field and Factory—Characteristics; Through the Ages; A Legend of a Stone Axe; The French Republic and the Catholic Church, by John Morley; Commercial Depression and Reciprocity, by Bonamy Price; Alcohol, its Action and Uses, from Dublin Review; Their Appointed Seasons, by J. G. Wood; The Study of Natural History, by St. George Mivart; Manzoni's Hymn for Whitsunday, by Dean Stanley; The Chances of English Opera, from Macmillan's Magazine; The Philological Society's English Dictionary, from The Academy. Sold only direct by the publishers, The American Book Exchange, 55 Beekman street, New York, at 10 cents a number, or \$1.00 a year, postage prepaid.

SUPREME COURT.—On Wednesday in the Supreme Judicial Court at Boston, the case of James Skinner against Andrew N. Shepard and others, to recover damages for breach of covenants of warranty contained in a deed of the premises now occupied by Skinner & Co.'s tannery on Green street. The premises were originally owned by Willis Buckman, who conveyed them to Harris Munroe. The deed from Buckman contained a condition that no building should be erected on the premises with twenty-five feet of Green street. Munroe subsequently conveyed to Shepard, and Shepard to Skinner by warranty deeds, no mention being made of the condition. Plaintiff alleges breach of covenant against incumbrances, and defendants deny liabilities. The trial of the case was begun, but it became necessary to change the pleadings, and the case was continued. G. W. Morse for plaintiff, and W. B. Gale and G. W. Norris for defendants.

WARNING.—The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has issued a warning to all vendors of liquor, whether wholesale or retail dealers, that the law forbids selling intoxicating liquors to minors, and that any one so doing is liable in damages at the suit of the parent or guardian of the minor to whom the liquor is sold. The following section of the law is quoted by the Society:—"Whoever, by himself or his agent or servant, shall sell or give intoxicating liquors to any minor, or allows a minor to loiter upon the premises where such sales are made, shall forfeit \$100.00 for each offence, to be recovered by the parent or guardian of such minor in an action of tort."—Statutes 1875, chapter 99, section 15.

STREET DRILL.—The Phalanx were out for a street drill, Thursday evening. Capt. Ellard had 39 men in line, and with the Woburn Brass Band attracted a good deal of attention. They marched up Main street and into Kilby street, counter-marched down Main and through Pleasant street to Cummingsville, where they had a drill and dress parade. At the residence of Capt. Ellard's father, they were hospitably entertained, and also at the Cummings House. They were returned to their Armory about eleven o'clock, having had a very successful campaign.

SELECTMEN.—Regular meeting of the Selectmen Thursday evening. The petition of Charles Porter and others in favor of John Cogan for license, was referred to Committee on Police. Petition of John P. Crane and others in favor of the appointment of James Sheehan on Police, referred to Committee on Police with instructions to give a hearing to petitioners. The usual monthly bills were approved.

DECORATION DAY.—Our account of Decoration Day last week closed with the march to the Cemetery. Rev. Mr. Anderson, offered prayer at the Soldiers' Lot, the band played a dirge, and the graves were decorated. Returning to the Grand Army Hall, a collation was served by the Burbank Relief Corps, after which remarks were made by Thomas H. Hill, Esq., Rev. W. J. Pomeroy, and J. L. Parker.

HIEREMIAN CONVENTION.—There is to be a convention of the Middlesex County Divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, at Emerald Hall, Woburn, to-day at half past twelve. Jeremiah Crowley, Esq., of Lowell will preside. As we go to press the delegates are assembling. There are 27 Divisions in the County.

STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM.—The Strawberry Festivals at the Baptist and Methodist vestries on Thursday evening, were well attended and the results quite satisfactory. The Congregationalists have their festival next Tuesday.

A delegation of Bethel Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Arlington, attended the funeral of Clarence S. Young, last Monday, he being a member of that Lodge. Crystal Fount Lodge of Woburn also turned out as escort.

AMATEUR CIRCUS.—Friday evening at Edie McQueen was practicing some circus tricks on a bar, he fell off and broke his left arm.

FALL.—Samuel Osgood of North Woburn fell from a scaffold last Wednesday, and dislocated one shoulder.

PRESENTATION.—Mr. Stephen H. Hennessey who has been for the last four years foreman at P. W. Kinney's establishment, was about to leave to accept a situation with D. Curry & Co., oil merchants, his fellow workman arranged a little testimonial for him. Procuring a very nice gold chain, they presented him with it on Saturday, Mr. Thomas F. Flynn, speaking for his shopmates as follows:—

Mr. Hennessey.—In behalf of your late associates, who have but recently learned of your intention to leave them, and who wish to testify in some manner to the good feeling which they entertain towards you, allow me to express our sincere regret at your departure from our midst, to wish you success in your new undertaking, and to express the hope and confidence, that the good feeling which now exists amongst us will continue through life. And now, it becomes my pleasant duty to present to you in behalf of those whom I represent this small token of our esteem, for while we cannot "watch" you, we trust, in a manner to "chain" you to the memory of past associations.

Mr. Hennessey was too much surprised to more than thank the donors, which he did in a few appropriate words.

East Woburn.

DEPOT ROBBERY.—It will be remembered that the depot of the B. & L. R. R. at Montvale was broken into about two weeks ago. Sometime last Saturday night it was again entered. As before, the entrance was effected by breaking a window fastening in the baggage room and going out through the regular door, the key having been left in the lock. 25 cigars, a few coppers, a looking-glass and dipper were stolen. Suspicion points to some one who is well acquainted with the neighborhood.

FUN.—It is reported that last Sunday, Thomas Cavanagh threw a rope about his wife's neck, and pulled her up to a beam in his barn. The woman succeeded in getting out of her predicament, but it was a narrow escape, as she says she saw some wonderful things. Officer Kerrigan was notified, and went to the place, when the parties turned it off as fun. They have queer notions of fun over at Cavanagh's.

A. O. H.—Division 18, Ancient Order of Hibernians have elected the following officers:—President William McDonough; Vice President Patrick Mullrain; Recording Secretary Thomas Kerrigan; Financial Secretary James Cogan; Treasurer, Michael Caulfield. The Division holds a picnic at Rock Pond next week Saturday.

Winchester.

Mr. F. S. Pratt has some very nice fowls for sale.

PATENTS.—L. Goddu has secured patents for boot and shoe machines, and for nailing machines.

Next week Thursday, the 13th anniversary of Rev. Richard Metcalf's pastorate will be observed in an appropriate manner.

BASE BALL.—The Winchester High School Nine was scooped in last Saturday by the Cummings Grammar Nine of Woburn, at the rate of 23 to 12.

SCHOOLS.—The schools in town with the exception of the High and Grammar will close next week, and those on the last week of the present month.

UPSET.—Thursday noon while Elbridge Fiske's Fish team from Beverly was standing at E. Sanderson's store, the horse was frightened by a swinging sign, and upset the wagon, breaking one wheel.

THE ANCIENTS.—Mr. Leone S. Quimby was elected on Monday Third Sergeant, of Artillery, in the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co. Sergeant Quimby may yet wear the gorget of the Commander.

BURGLARY.—The club boat-house on Echo Lake was broken into last week, and a canvas canoe was badly cut, and one boat was sunk. Private lockers were broken open and hair-cloth cushions destroyed.

FINE.—Before Trial Justice Littlefield, James Rogers, Patrick Rogers and Patrick Morse, were fined \$3 and costs each for being drunk, which they paid. They were also found guilty of an assault on E. A. Cummings, and had their cases continued until Saturday.

FIRES.—Last Friday afternoon the old building at Bacon's Bridge, the property of J. G. Flagg, of Woburn, caught fire from sparks from the engine and was consumed. Black Horse Hose was present.

Same afternoon a pile of railroad sleepers near the depot caught fire. Walduey's Hose Co., rallied and put the fire out.

ONLY A STEP.—On Decoration Day, Charles Keene, a little son of Clarence H. Keene, started to cross the railroad track just as the Lowell train rushed by. One foot was on the plank rail guard, and the next step would have placed him directly in front of the rushing wheels, and he was only saved by the wind of the train, which blew him back.

MYOPIA CLUB.—This club has an elegant club house on the borders the Mystic Lake, and spent the day there last Friday. Mr. Charles A. Prince read an appropriate poem on the occasion. The club also played Base Ball with a picked nine, but were too mindful of the rites of hospitality to take the honors, and the P. N.'s were crowned the victors to the tune 18 to 12.

REFORM CLUB.—The following officers have been elected for the ensuing six months: President, A. E. Rowe; Vice Presidents, K. W. Baker, G. W. Richardson, A. McKenney; Secretary, C. E. Kendall; Financial Secretary, S. C. Small; Treasurer, Robert Cowdry; Marshalls, J. W. Young, G. C. Kenney; Steward and Sergt. at Arms, Wm. T. Doten. The President elect has been one of the most active members of the Club since its organization and brings to the office large experience. The Club is in a flourishing condition and must continue so under the new administration.

TOWN LIBRARY.—The re-arranging and cataloguing of the books in the Town Library are now so far completed that the Library will be open for the delivery of books on Saturday afternoon and evening of this week. The new catalogues will not be ready for some time yet. The system of charging the books taken will be changed, and the form used by the Woburn Library adopted, that is, cards will be used instead of a book.

Journal Club Column

Governess (desires of explaining the word "enough")—"Now, suppose, Freddy, that you gave pussy all the milk she can lap, all the meat she can eat, and all the sweetcake she cares for, what will she have?" Freddy (with surprising alacrity)—"Kittens."

A Denver clergyman on receipt of the usual half-past pass, wrote to the superintendent—"Can not you embrace my wife also?" To which the railroad man said he did not know, but he would like to see the clergyman's wife first, as he was rather fastidious.

That was a peculiarly "set" conductor who refused to permit a gentleman to get his children aboard the horse car, the conductor's objection being that the man was putting on heels.

A colored child had a fall from a second-story window the other day, and his mother, in relating the incident at a grocery store, said—"Dere dat child was a-comin' down feet first, wid every chance of bein' killed, when de Lawd He turned him over, de child struck on his head, and dere wasn't so much as a button flew off."

That was a very naughty boy who came in with his trousers torn, the work of an attempt to jump over a fence, and explained to his mother that it was only a "spring opening."

A gentleman travelling on a Hudson River steamer one day at dinner was talking away with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was desert. "It matters not to me," he said, "I would eat it if it were a wilderness."

The inscription cast on a big bell just made for a church in Newark, N. J., thus blossoms out into poetry:

"Praised by Miss Abby Cox,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Though the average small boy may steal away and eat a watermelon all by himself, he never refuses to divide his medicine with a little sister.

"What," asked Prof. Miller of the smart bad boy in the history class, "what did the Pilgrim Fathers first do after landing at Plymouth Rock?" "Licked a hackman," replied the smart boy, who went with his parents to Niagara last vacation.

A boy who had run away from home and at last returned, was asked if his father killed the fatted calf for the prodigal. "Not much," he replied; "he didn't kill the fatted calf, but he wanted to slay the prodigal."

"Two months with but a single stew, two spoons that dip as one," as the young man remarked to his dearly beloved, after giving his economical order of "one stew, two spoons."

He had just arrived at the Astor House, fresh from Skowhegan, when he heard a hand-organ playing forth "Nancy Lee." "Dern my plecter," said he, "ef dat toon ain't got as fur's New York."

"Isn't your husband a little bald," asked one lady of another, the other day. "There isn't a bald hair in his head," was the hasty reply.

A lady in Delaware put a quart of dried apples to soak, without thinking of their swelling qualities, and for an hour and a half it was thought that the whole state would be submerged.

Mother (noticing her son's greediness)—"George, you should always leave the table feeling that you could eat a little more." Son—"I do, mother."

"Jane," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire, we might have some heat in this room." And they hadn't been married two years, either.

John Smith has named his son Victor Hugo. It will be handy in after years, when he wants to say—"Victor Hugo out and cut some wood."

Children's stockings are now made double over the knee, says a fashion paper. So is the child when the mother finds it necessary to apply her slipper to it.

Progress of science—By the use of the microphone you can hear the rope walk, the butter fly, the gum drop, or the fall of the year.

Eminent counsel—"Yes, gentlemen of the jury, you will—oh, I know you will restore my persecuted client to the arms of his wife and little ones, who—" The court—"Your client is a bachelor."

When did the alphabet get into a row? When A bet, B fit, C died, N raged, Q bit and X pounded.

A gentleman stopping in Hartford a short time since saw what he supposed was a boat-hook, but was informed that it was a Hartford girl's shoe-buttoner.

Debating clubs are anxiously worrying themselves over the problem, "Which has the most bones, a two-dollar corset or a fifty-cent shawl?"

"My latest impressions," said the house thief, looking about his head, "are the most—But just then the crowd caught on and the debate closed.

A Guilford (Vt.) let his sugar lot to a neighbor, and instructed him to use the trees on the church grounds and also in the cemetery, but he refused to use those in the cemetery, as he thought perhaps the sap might taste too strong of "spirits."

That Thomas cat upon the fence
Sat yellin' 'jest like thunder;
A bricket took 'tween the eyes
And caused him to kneel under.
No more he'll make us curse and swear,
And bricket at him fire;
He's ashamed from this world of tears—
He's gone to meet Maria.

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmakers.

"There is music in the heir," moaned the young husband as he reached for the paragon bottle.

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD CREAM JUG.

"Oh, mother," said Ruth Wallis, "how I should like to go out and get a few apple-blossoms."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the Widow Wallis, austere; "haven't you got work to do—milk to skim, butter to work over, dishes to wash, and two dozen shirts just sent in from the laundry to finish off before dinner-time? Go about it at once, and don't let me hear any more folly about apple-blossoms."

For Mrs. Wallis belonged to the working brigade of the world, and did not believe in aesthetics of any kind.

Buttercups and red sunsets and many-tinted rainbows had always been a standard problem to her, and she could not understand how a man of sense could possibly prefer golden hair to red, or a daisy pink complexion to honest freckles.

And her two elder daughters, Naomi and Miranda Ann, agreed with her entirely on this, as on all other subjects.

But Ruth was different. Ruth treasured up half-open rose-buds in surreptitious glasses, and sowed flower seeds under the dairy windows, read poems in her own room, and cried when the honeysuckle vine was razed from the porch pillars.

"Rotting all the posts, and harboring ear-wigs and spiders," said the widow, severely.

"But the flowers are so pretty," pleaded Ruth.

"Pretty!" snorted the widow, as if the term were a synonym for all absurdity and weak-mindedness; "I do think, Ruth, you are almost a fool."

So, upon this golden May morning, when the lilacs were nodding their purple plumes, and the apple-blossoms spread their sweets of billowy pink all over the orchard, Ruth was condemned to milk-skimming in the dairy, and the finishing of shirts in the kitchen.

She was standing in front of the milk-room window, busy with shining pans—after all, there was a certain poetry in the occupation—when all of a sudden a whiskered and moustached face presented itself, all framed in the casement.

"Godness me!" cried Ruth, with a violent start, which nearly upset one of the vessels, and then, recovering her presence of mind, she added, "What do you want?"

"I beg your pardon," said the apparition—and Ruth began to perceive that it had rather fine eyes, and was no longer a very young apparition,—"I am afraid I startled you."

"Yes, you did,—rather," admitted Ruth. "But if you are a tramp, please go on, for we never give to tramps. Or if you're a sewing-machine agent, or anything of the sort, it's of no use. And—"

"You are mistaken," said the owner of the dark eyes, with a comical curl of the lips. "I am none of these. I am in the china business."

"Oh," said Ruth, beginning to comprehend. "Vase and little dogs and parrots, for cast-off clothes. But we wear all our things out, and mother makes rag-carpets of them afterwards."

"Very laudable of her, I am sure," nodded the stranger. "But—may I ask what you will take for that twisted cream pot on the shelf over your head?"

Ruth glanced up with startled eyes. "It was my grandmother's. I never use it, it's so old-fashioned. Mother keeps it as a relic."

"Exactly," said the stranger; "it is very old, and that is the reason I want it."

Ruth thought of the men that had been reported as traversing the country in search of antiques, old furniture, and articles of vertu. Could this be one of them?

"It's mine," she said, coloring deeply; "my grandmother Crocus left it to me in her will."

"Wouldn't you rather have ten dollars to buy yourself a new hat?" said the stranger, coaxingly.

"Oh, a thousand times," cried Ruth, eagerly.

"Then it is a bargain," said the gentleman, taking out a pocket-book that seemed to be perfectly appropiate with bank-notes.

"No, it isn't," said Ruth. "I—I cannot sell it, indeed."

"Ah," said the stranger, "perhaps there are old family associations connected with it?"

"Oh, no. I never saw my grandmother Crocus," Ruth replied, rather bewildered.

"Say twenty," said the stranger, coaxingly.

"It's no use," declared Ruth, "I cannot sell it."

"You are devoted to old china, then?"

The face came nearer, the eyes sparkled, as his own was convinced that he had found a kindred soul.

"I hate it," said Ruth.

The dark eyes recoiled a pace or two.

"Then you'll let me have the cream-pot for twenty dollars," said he persuasively.

But Ruth would only reiterate with downcast eyes and deepening blushes,—

"I cannot sell it."

Mr. Winfield Napier walked away, pulling his long moustache, and pondering over the piece of old English ware that had so attracted his fancy.

"I'll sit down formally before that cream pot," said he. "I'll besiege it. It shall be mine, or I'll know the reason why."

For Mr. Napier was a connoisseur in ceramics, and the moment his idle glance was cast upward through Mrs. Wallis' milk room window as he drank a glass of water at the well, it had fallen on that piece of old English china, and he coveted it.

"I've just a month to stay here before I must be back in my dingy old law office again," meditated he. "I can do a great deal in a month."

And he set himself regularly to work to win the treasure which he yearned for so deeply.

Day after day he strolled to the old farmhouse, now with this excuse, now with that; a handsome, courtly, middle-aged man, whose winning manners would have attracted any one, and who was as much at home under the white-washed ceiling of the Widow Wallis' best room as in a mansion.

One day he spoke of the old cream pot.

"Ruth's cream pot?" said Naomi, the elder

sister, a hard-featured, loud-voiced spinster of nine-and-thirty.

"Wasn't it a strange provision of grandmother Crocus' will that Ruth never can part with that old piece of cracked absurdity unless—"

"Naomi, hush!" and Ruth had sprung across the room, and laid her hand on her sister's lips, with blazing eyes, and color as deep as one of her own scarlet geraniums.

"Our family affairs should not be talked of to strangers."

"Am I a stranger?" said Mr. Napier, gravely. "I am sorry for that."

"I—I didn't mean quite that," faltered Ruth, "only—only—Naomi, please to remember that this is never to be spoken of."

"Dear me!" said Naomi, bridling up. "Here's a pretty how-to-do over an old cream-pitcher."

That self-same evening Mr. Napier followed Ruth out into the garden, where she had gone to water her carnations.

"Ruth," said he, "are you determined not to tell me the secret of the cream pot?"

"Yes," said Ruth, resolutely.

"Nor to let me have it on any terms?"

"Please, Mr. Napier," said Ruth, "don't ask me. I cannot."

"Well, then," said Mr. Napier, "here is a third demand. If I can't have either secret or pitcher,—can I have you?"

"Me!"

"Yes," said the staid lawyer, with strangely softening eyes. "Dear little Ruth, I have somehow lost my heart to you these last three weeks; I can't go back to the old life without you. I am not a young man, but I never loved before, and—"

"But," interrupted Ruth, with mantling cheeks and a quiver in her voice, "am I good enough?"

By way of answer he took her in his arms and looked tenderly into her face, and to Ruth Wallis it seemed as if a whole paradise had opened to her in that moment.

"Here it is," said Ruth, with glistening eyes and smiling lip. "The old cream pitcher, dear Winfield."

The ceramician forgot even true love in the fascinations of the piece of old English ware that Ruth laid in his lap.

He took it up with a loving touch.

"But I thought it was a decree of the Medes and Persians that you were not to part with it?" said he.

"You didn't understand," said Ruth, coloring radiantly. "I was never to part with it—so grandmother Crocus' will said—except to my husband."

"Why didn't you tell me so before?" said he.

"So that you might have taken me for the sake of the old cream pitcher?" said Ruth, a little piqued.

He drew her gently to his side.

"My own darling," said he, "I love you better than all the old china that is in the world."

Which was a great admission for Winfield Napier to make.

A month later there was a wedding in the village church, and after the wedding came the wedding breakfast, and not a few of the guests wondered that the centre ornament of the table on such an auspicious occasion should be an old cream jug.

THE USE OF LEMONS.—The lemon tree is a native of Asia, although it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal and the south of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds the dimensions of the smallest tree, while in its native state it grows to over sixty feet in height. Every part of this tree is valuable as medicine, though we rarely employ any of it but its fruit—that is, the lemon; and every one knows how to employ this, as in lemonade—to squeeze the juice into cold water; this is the shortest way; or to cut it in slices and then boil it. Either way is good. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness—in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaints, inflammation of the bowels and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippins crushed may also be used with water and sugar, and be used as a drink. Lemon-juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known; it not only cures this disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. I advise every one to rub their gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact, its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally and internally the better we shall find ourselves. Natural remedies are the best, and nature is our best doctor, if we would only listen to it. Decidedly, rub your hands, head and gums with lemon, and drink lemonade to all other liquids. This is an old doctor's advice.

HOTELS IN OLDEN TIMES.—The hotels in such places as Troy, Buffalo and some other rapidly-growing cities were wonderfully "loud" in their style. At Troy I have seen on ordinary occasions tables set out with lavish display of cut glass, wines, and showy luxuries; the guests, young business men, elegantly dressed, buoyant with health and hope, the waiters all black as coal, trained to a fine point, moving with military precision at given signals, and everything carried forward during a long repast in princely style, too grand to be perpetuated.

I met a brilliant young lawyer in an Iowa country town, who told me he left Troy to be rid of extravagant company and expensive habits. So long as he remained in Troy he must be "one of the boys," or nobody.

At Buffalo I remembered seeing a whole table in revolt over the management and overpowering style of the head waiter, who, standing at one end of the long table, dressed in a velvet coat, gave his orders in a succession of sharp hisses. His army of black assistants came in and laid down plates, knives, forks, with absolute precision of time on each article; a hiss from the head waiter, and down went fifty fifty spoons, and so on through separate courses.—Old Merchant.

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1851. 1879.

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29th VOLUME.

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The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufacturer in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices and delivered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without the direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns. Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished at short notice.

Residence, East Street, near Green.

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WOBURN and BOSTON EXPRESS.

On and after April 1, 1874, the subscriber will run an express between Woburn and Boston. Personal attention given to all packages entrusted to his care. A share of patronage is respectfully solicited.

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Dr. J. E. ABBOTT,

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OF GREENWOOD, MASS., will be at the well-known Stable of

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FRIDAYS at 2 o'clock, P. M., TO EXAMINE ANY AND ALL DISEASES OF THE HORSE.

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A specialty of treating Cancers, Tumors, W

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1879.

NO. 24.

Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865
Parks & Freeman,
MACHINISTS,
And Manufacturers of
Leather Machinery,
GLASSING, STONING,
Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting
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Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short
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97, 99, and 101 Main Street,
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All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership
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Sleighting or Dancing parties. With one of the best
dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for
caring for parties, the Central House will be found to
answer all the requirements of the traveling public.
LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.
Catering on the most satisfactory terms a
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180 Main Street, Woburn.
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Livery, Hack & Boarding
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BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.
AT THE RAILROAD STATION,
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Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all
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FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,
At the Lowest Prices.
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Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange
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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OF
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AUCTIONEER,
Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 134 Main
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HILL'S Creamed Castor Oil.

Creamed Castor Oil is not in any sense a patent medicine or a substitute for Castor Oil, but is the pure
oil prepared in such a manner as to make it pleasant to the taste and perfectly easy to swallow.
All mothers who have had to give their children Castor Oil, well know the difficulty of administering
it. This article children really like and take it as readily as they would fresh cream.
Pharmacists who stand high in public estimation, have given us flattering recommendations as to its
merits, and congratulated us on its elegance as a triumph of pharmaceutical skill.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

WILLIAM W. HILL, Druggist.

Opposite the Common.

240

WOBURN.

WILMOT'S CLOTHING HOUSES.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

EVERY GARMENT MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

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The All-Wool Suits have a yellow lot ticket, and the Cotton and Wool a white ticket.

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measure, \$15, 18, 20.

WORK AND FIT GUARANTEED.

We make to order a better suit for the money than any other House in New England.

CUSTOM PANTALOONS, \$4, \$4.50, \$5.

Our South End Store is designed to accommodate our patrons who reside in the southern part of the
city, and those who may arrive upon any of the trains upon railroads leading from that section of the city.
Our two stores combined make us the LARGEST HOUSE IN BOSTON OR NEW ENGLAND in
the line of Clothing.

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FLORISTS,
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ANTIQUE POTTERY,
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Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE:
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Opp. the New Public Library Building.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
168 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - - MASS.

Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to
9 P. M.

George H. Conn,

INSURANCE AGENT,
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - - MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
No. 54 Devonshire Street, Boston.
No. 159 Main Street, Woburn.

Office: (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.)
Hours: (At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.)

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24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.

Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

COAL!

I make a specialty of supplying parties who team
their coal. All who wish to purchase coal, for
CASH, can get bargains at my wharf.
Coal delivered and housed at the lowest prices.
The

"Stirling Shamokin,"

"GIRARD,"

and "Lykens Valley,"

coals, are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.
I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all
the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail
promptly filled.

GEO. S. DELANO,

MEDFORD CENTRE, 79 MASS.

ICE. ICE.

The subscribers have just stored over

3000 TONS OF ICE

of a very superior quality, from the waters of Horn
Pond, especially for Woburn and Winchester trade.
No pains will be spared to give

ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

R. PICKERING & CO.,

Ice Houses cor. of Beacon and Sturges Sts.,
66 WOBURN,

Office, 3 Wade Block, over Savings Bank.

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No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.
Entrance from Court Street and 83 Scho. Street

Musical.

Miss J. A. Campbell,

desires a few pupils on the

PIANO FORTE.

and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Journal.

LOOK UPWARD.

BY BERTHA BRYANT.

When the flowers, all withered, and forest leaves were
Are lying together on autumn's broad bier,
Mourn not o'er their ashes, in meadow and glade,
Look upward! to flowers that never will fade.

When visions of pleasure, and scenes of the past,
Are shining upon thee from regions above,
Are plaintively saying, "thy joys cannot last,"
Then o'er their departure, O breathe not a sigh!
Look upward! to pleasures that never will die.

When earth's brightest treasures, are hidden from
sight;
And fond hopes lie buried in sorrow's dark night,
O, then on the pinions of Faith, soar away,
To regions where treasures will never decay.

Look upward! the sunbeams of infinite love,
Are shining upon thee from regions above,
The rays pure and holy, then open up thy heart,
And darkness will vanish and sorrow depart.

Press onward and upward, time travels too fast,
To stop in thy journey to mourn for the past,
Leave all with thy maker, look upward and see!
For blessing more precious are waiting for thee.

O, why should the gifts that our Father has given,
Be brightened our pathway upward to heaven,
To brighten our pathway upward to heaven,
Leave shadows upon us of gloom and regret?
The bright sun is shining that never will set.

Selected Story.

A SEA STORY.

Among the pleasantest of my recollections
of old Bowdoin is the salt-air flavor of its
sea experiences. The site of Brunswick is a
sandy plain, on which the college buildings
seem to have been dropped for the good old
Yankee economic reason of using land for
public buildings that could not be used for
anything else. The soil was a fatless
depth of dry, sharp, barren sand, out of
whose bosom nothing could emerge without
superhuman efforts at cultivation. But
these sandy plains, these pine forests, were
neighbors to the great, lively, musical blue
ocean, whose life-giving presence made it
self seen, heard and felt every hour of the
day and night. The beautiful peculiarity of
the Maine coast, where the sea interpenetrates
the land in picturesque bays and
lakes, brought a constant romantic element
into the landscape. White-winged ships
from India or China came gliding into the
lonely solitude of forest recesses, bringing
news from strange lands and tidings of wild
adventure into secluded farm-houses that for
the most part seemed to be dreaming in
woodland solitude. In the early days of my
college life, the shipping interest of Maine
gave it an outlook into all the countries
of the earth. Ships and ship-building and ship-
launching were the drift of the popular
thought, and the very minds of the people
by this commerce had apparently

"suffered a sea change
Into something rare and strange."

There was a quaintness, shrewdness and
vivacity about these men, half skipper, half
farmer, that was piquant and enlivening.

It was in the auspicious period of ap-
proaching Thanksgiving that my chum and
I resolved to antedate for a few days our
vacation, and take passage on the little sloop
"Brilliant," that lay courtesying and teetering
on the bright waters of Maquoit Bay,
loading up to make her Thanksgiving trip to Boston.

It was a bright Indian summer afternoon
that saw us on board the little craft. She
was laden deep with dainties and rarities for
the festive appetites of Boston nabobs;
loads of those mealy potatoes for which the
fields of Maine were justly famed; barrels
of ruby cranberries; boxes of solid golden
butter, ventures of a thrifty house-mother
emulous to gather kindred gold in the Boston
market. Then there were dressed chickens,
turkeys, and geese all going the same way,
on the same errand; and there were sides
and saddles of that choice mutton for which
the sea islands of Maine were as famous as
the South-Downs of England.

Everything in such a stowage was sugges-
tive of good cheer. The little craft itself
had a sociable, friendly, domestic air. The
captain and mate were cousins; the men
were all neighbors, sons of families who had
grown up together; there was a kindly home
flavor in the very stowage of the cargo.
Here were Melissa's cranberries, and by
many a joke and wink we were reminded
that the mate had a tender interest in that
venture; there was Widow Toothache's
butter, concerning which there were various
comments and speculations, but which was
handled and cared for with the consideration
the Maine sailor boy always gives to the
"widdler;" there was a private keg of very
choice eggs, over which the name of Lucy Ann
was breathed by a bright-eyed, lively
youngster, who had promised to bring back
the change, and as to the precise particulars
of this change many a witticism was ex-
pended.

Our mode of living on the "Brilliant"
was of the simplest and most primitive kind.
On each side of the staircase that led down
to the cabin was a barrel, which on one side
contained salt beef, and on the other salt
pork. A piece out of each barrel, delivered
regularly to the cook, formed the founda-
tion of our daily meals; and sea-biscuit and
potatoes, with the sauce of salt water
appetites, made this a feast for a king. I
make no mention here of gingerbread and
doughnuts, and such like ornamental ac-
cessories, which were not wanting, nor of nuts
or sweet cider, which were to be had for the
asking. At meal times a swing-shelf, which
was propped up, and our meals were eaten
thereon in joyous satisfaction. A joyous
rollicking set we were, and the whole expedi-
tion was a frolic of the first water. One of
the drollest features of these little im-

prompt voyages often was the woe-begone
aspect of some unsuspecting landlubber,
who had been beguiled into thinking he
would like a trip to Boston by seeing the
pretty "Brilliant" courtesying in the smooth
waters of Maquoit, and so had embarked in
innocent ignorance of the physiological re-
sults of such enterprises.

I remember the first morning out. As we
were driving ahead, under a stiff breeze, I
came on deck, and found the respectable
Deacon Muggins, who, in his Sunday coat,
had serenely embarked the day before, now
desolately clinging to the railing, very white
about the gills, and contemplating the sea
with a most suggestive expression of disgust
and horror.

"Why, deacon, good morning! How are
you?" Splendid morning!

He drew a deep breath, surveyed me with
a mixture of indignation and despair, and
then gave vent to his feelings:—"Tell ye
what; there was one darned old fool up to
Brunswick yesterday; but he ain't there
now; he's here." The deacon, in the weekly
prayer meeting at Brunswick used to talk of
the necessity of being "emptied of self;"

he seemed to be in the way of it in the most
literal manner at the present moment. In a
few minutes he was extended on the deck,
the most utterly limp and dejected of deacons,
and vomiting with energy if he ever got out
of this 'ere you wouldn't catch him again.

Of course, my chum and I were not seasick.
We were prosperous young Sophomores in
Bowdoin College, and would have scorned
to acknowledge such a weakness. It fact,
we were in that happy state of self-opinion,
where we surveyed everything in creation
as birds do from above, and were disposed
to patronize everybody we met with a
pleasing conviction that there was nothing
worth knowing but we were likely to know,
or worth doing but what we could do.

Captain Stanwood liked us, and we liked
him; we patronized him, and he was quietly
amused at our patronage and returned it in
kind. He was a good specimen of the sea
captain of those early days in Maine; a
man in middle life, tall, thin, wiry and
active, full of resource and shrewd motion;
a man very confident in his opinions,
because his knowledge was all got at first
hand—the result of a careful use of his own
five senses. From his childhood he had
followed the seas, and as he grew older made
voyages to Archangel, to Messina, to the
West Indies, and finally round the Horn;
and, having carried a very sharp and care-
ful pair of eyes, he had acquired not only a
snug competency of worldly goods, but a
large stock of acts and inductions which
stood him instead of an education. He was
master of a thriving farm at Harpswell, and
being tethered somewhat by love of wife
and children, was mostly stationary there,
yet sojourned himself by running a little
schooner to Boston, and driving a thriving
bit of trade by the means. With that re-
verence for learning which never deserts the
New Englander, he liked us the better for
being collegians, and amiably conceded that
there were things quite worth knowing
taught "up to Brunswick there," though he
delighted now and then to show his su-
periority in talking about what he knew bet-
ter than we.

Jim Larned, the mate, was a lusty young-
ster, a sister's son whom he had taken in
training in the way he should go. Jim
had already made a voyage to Liver-
pool, and felt himself quite an authority in
his own way.

The evenings were raw and cool, and we
generally gathered round the cabin stove
cracking walnuts, smoking, and telling
stories, and having a jolly time generally.
It is but due to those old days to say that
a most respectable Puritan flavor penetrated
even the recesses of those coasters—a sort
of gentle Bible and psalm-book aroma, so
that there was not a word or a joke among
the men to annoy the susceptibilities even
of a deacon. Our deacon, somewhat con-
soled and amended, lay serene in his berth,
rather enjoying the yarns that we were
spinning. The web of course was many
colored—being quaint and strange and won-
derful—and as the night wore on it was
dyed in certain weird tints of the super-
natural.

"Well," said Jim Larned, "folks may
say that they're a mind to; there are things
that there's no sort o' way o' countin' for—
things you've just got to say. Well, here's
auntin' to work that I don't know nothin'
about; and come to question any man up
sharp, you'll find he's seen one thing o'
that sort himself; and this 'ere I'm going to
tell's my story:

"Four years ago I went down to Aunt
Jerusha's, at Fair Haven. Her husband's
in the oysterin' business, and I used to go
out with him considerable. Well, there was
Bill Jones there, a real bright fellow,
one of your open-handed, lively fellows,
and he took a fancy to me and I to him, and
he and I struck up a friendship. He run
an oyster-smack to New York, and did a
considerable good business for a young man.
Well, Bill had a fellow on his smack that I
never liked the looks of; he was from the
Malays, or some foreign critter or other,
spoke broken English, had eyes set kind o'
edgeways 'n his head; homely as sin he was,
and I always mistrusted him. 'Bill,' I used
to say, 'you look out for that fellow; don't
you trust him. If I was you I'd ship him
off short metre.' But Bill he only laughed.

"Why," says he, 'I can get double work for
the same pay out of that fellow; and what
do I care if he ain't handsome?' I remem-
ber how chipper and cheery Bill looked
when he was sayin' that, just as he was
going down to New York with his load o'
oysters. Well, the next night I was sound
asleep in Aunt Jerusha's front chamber that
opens toward the Sound, and I was waked
right clear out o' sleep by Bill's voice scream-

ing to me. I got up and run to the window
and looked out, and I heard it again, plain
as anything:—"Jim! Jim! Help! help!"
It wasn't a common cry, neither; it was
screamed out as if somebody was murder-
ing him. I tell you, it rang through my
head for weeks afterwards.

"Well, what came of it?" said my chum
as the narrator made a pause, and we all
looked at him in silence.

"Well, as high as we can make it out,
that very night poor Bill was murdered by
that very Malay fellow; leastways, his body
was found in his boat. He'd been stabbed,
and all his money and watch and things
taken, and this Malay was gone nobody
knew where. That's all that was ever
known about it."

"But surely," said my chum, who was of
a very literal and rationalistic turn of mind,
"it couldn't have been his voice you heard;
he must have been down to the other end of
the Sound, close by New York, by this time."

"Well," said the mate, "all I know is
that I was waked out of sleep by Bill's voice
calling my name, screaming in a real agony.
It went through me like lightning; and then
I find he was murdered that night. Now, I
don't know anything about it. I know I
heard him calling me; I know he was mur-
dered; but how it was, or what it was, or
why it was, I don't know."

"These 'ere college boys can tell ye," said
the captain. "Of course they've got into
Sophomore year, and there ain't nothing in
heaven and earth that they don't know."

"Well," said my chum, with a air of a
philosopher, "what shakes my faith in all
supernatural stories is that I can't see any
use or purpose in them."

"Wal, if there couldn't be nothin' happen
nor be except what you could see a use in,
there wouldn't much happen nor be," quoth
the captain.

A laugh went round at the expense of my
friend.

"Wall, now, I'll tell ye what, boys,"
piped the thin voice of the deacon, "folks
musn't be too presumptuous; there is pro-
vidences permitted what we don't see no use
in, but they do happen—yes, they do. Now
what Jim Larned's been a-tellin' is a good
deal like what happened to me once, when I
was up to Umbagog, in the lumberin'
business."

"Hullo!" called out Jim, "here's the
deacon's story! I told you every man had
one. Give it to us, deacon! Speak out, and
don't be bashful."

"Wal, really, it ain't what I like to talk
about," said the deacon, in a quavering, un-
certain voice; "but I don't know but I may
as well, though."

"It was that winter I was up to Umbagog.
I was clerk, and kept the 'counts and books,
and all that, and Tom Hully—there was with
me, and we chummed together. And there was
Jack Cutter—he was just out o' college; he
was there practicing surveyin' with him.
We three had a kind o' pineboard sort of
shanty built on a plain near by the camp; it
had a fire-place and two windows and our
bunks, and each of us had our tables and
books and things."

"Wall, Hully he started with a party of
three or four to go up through the woods to
look out a new tract. It was two or three
days' journey through the woods, and just
about that time Indians up there was getting
sort o' uneasy, and we all thought 'twas sort
o' risky; howsomever, Tom had gone off in
high spirits, and told us to be sure and take
care of his books and papers. Tom had a lot
of books, and thought everything of 'em
and was sort o' particular and nice about his
papers; his table set up one side by the win-
dow, where he could see to read and write.
Well, he'd been gone four days, when one
night—it was a bright, moonlight night—
Jack and I were sitting by the fire reading,
and between nine and ten o'clock there came
a strong, regular knock on the window over
Tom's table. We were sitting with our
backs to the window. 'Hullo!' says Jack,
'who's that?' We both jumped up and
went to the window and looked out, and see
there wasn't nobody there.

"This is curious," said I.

"Some of the boys trying to trick us,"
said he. 'Let's keep watch; perhaps they'll
do it again,' says he.

"We set down by the fire, and 'fore long
it came again."

"Then Jack and I both cut out the door,
and run round the house—he one way, and
I the other. It was light as day, and nothin'
for anybody to hide behind, and there wasn't
a critter in sight. Well, we came in and
dawned, and looked at each other kind o'
puzzled, when it come again, harder'n ever;
and Jack looked to the window, and got as
white as a sheet.

"For the Lord's sake, do look!" says he.
And you may believe me or not, but I tell
you it's a solemn fact; Tom's books was
movin'—just as if somebody was pickin' 'em
up, and putting 'em down again, just as I've
seen him do a hundred times.

"Jack," says I, 'something has happened
to Tom!'

"Wall, there had. That very night Tom
was murdered by the Indians! We put
down the date, and a week after the news
came."

"Come now, captain," said I, breaking
the pause that followed the deacon's story,
'give us your story. You've been all over
the world, in all times and all weathers, and
you ain't a fman to be taken in; did you
ever see anything of this sort?'

"Well, now, boys, since you put it
straight at me, I don't care if I say I have,
on these 'ere very waters we're a-sailin' over
now, on board this very schooner, in this
very cabin."

This was bringing matters close home.
We felt an agreeable shiver, and looked

over our shoulders; the deacon, in his berth
raised up on his elbow, and ejaculated,
"Dew tell; ye don't say so."
"Tell us about it, captain," we both in-
sisted. We'll take your word for most any-
thing."

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1879.

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MASSACHUSETTS PRESS EXCURSION.—The Massachusetts Press Association will start on its annual summer excursion Tuesday morning, June 24, reaching Boston, on the return, Tuesday morning, July 1. The Executive Committee believe this will prove a very attractive trip, as it includes one of the most interesting and picturesque sections of this country, and some wonderful natural formations. Saratoga, where the party remain from half past three till seven the next morning, is sufficiently familiar to the Association to need no special reference. How's Cave, where a stop of about six hours is made, is one of the largest caves in the United States, being excavated only by the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The Mountain and Valley Scenery from Nineveh to Scranton, and from Scranton through Wilkesbarre to Mauch Chunk, including the Gravitational Road from Carbondale to Honesdale, and the rare beauties of the Wyoming and Lehigh Valleys, winding gradually, by circuitous courses, from the river to the mountain summits, and commanding the most picturesque views, near and distant, of rivers, villages, and green and fertile intervals, will be found to possess all the attractions which tourists have accorded to this interesting region. At Mauch Chunk, which costily nestles in the mountain gaps, the party will spend one entire day and night—going over Mt. Pisgah, on the Switchback railroad, which commands a magnificent view of the surrounding mountains, and the beautiful valleys and villages below and for many miles around; and visiting Glen Onoko, a famous gorge. At Scranton the party will spend, in all, about a day, visiting its curious and interesting coal and mechanical works. At the Delaware Water Gap the party will enjoy a rest, in a beautiful and sequestered narrow gap between the Kittatinny Mountains, which rise to a height of 1600 feet, and through which the Delaware river flows. The party will remain here from about six o'clock Saturday night till twelve o'clock Monday noon. A railroad ride of three hours and a half will then bring the company to New York, whence a restful passage home will be made over Long Island Sound in one of the fine steamers of the Fall River line.

THE VITRIOL FRIGHT.—Considerable excitement has been aroused by the statement in some of the daily papers of the fabulous amounts of vitriol which was said to have run into Richardson's Pond from the Chemical Works on the occasion of the late fire there. A considerable quantity of fish were killed in the Pond and the takers of Mystic Water became alarmed. The fish however did not get below Richardson's Mills, and the quantity of vitriol poured into it was only fifty tons, and chemical experts who have analyzed the water in Mystic Pond, say that the presence of vitriol is not perceptible. Even if it was, the alkaline properties of the water would neutralize the effect of the acid before it could reach Charlestown.

PUBLIC SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES.—The Anniversary exercises of the Woburn Public Schools will commence next Friday morning. Twenty-three schools will be visited on that day, and seven more on the following Monday. The Cummings Grammar will be examined on the forenoon of Tuesday the 24th, and the exhibition will be in afternoon of the same day. The High School will be examined on Monday forenoon the 23d, and the exhibition will be in Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday the 25th.

HEARING.—There was a hearing before the Commissioners last Friday, in the office of John R. Carter, Esq., to determine the question of damage to the estate of Hon. John Cummings, by the Mystic Valley Railroad. Witnesses were examined, and Mr. Locke, counsel for the Corporation was heard. J. W. Johnson, Esq., appeared for Mr. Cummings, but at the suggestion of his client, rested their case without argument. The decision of the Commissioners is reserved.

The Lynn City Item is one of the best dailies in the State, and is going ahead like a house afire. A little while ago an Acme press did all the work, then a fast Campbell was needed, and now Bro. Hastings is talking about a two cylinder Hoe. Go on, Horace, you deserve success.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.—The 61st anniversary of the First Congregational Sunday School will be celebrated on Sunday. Rev. D. W. Waldron, and Mr. H. M. Moore will speak, and there will be singing by a chorus of eighty children. The exercises will begin at 7 o'clock in the evening.

RANK OF OUR WEST POINT GRADUATES.—In the class of 66 cadets graduated at West Point, on Thursday, Massachusetts men ranked as follows:—Abbott of Cambridge, 1; Gale of Worcester, 10; Noyes of Newton, 28; Brett of Malden, 34; Parker of Lowell, 62.

All kinds of weather this week, from the overcoat variety, to the straw hat and ulster kind. To-day is pleasant, let us be thankful.

The Sonoma Journal says it is not a mark of Oriental politeness to saluate the door.

Rev. Mr. Barnes has returned from Montreal, after an absence of three weeks.

MAJOR BANCROFT.—On the 17th of April Major Bancroft was appointed Chief of Police, and on the first day of May entered on the discharge of his duties. He proceeded in a systematic manner, and officers of the force were properly instructed and impressed with the idea that "duty" was no unmeaning phrase. The position Major Bancroft was called to fill was a responsible one, and he was extremely desirous of performing his duties faithfully and acceptably. Naturally of a nervous temperament his cares told upon him, and for the last two weeks he passed many sleepless nights. His condition was only known to his family and perhaps one or two others, but little was thought of it. Last week he was frequently called to East Woburn on affairs relating to his office, and his visits were frequently in the night, and kept him from home when he should have had sleep. Last Thursday he stated to his wife that he must take the six o'clock train for Winchester to get some papers for the commitment of an insane woman. Mrs. Bancroft noticed that he went off in citizens clothes, and after his departure she found that he had left behind him his badge, billy, handcuffs and revolver. He seemed very nervous, but his appearance did not alarm her, and not until the day closed without news from him did she suppose that anything had gone wrong.

It seems, however, that he asked Conductor Hart to tell officer Simonds to go to the lock-up and attend to any prisoners that might be there, provided he did not return by 9 o'clock. This was the last information in regard to him until evening, when Mrs. Bancroft received a telegram from East Albany, N. Y., saying "I am here, and no better. A. B." This was shown to the Selectmen and the Police, and otherwise made public, and all sorts of surmises were offered as to his whereabouts and condition. A description of him was telegraphed to Albany and other points, and postal cards containing the same were sent in all directions, but nothing further could be elicited. Finally, on Monday, Mr. Isaac D. Stearns, who was an intimate friend of Major Bancroft's, and associated with him in taking the last census, was urged by Mrs. Bancroft to go to Albany and learn if possible something in regard to the missing man. Accordingly Mr. Stearns departed on his mission, and on reaching East Albany satisfied himself that the Major had sent the dispatch, and also that no one in that city could give him any clue of his whereabouts. After spending Monday night, and Tuesday in Albany, he returned home on Wednesday, to report that no clue could be found in that part of the country.

Tuesday evening Mrs. Bancroft received a dispatch from New York City, signed "A Friend," which stated that Major Bancroft was on Eleventh street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, in a grocery store. The Selectmen were again consulted, and the result was that Capt. C. S. Converse, Chairman of the Police Committee, started at once, for Boston, and took the night train for New York City. He found the place named in the dispatch, and also that he was on the right track, and during the day found the Major. He had not thought of coming home, but made no objection, and they left at three o'clock in the afternoon. It seems that the Major after sending his dispatch from East Albany, noticed the New York boat on the eve of departure down the river, and immediately took passage for the metropolis. While walking about the city it was his good fortune to fall in with a man who became interested in him, took him to his lodgings, and finally learning his address telegraphed as above. Capt. Converse and the Major reached Boston at half past ten, and took the 11:20 train for home, where his family were surprised and gratified to receive him safely. He seems to be very much depressed, but rest and quiet will undoubtedly restore him to his former self, a consummation which every citizen of Woburn devoutly wishes may speedily be reached.

BAND CONCERTS.—The Woburn Brass Band will give a series of ten concerts on the Common this season. Quite a sum of money has been subscribed for them, and the citizens will be well repaid for the encouragement accorded this organization. The first concert will be given next Wednesday, T. H. Marrinan, director, with the following

PROGRAMME.
1. March, "Devil's." Arr. by J. C. Mallory.
2. Gavotte, "Secret Love." J. Resch.
3. Waltz, "First Kiss." G. Lamotte.
4. Serenade and Polonaise. J. M. Missud.
5. Clarinet Solo, performed by Mr. Fred Robinson.
6. March, "Jig Medley." Arr. by J. B. Claus.
7. Selection, "A Day in Boston." J. H. Claus.
8. March, "Exhibition." E. M. Bagley.
9. Selection, "Silver Stream." T. H. Robinson.
10. Galop, "Our Friends." Chas. Cayward.
E. N. Catlin.

DRAWING ROOM CARS.—Passengers on Conductor Hart's 3 o'clock train from Boston, on Tuesday afternoon, were treated to a ride in two of the elegant drawing room cars which are run over the Boston & Lowell and connecting railroads during the summer months, to the White Mountains. The cars have been newly carpeted, new wheels put on, and other improvements made on them since last year. They are fitted with all the conveniences for the comfort of the patrons of the road, and all who may be fortunate enough to be able to spend their vacation in the locality to which these cars run, will be sure of reaching their destination without the usual fatigue which follows a long ride in the ordinary railroad car.

SLIGHT FIRE.—About nine o'clock Saturday morning an alarm was given, which sent the Fire Department up Salem street, to a tenement house on the Winn tannery estate, where a chimney was burning out. The tenement was occupied by James McGoff. There being no immediate danger the firemen were sent home. Damage to the house, nothing.

BURBANK RELIEF CORPS.—Monday afternoon the ladies of the Burbank Relief Corps met at Burbank Hall, and chose officers for the ensuing term, as follows:—Mrs. Amos E. Cutler, President; Mrs. T. V. Sullivan, Vice President; Mrs. A. B. Brooks, Secretary; Mrs. W. H. Fullerton, Treasurer.

PERSONAL.—Rev. H. S. Kelsey was in town this week.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

THE REPUBLICAN REUNION.—The veterans of the Republican party held a reunion at Wesleyan Hall, Boston, on Tuesday, for the purpose of making some arrangements for the 25th anniversary of the organization of the party in Massachusetts. The surviving members of the convention of the 19th of July, 1854, were especially invited to be present. The meeting was called to order by Hon. S. M. Allen, who was one of the presiding officers of the above mentioned convention, who gave a brief sketch of the convention and the rise of the Republican party. A vote was taken for Chairman, and Mr. Allen was unanimously chosen. Hon. George S. Boutwell moved that the matter of the appropriate celebration of the day be left with the State Central Committee, with a recommendation that something should be done to commemorate the occasion; it was so voted, and a nominating committee of three was appointed, with Mr. Boutwell for chairman, to nominate a committee to confer with the State Central Committee. The following committee was reported and accepted: Roland Worthington, of Suffolk county, W. P. Phillips, of Essex, N. P. Banks, of Middlesex, S. M. Allen, of Plymouth, B. F. White, of Norfolk, John E. Sanford, of Bristol, Peter Pineo, of Barnstable, Joshua M. Howes, of Nantucket, A. F. Clarke, of Franklin, C. B. Gillette, of Hampden, Julius Rockwell, of Berkshire, and Charles Delano, of Hampshire.

We have been informed that among the delegation from Woburn to that convention in 1854, were Edward Simonds, Moses J. Pearsons, Seth Reed.

SMASH-UP.—Wednesday evening, a horse attached to a cart, and standing near Bryant & King's tannery, was frightened by the blowing of the six o'clock whistle. The animal started and jumped a fence, breaking it down and also breaking the shafts. The horse was secured at once, and a lady and child in the carriage received uninjured.

Early Monday morning a horse attached to Joseph Bock's butcher wagon, ran away from Gardner's Grocery Store, through Main, Hudson, Canal and Pleasant streets, wrecking the wagon at the corner of Beacon street, where the horse was also stopped.

On Monday C. M. Strout's horse became frightened at the cars on Green street, and demolished his harness but did not get away from the driver.

INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.—From A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, we have the June number of the International Review, published monthly at 50 cents each. The contents of this work will be found to be from some of the most eminent writers and on subjects of great interest. The present number has articles on the "Present Condition of Greece," "The Indian Question," "The Supreme Court and the Currency Question," "England and Turkey," "Some of the Remedies for Socialism," and others of equal interest. A valuable work to all who would become thoroughly acquainted with the world's progress.

PEARLINE.—One of the best of the many inventions of the present time is James Pyle's "Pearline," of which it is said that it is the best washing compound yet introduced, and almost perfect as saving in labor, time and soap. With this article it is claimed the family washing can be done with ease, with economy, and despatch, and as it is thoroughly disinfectant, it will be seen that whenever used the result is pure and healthful. As there are imitations of this in the market, be sure and get the genuine, manufactured only by James Pyle, New York.

A. O. H.—The annual convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians was held at Emerald Hall last Friday. Fifty delegates were present, representing the 27 divisions of the county. Officers were elected as follows: County delegate, Jeremiah Crowley of Lowell; county secretary, Peter Smith of Lowell; county treasurer, Peter Kenney of Woburn. The convention adjourned to meet at Arlington the first Wednesday in June next.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT REUNION.—The annual reunion of the Eleventh Massachusetts Infantry Veteran Association, is being held at Strawberry Hill, Nantasket, as we go to press, the 13th being the eighteenth anniversary of the muster-in of the old regiment. The arrangement is for a basket picnic and no doubt the boys are having a good time. The "Harris Guard" is represented in the picnic.

BLACKMAIL.—A Mrs. Barton who formerly lived in East Woburn is now lying in Dedham Jail, on a charge of attempting to blackmail Mr. John H. Connolly, grocer at No. 247 Main street. Mrs. Barton charges Mr. Connolly with improper intimacy, and wrote letters to him and to members of his family. The case has been continued until to-day.

CATHOLIC MISSION.—The Mission at the Catholic Church the past week has been solely for women. Wednesday evening none but married women were allowed in the church, a meeting for young women being held at the same time in the St. John Institute. At the church there were nine hundred wives and mothers. Next week meetings will be for the men.

POLICE.—Arthur English, drunk, \$3 and costs. James O'Brien, do, \$3 and costs. Patrick Hennessey, do, \$3 and costs. W. H. Robinson, do, committed for non payment. Mary Cavanagh, do, \$3 and costs.

The Semi-centennial of Abbott and Fernald Seminary at Andover has been celebrated this week, with much poetry, oratory and sociability.

COAL AND WOOD.—The town contracts for coal were awarded on Wednesday to J. B. McDonald, and for wood to Ruel Carter.

The Ladies Industrial Society of the Baptist Church had a sociable on Thursday evening, with music and readings.

ACCIDENT.—Tuesday, Archie Jones fell against the edge of a vat at Bryant & King's, and cut his right leg badly.

They say Congress will adjourn next week. Let us hope.

TROUBLE AMONG THE FIREMEN.—At the fire at the Chemical Works last week, trouble occurred between the Foreman of Hose 2 and Engineer Porter. The foreman says that his company attached to a hydrant on their arrival at the fire, and were then ordered to another by Engineer Poole, with much rudeness and profanity. After playing a long time they asked to be relieved, and they claim Mr. Poole said they could lumber up in half an hour. Mr. Poole says he told them they would probably get such an order in half an hour, but did not expect them to stop without an order. They finally shut down without an order, and soon afterwards Engineer Porter ordered them to relieve Hose 4, when Capt. Dodge refused, saying that Porter could neither run him nor his company. Charges of insubordination were preferred against Dodge, and he was summoned to appear before the Engineers and answer. This he declined to do, and the Engineers discharged him from the Department. Hose 2 met Saturday evening, and voted to disband next Tuesday. They also prepared a letter to the Engineers, setting forth their grievances, and abusing Engineers Poole and Porter in good round terms. We have received a copy of the letter "with some slight necessary alterations," but as the company seem to have already concluded that the letter needed altering, perhaps it would be as well to wait and see if they wouldn't like to alter it some more.

Capt. Dodge's idea of the relative duties of a foreman and an engineer seem to be at variance with the regulations of the department. The Engineers concluded not to wait until next Tuesday, and have taken possession of the company property. A temporary arrangement has been made for the protection of property in North Woburn but a permanent organization ought not to be delayed, as the Town, in an emergency is entitled to the services of a complete Fire Department.

THE GUY FAMILY.—This interesting troupe of eleven performers gave a charming entertainment Thursday evening, and will repeat it this Friday evening with a change of programme. Unlike most variety performances this one was entirely unobjectionable. "Gage's Party," was an amusing operatic sketch, and "Hard Times," was worth provoking. Messrs. Thorpe and Rome gave a good exhibition in tumbling and horizontal bar exercises; George and Willie in their Ethiopian sketches, bone and cornet solos, were immense. The whole family perform well, whether singly or all together, but Little Arthur must be reckoned the hero of the troupe. He is said to be six years old, and looks to be as young as that, but he is already an artist, and everybody ought to see and hear him. Our advice is to see to Lyceum Hall to-night and see the Guys.

ST. CHARLES T. A. SOCIETY.—The following officers of St. Charles Total Abstinence Society were installed last Tuesday: President, Rev. M. D. Murphy; Vice President, John E. Welch; Treasurer, William Bradley; Recording Secretary, Daniel Murphy; Financial Secretary, Dennis Kelley; Investigating Committee, Michael Hevey, John S. Hennessy, James McMahon, John Murry, William White, John O. Donnell, Peter Ladberry, Peter Hogan, William Diver; Auditing Committee, Thomas D. Hevey, James McMahon, William Henchy.

BREAK OF LIGHTNING.—A severe thunder shower passed over Southbridge last Sunday evening. Mrs. Lina B. Porter, wife of the editor of the Cambridge Chronicle, visiting there, was struck by lightning and fainting. The eye-glasses were thrown from her face, burned and twisted.

A Rifle Range has been just completed at Newtonville for the use of the Cladin Guard, Company C, Fifth Regiment, M. V. M., with all modern improvements, pits, etc., and the company will hold its first shoot since its reorganization next Tuesday afternoon.

CAMP MEETING.—The Methodist Camp Ground at Hamilton, is being put into complete order. The cottages have not received much attention as yet, but the advent of warm weather will find paint-brush and hammer very busy.

TELEPHONE.—Lowell is to have a telephone circuit, and the Court House at Lowell will be connected with the Court House at Cambridge, which will be a great convenience. If Woburn has the telephone, as is expected, she will be connected with the same line.

The Lowell Journal take the romance out of the flashing fire-fly by the announcement that "This interesting bug is the glorified body of the wire-worm which lives under ground and is death on young beans."

SHOOTING.—They are making some good records over at Walnut Hill. Occasionally however, a bullet goes astray, and one of them was found at Charles Wendell's house on New Boston street.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Edward McClay, of Cummingsville, died very suddenly of pneumonia, being sick only one day. He was a member of the Orange Lodge, and of the Phalanx.

LOST.—A little son of W. C. Brigham, druggist at Medford, is reported missing. The lad is ten years old and has been absent from home since Tuesday.

CONSOLIDATION.—The Wakefield and Stoneham brass bands have been consolidated, and will be known hereafter as the Wakefield Band.

It took a postal card 106 days to go around the world, which seems to be a good while, but then you know it is a good ways.

The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the more it shows us that her hands of life are running out.

Officer Charles K. Conn is now in charge at the headquarters of the Woburn Police.

Now is the time for women to be thinking of registration as voters.

Mr. S. R. Dolliver and family are in town for the summer. Mr. Dolliver has travelled thousands of miles by rail, and although several times in disasters, somehow escapes without damage. On his last visit to Woburn, in returning to San Francisco he was on the train that ran through a bridge. Mr. Dolliver was uninjured, and his experience in helping his less fortunate fellow travellers was a strange one, and its recital quite entertaining.

NEW TRACK.—The Mystic water board, during their visit to the Mystic water-works Thursday afternoon, conferred with some of the officials of the Boston and Lowell railroad in regard to having a branch track built to the works, chiefly for the purpose of carrying the coal to them. The annual supply is about 4,000 tons, and it has hitherto been carried at a very heavy expense directly from the vessels.

A Massachusetts man is working the corundum mine in Mason county, N. C. Many gems have been found therein; one last week worth \$9,000. Of corundum, \$76,000 worth have been taken out at an expense of \$16,000.

FESTIVAL.—The strawberry festival at the Congregational vestry last Tuesday evening, was well attended. The music by the Sunday School Orchestra was highly commended.

Sitting Bull is said to have come over the border to offer his services as Secretary of War, in case a man of experience is wanted to succeed McCrary.

ONE TO NOTHING.—The Boston beat the Cleveland 1 to 0 on Thursday.

East Woburn.

BURGLARY.—The dwelling house of James Rogers, on Nashua street, East Woburn, was entered Monday night by thieves. They obtained entrance by forcing a chisel under a window and breaking off the fastening. The robbers secured a silver plated salver, ice pitcher, cake basket, 12 plated forks, 9 plated spoons, a tumbler of jelly and three loaves of bread. A light was burning at the time in Mr. Rogers' chamber, which gives cause for supposing that the thieves were familiar with the locality and the habits of the family.

North Woburn.

WANTED TO DIE.—A young man about twenty-five years old, passed up School street, Tuesday morning, looking for a place where he could quietly lay down to die. No one seemed willing to accommodate him, and he was finally turned over to Officer Foster, who gently took him to the station-house where he was made as comfortable as possible. It seems that the poor fellow had been drinking pretty hard, and came near having the delirium tremens. The services of Dr. Elliott were secured, and Wednesday morning he was pronounced quite well, and by order of the police he was set at liberty. He gave his name as Wilson Hennessey, of Strausburg, Pennsylvania.

BURGLARY.—Thursday night, about one o'clock the residence of William S. Danforth, on School street, was entered by burglars, and three overcoats, and some other articles of clothing amounting in all to about \$80 worth were stolen. The burglars forced open a window, but did not alarm the people of the house. They were probably tramps, as they cleaned out the larder, leaving nothing eatable in the house.

It was estimated that nearly one thousand people visited the ruins at the Chemical Works, last Sabbath. E.

Burlington.
BURIED.—A man at work on the roads in Burlington this forenoon, was buried by the caving in of a gravel bank. He was taken out as speedily as possible, and it was found that his right hip was dislocated. He will be taken to the hospital.

Winchester.

FUNERAL SERVICES.—The funeral services of Albert V. Weeks, whose death from injuries received at the Chemical Works fire was noticed last week, occurred last Saturday, from the residence of his mother, on Walnut street. The services were conducted by Rev. J. F. Winkley, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, Woburn, and were very impressive. The deceased was a member of Crystal Point Lodge, No. 9, I. O. O. F., of Woburn, and also of Columbian Encampment, I. O. O. F., of Stoneham. Both organizations attended in a body, the Lodge with 50 members, under the marshaling of Past Grand, M. Littlefield, and the Encampment with 30 members, commanded by Capt. John F. Berry. The bearers were W. F. Easterbrook, F. A. Buckman and J. Frank Parker of the Lodge, and J. K. Green, D. E. Sprague and J. W. Manning of the Encampment. The floral gifts were beautiful, the Lodge furnishing a pillow made of white flowers, on which was worked the three links of the Order and the word "Rest" in blue violets. Another pillow from out of town friends, bore the name "Albert" in violets. At the Cemetery the Episcopal service was held, after which the burial service of the Odd Fellows was conducted by Rev. J. F. Winkley, who officiated as chaplain, and the Noble Grand, F. D. Merrill. The funeral was largely attended by relatives and friends from Winchester and other places where the deceased was well known. This is the first death of an active member which has occurred in Crystal Point Lodge since its organization in 1871. The remains were deposited in the tomb, to await the preparation of a lot in the cemetery.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.—The 38th anniversary of the Sunday School connected with the Congregational Church occurred last Sunday, when appropriate services were held. The pulpit platform was filled with tropical plants and bouquets of flowers. The school occupied the centre pews. The exercises consisted of singing, prayer, addresses by Rev. Mr. Clark, of Portland, Me., and Hon. O. R. Clark, of Tewksbury, who for fifteen years was superintendent of the school. The report of the present superintendent, Mr. John R. Cobb, shows a membership of 332, 106 being in the

infant school, with an average attendance of 203, the smallest being 127, and the largest 234; five deaths have occurred during the past year; contributions, \$529.12. The school is in a very flourishing condition.

THE SCHOOLS.—The annual examinations of the Public Schools in Winchester are now in progress. On Wednesday the Hill School was examined by Mr. Quimby and Mrs. Pressey, the Chapin by Mr. Wadleigh and Mrs. Winsor, and the Wyman by Mr. Tyler; on Thursday the Washington was examined by Mr. Quimby and Mrs. Winsor, and the Mystic by Mr. Wadleigh and Mrs. Pressey; on Friday the Highland was examined by Messrs. Barnes and Tyler, and the Gifford by Mr. Quimby and Pressey. The examination of the Grammar School will occur on Wednesday, the 25th, and of the High School on Thursday the 26th. The graduating exercises of the High School will occur in Lyceum Hall, Friday afternoon, the 27th inst.

GEOLOGICAL.—Prof. Cooke has made an interesting study of the strata developed on the excavations on the corner of Main and Pleasant streets. Beneath the soil is a diluvial deposit of several feet in depth, then a very distinctly marked pre-glacial line, which separates a stratum of sand, with well defined water marks, and beneath this another stratum of sand or fine gravel with wind marks.

ANNIVERSARY.—The 13th anniversary of the settlement of Rev. Richard Metcalf over the Unitarian Society, was held Thursday evening, at the Unitarian Church. The exercises opened with the singing of "Come thou Almighty King." An address of welcome by Dr. Winsor, followed, to which Rev. Mr. Metcalf responded, concluding with prayer. Another song was sung, and the evening closed with refreshments.

CAVED IN.—On Tuesday while working in the cellar of the Brown-Stanton lot, William Harris was buried by the caving in of the embankment near which he was at work. A man with a scraper was at work above him, and the jar caused a portion of the bank to crumble off. Mr. Harris was soon extricated from his dangerous situation and resumed his work, having received no apparent injury.

MUSICAL.—There was a very enjoyable soiree musicale at the residence of J. F. Stone, Esq., on Wednesday evening. It was given by his accomplished daughter, Miss Ella Stone, assisted by Mr. J. Orth, of Boston, Mrs. Bailey, Mr. Preston Pond and Mr. Harrington, of Winchester. The music was of a high order, and afforded great pleasure to the company.

The last meeting of the season, for William Parkman Lodge F. A. M., was held Tuesday evening. Delegations of the brethren from adjoining towns were present. The exercises closed with "strawberries and cream," in Lyceum Hall, remarks from several gentlemen, and excellent music by a male quartette from Arlington.

OBSTRUCTIVE.—Charles C. Horner, of Woburn, was before Justice Littlefield for obstructing the highway and his fine cost him \$16.00. It seems that he is an express driver, and repeatedly drove his team across the road in front of a team, the driver of which desired to pass him.

SALMON.—12,000 young landlock Salmon were taken from the State hatching house in Winchester, on Wednesday, by Fred W. Clapp, Esq., of Framingham, and placed in basins Nos. 1 and 3 of the Boston Water Works in that town.

The new locomotive "Echo" from the Hinkley Works, for the narrow gauge Profile and Franconia R.R., passed through Winchester on the northern freight, Wednesday morning.

ESSAY.—At the South Middlesex Conference of Unitarians, which was held at Waldham, on Wednesday, George S. Littlefield Esq., of Winchester read an essay on the "Mission of Unitarianism."

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.—There will be a Strawberry festival at the Vestry of the Baptist Church, on Thursday evening June 19th. A general good time is expected, and a full attendance solicited.

RETRACTED.—The young men who committed an assault last week, and being fined appealed from Justice Littlefield's decision, have retracted their appeal and paid the fines.

The grass on Winchester Common has been mowed, thereby improving the appearance of "the Village Green," and giving the boys a central base ball field.

ON DR.—That there is to be a wedding in one of the churches in Winchester, within the next fortnight.

ASSAULT.—Daniel Buckley for an assault on his wife and daughter was sent to the House of Correction for three months.

FINE.—In the Superior Court last Tuesday, James Haley was fined \$50 and costs for keeping a liquor nuisance.

Next Sunday the Baptist Sunday School will hold their 30th anniversary.

Wilmington.

FARMER'S AND MECHANIC'S CLUB.—The club met last Saturday. The attendance was good and the proceedings were quite interesting. The fifteen minutes question "which is the best method to exterminate sorrel?" was discussed at length, and the idea was generally expressed that high cultivation and seeding the land thickly with grass and clover, would soon crowd out the sorrel. Rev. Mr. Noyes delivered a very clever and interesting essay on fish culture, which was very much appreciated. The season has now arrived when the farmer's time is very valuable and for that reason a motion was passed to discontinue the regular meetings until the first Saturday in August, or subject to the call of the Executive Committee.

HOME AGAIN.—Mr. Sheldon Sargent, a resident of this town, who, some six months ago, sailed for England in charge of a cargo of cattle, has just returned by steamer Palestine. He passed over a week in Liverpool and was greatly impressed with the enormous amount of shipping at that port. He enjoyed his trip exceedingly, but is nevertheless rejoiced at having arrived home again.

The Boston Advertiser wants to know what will become of all the thousands of young men and women who will graduate from our institutions of learning this summer. As usual, the larger proportion will attempt to make their way and win renown in the old professions,—the law, the ministry and medicine. But it is a good sign that more and more educated youth are giving their energies and their accomplishments to other occupations where success is surely not more difficult, and where their knowledge and mental discipline are quite as much needed. The learned professions will always make drafts from the colleges; but it is a good thing that the notion that if one has been through college he must choose one of these professions, is becoming outworn. The educated man will make his power felt wherever he applies it. In journalism, in trade, in mechanics, in the arts, or in agriculture, he will be as much more a man as he would at the bar, in the pulpit, or by the hospital cot. One thing all these young gentlemen will discover very soon in their post-graduate career,—that character and industry are important factors in success, and that if they wish to keep the advantage in the competition of the life which their school acquisitions give them, they must use them as supplementary to and not substitutes for the homely and more common qualities which may be got without a college course, and of the possession of which a diploma is no evidence. The world is wide, there is room enough, there is a demand for workers who can do the things needed to be done, and the man that can do it best, those things being equal, will have the best chance. The prizes are for those who can win them.

THE NEW BALLOT LAW.—The Wakefield Citizen thinks that the new ballot law, passed by the Legislature of this year, simplifies matters a good deal, both for the politicians who get up the tickets,

MORAL INSTRUCTION, AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER.—There is too often wanting that unmistakable evidence that teachers realize that the highest, noblest, and, in every sense, the first office of the educator, is the development and moulding of character, and that character is infinitely higher than scholarship. While the deportment and general bearing of pupils is for the most part commendable, too few show that they are in the hands of a master controlling spirit that is silently, perhaps, yet surely, moulding their moral sense, and inspiring them with that high purpose in life which bears its possessor on to the attainment of noble manhood and womanhood. The individuality of the child is not sufficiently respected and cultivated, and he is not led to feel, as he ought, his own personal responsibility for his acts and his position in school. When pupils habitually approve, and perhaps boast of, practices in school which they would instinctively condemn at home or on the street, there is no mistaking the fact that there is something wanting in the governing power which should give tone to the public sentiment of that school. Work of this kind needs a kind of instinctive appreciation of its character, delicacy, and importance; a grasp of the subject that makes its mastery possible and sure; a personality that can understand, impress, and control all natures.—A. P. Stone, Supt. of Schools, Springfield, Mass.

A NOVEL IDEA.—On the night previous to Decoration Day, two boys in this city having a great desire to observe the day to the extent of their ability, requested their mother to wake them up very early in the morning. This she declined to do, telling them that there would be nothing to see until afternoon, and there was no necessity of early rising. But the youngsters had their minds made up, and were not to be deterred from putting their plans into execution. Setting their wits to work, they hit upon the following expedient:—Taking some newspapers, they spread them upon the floor of their sleeping apartment, and upon them placed their mother's towel rack. They next went to the henry, and procuring therefrom a rooster, they set him upon the towel rack, presuming that the fowl would crow at daybreak, and wake them up. The plan was ingenious, novel and philosophical, but like many other human schemes it did not work, for the rooster did not herald the approach of dawn, and when the mother went to arouse her enterprising cherubs she found them sleeping soundly and chafier with his head under his wing. We will wager that those two boys will make their mark in the world and then crow over it.—Lynn Reporter.

CURSED BY INNOCENT BLOOD.—A lady who recently visited Mountain Meadows informs us they are now the very picture of desolation. Before the Mormons murdered 131 innocent men, women and children there in 1857, the Meadows were known far and wide as a paradise in the desert, with an abundance of grass, crystal streams and ever-flowing springs. To-day the grass is gone, the water course dried up, and nothing but a dreary waste marks the once-beautiful spot. God's curse is upon those who murdered the innocent emigrants, and the rude monument upon which is transcribed, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord," is there to keep green in memory the terrible scenes enacted by a murderous and rapacious priesthood. The earth, our informant says, is sinking, and the bones which were gathered up after the massacre have been buried, but will out to tell the damning tale. Settlers in the vicinity say the country is haunted and the winds bring to their ears piercing cries for help which echo back to the mountains and over the plain.—Salt Lake Tribune.

THE editor of the Boston Transcript says: "More than twenty-five years ago a little boy, not yet in his teens, took his first lesson in the 'art and mystery of printing' from a gentleman in middle life, who explained how the 'case' was arranged and why, and practically exemplified the process of 'setting up type.' 'This, my boy,' he said in a serious tone, yet with a kind smile, as he placed his hand on the lever of an old-fashioned Franklin hand press, 'is the most powerful weapon known. In the hands of bad men it is dangerous; in the hands of good men it can work miracles. We hope to abolish slavery with it.' That boy was the writer—that man was William Lloyd Garrison."

A GRACEFUL TRIBUTE.—The pensioning of the widows of Gen. Shields and Col. Webster was a graceful tribute to the deceased General and the expounder of the Constitution. Senator Dawes has managed Mrs. Webster's claim for the increase of pension very discreetly, and the result can but gratify the many friends of Col. Webster and his illustrious father.

MARRIED.
In Boston, May 14th, by Rev. C. L. Eastman, Warren T. Pierce and Adama James, both of Woburn.

HOME MADE BEER.
Splendid Summer drink; made from roots, herbs and barks, used from time immemorial; no boiling or straining; easily made; refreshing and healthy. Made with our "BEER EXTRACT."

GEORGE S. DODGE, Apothecary.
165 Main Street, Woburn. 247

Died.
In Woburn, June 12, Edward McClay, aged 27 years.

ICE CREAM.
Orders left before noon at W. W. Hill's Drug Store, or at W. F. Estabrook's, will be filled the same day.
S. H. PATTEN,
MANUFACTURER OF ICE CREAM.
East St., 3d house from High St. Ice Cream wagon runs every afternoon and evening.

For Sale and To Let.

EGGS.—Choice Brown Leghorns. Eggs from this splendid breed, 50 cts. per dozen. By express 25 cts. extra, for packing. Also a few choice Fowls for sale. FRANK S. PRATT, Bacon Street, Winchester.

TO LET.—2 tenements on Bennett St., 1 house and small stable on Pleasant St. M. C. BEAN.

ROOMS TO LET. 211 Main Street. Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY.

STOVES stored for the season by C. M. Stuart, Agent.

Special Notices.

GREAT SPRING BLESSING.
DR. BLISS' CATARRH BITTERS.
This is the best Spring medicine you can take. It will remove that all-painful feeling from the bladder, for it cures new, thoroughly cleansing and purifying it, thus striking at the very root of the trouble. It is a sure cure for the following troubles, and all of which come from IMPURE BLOOD, or infection of the LIVER. Some of the worst cases of Catarrh of the Bladder, (for the Liver) Yellow Dock, Burdock, Prickly Ash, (for the Blood), Rhabarb and Bismuth (for the Stomach). Then we add something that works especially in the blood for CATARRH. Large bottles, over one hundred doses, for sale at 179

GEORGE C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON

Makes to order, all kinds of

CUSTOM HAND SEWED BOOTS.

MAKES LASTS

For Troublesome Joints.

Ankle Supporting Boots

For Children with Weak Ankles.

25 Bromfield Street,

ROOM 2, BOSTON.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

PURSUANT to and in execution of the power and authority contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Ebenezer Reed and Lucy A. Reed, his wife, in her own right, to John Madan, dated December 1st, A. D. 1870, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1142, Page 84, which said mortgage was assigned by Parker L. Converse, executor of the Will of John Madan, to Ellen F. Cooper, by deed of assignment dated April 27, 1874, and by Ellen F. Cooper to said Ellen F. Cooper, assigned to Alfred G. Carter, by deed of assignment dated September 16, 1878, both of which assignments are duly recorded, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Monday, the seventh day of July, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing, situated on the southerly side of Chestnut street, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing five thousand nine hundred and ninety-five square feet, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, on said street at a stake of land of George Flagg, the line runs westerly on and by said street, fifty feet to a stake; thence southerly by land of said Flagg, one hundred and twenty feet to a stake; thence easterly, still by land of said Flagg, fifty feet to a stake; thence northerly, by land of Flagg, one hundred and twenty feet, to the point of beginning. Said lot of land is the same conveyed to said Lucy A. Reed by George Flagg, by deed dated November 2, 1870, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 118, Page 420.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

ALFRED G. CARTER,

Assignee and present holder of said Mortgage.

J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney.

Woburn, June 11, 1879.

FIRE WORKS,

FLAGS AND LANTERNS

FOR JULY 4TH.

The New England Laboratory, C. E. MASTEN, Pyrotechnist, Factory, Boston Highlands, Mass., as manufacturers, offer to the public, and private contractors, clubs or individuals, the largest, best and most complete line of goods at the lowest prices.

For City, Town or Individual Displays, our Work cannot be excelled.

Our Box Collections of Fireworks are unequalled.

We offer a full stock of everything connected with the trade at low rates and of the best quality. Send for our Price List and descriptive Programme for Public and Private Exhibitions.

B. T. WELLS, Sole Agent,

Salesroom, 18 Hawley St., near Milk St., Boston.

INSOLVENCY NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the third meeting of the creditors of George W. Kimball, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, an insolvent debtor, will be held at the Court of Insolvency, at Cambridge, in said County, on the twenty-sixth day of June, 1879, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims. The account of the assignee, who is present, and creditors may appear and object to the allowance thereof.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD, Assignee.

Woburn, June 7, 1879.

MANURE AND SPENT TAN

for sale cheap at BRYANT & KING'S, Woburn Mass.

Relief for the Feet.

Mrs. Dr. WELCH,

The ONLY First-Class

Lady Surgeon Chiropodist,

in the country who has lately been doing a very successful business in Stoneham and Wakefield, will remain next week at the

CENTRAL HOUSE,

MAIN STREET.

Corns, Bunions, Bad Nails, etc., removed without pain. Parties treated at their residence, per order, without extra charge.

W. F. ESTABROOK,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Bread, Cake, Pastry,

AND

FANCY CRACKERS

OF ALL KINDS.

219 Main Street, Woburn.

RYLE'S DIETETIC

SALERATUS

PUREST-BEST-CHEAPEST!

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

School Anniversaries, 1879.

The Anniversary Exercises of the Woburn Public Schools will take place in the following order:—

FRIDAY, JUNE 26.

Cambridge St., Mixed, 8.30 A. M.

Johnson Primary, Room 1, 8.30 A. M.

Johnson Primary, Room 2, 9.30 A. M.

Johnson Grammar, Rooms 3 and 4, 10.30 A. M.

Plymouth St., Grammar, Room 5, 9 A. M.

Plymouth St., Grammar, Room 6, 10 A. M.

Plymouth St., Grammar, Room 7, 11 A. M.

East Woburn Grammar, Room 1, 8.30 A. M.

East Woburn Grammar, Room 2, 9.30 A. M.

Cedar Street Mixed, 11 A. M.

Union St., Primary, Room 1, 9 A. M.

Union St., Primary, Room 2, 10 A. M.

Union St., Primary, Room 3, 11 A. M.

Messrs. Johnson and Adams.

Plymouth St., Primary, Room 3, 1.30 P. M.

Plymouth St., Primary, Room 4, 2.15 P. M.

Plymouth St., Primary, Room 5, 3 P. M.

Lawrence Primary, Room 1, 1.30 P. M.

Lawrence Primary, Room 2, 3 P. M.

Messrs. Pollard and Lang.

Main St., Primary, 2 P. M.

Central Grammar, Room 3, 2 P. M.

Central Grammar, Room 4, 2 P. M.

Messrs. Parker and Converse.

Monday, June 23.

High School (all the Rooms), 8.30 A. M. to 12 M.

Full Board.

Union St., Grammar, Room 4, 8.30 A. M.

Messrs. Pollard and Lang.

Runford Primary, Room 2, 8.30 A. M.

Runford Grammar, Room 3, 10.30 A. M.

Runford Grammar, Room 4, 10.30 A. M.

Messrs. Thompson and Norris.

Lawrence Primary, Room 2, 2 P. M.

Messrs. Parker, Converse, Anderson and Adams.

Central Primary, Room 1, 2 P. M.

Messrs. Pollard, Lang, Thompson and Norris.

Tuesday, June 24.

Cummings School (all the Rooms), 9 to 11 A. M.

Full Board.

Exhibition of the Cummings School, in the School Hall, 2 P. M.

Wednesday, June 25.

Exhibition of the Graduating Class of the High School, in Lycium Hall, 2 P. M.

Thursday, June 26.

Examination at the High School Building of applicants for admission to the High School, 8 A. M.

Friday, June 27.

Examination at the High School Building of applicants for positions to teach, 8 A. M.

Per order of the School Committee.

Woburn, June 6, 1879.

\$1500

TO \$8000 A YEAR, or \$5 to \$20

a day in your own locality. No

day. Women do as well as men.

Many make more than \$1000 a

month. You can do the work. It costs

nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money

making ever offered before. Business pleasant and

strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all

about the best paying business before the public, send

us your address, and we will send you full particu-

lars and private terms free. Samples worth \$50 of

also free; you can then make up your mind for your-

self. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., 244

Main, Maine.

5 NEW 5 BOOKS 5

For Temperance Gatherings.

Hall's Temperance Glee Book!

Received with the greatest favor. Great variety of

SPRING STYLES.

JUST OPENED, A FULL LINE OF

Fashionable Goods for Spring Wear.

G. R. GAGE & Co., Merchant Tailors,

171 Main Street, - - - - - Woburn, Mass.

Spring Dress Goods.

costing from 17 to 25 cts. marked down to 12½ CENTS,

OUR ASSORTMENT OF

Ladies' and Childrens' Hosiery

is SUPERIOR. Our Prices the LOWEST.

CHARLES A. SMITH & SON,

177 MAIN STREET, - - - - - WOBURN.

ARE YOU AWARE

THAT YOU CAN BUY AT SMITH'S,

TEAS

Of the very BEST quality at prices as low as the lowest, and

unequalled strength.

A trial will convince.

H. F. SMITH, - - - - - Opposite Common.

COAL

From \$5.00 to \$6.50 Per Ton.

JOS. B. McDONALD.

FOR SUMMER WEAR.

Blue Flannel Suits.

Also, SUMMER SUITS of various kinds,

ALL AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Linen Dusters, Alpaca Sacks, Straw Hats,

NEW WHITE and FANCY SHIRTS,

SUMMER UNDERWEAR, &c.

J. C. BUCK & Co., Wade Block, 174 Main St., Woburn.

MEN AND BOYS'

SPRING GOODS.

LATEST STYLES OF

HATS, CAPS AND CLOTHING,

AND ALL KINDS OF

FURNISHING GOODS.

The largest line of Plain and Fancy Half Hose, ever in town. Everything at Low Prices.

Please Call and Examine.

THE WOBURN CLOTHING STORE,

POST OFFICE BLOCK, 199 MAIN STREET.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,

DEALERS IN

and CHOICE

Lumber

EASTERN PRESSED

Hay.

No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

For Fine Teas and Choice Coffees,

—VISIT—

RAILROAD STORE.

TEAS AT 40, 50, 60, 75 AND 90 CENTS PER POUND.

A full line of nice Coffees always in stock.

FLOUR.

Our Flour at \$9.00 is the best we have seen for a long time, and

can safely be called the very best.

Our St. Louis Flour at \$8.15 cannot be duplicated at less than

\$7.25.

GIVE IT A TRIAL.

The sale of Crocker, Glass, &c., is steadily going on, and we

shall sell at cost until further notice. Now is the time to buy these

goods, many of them at a figure less than cost of manufacture.

Please call and examine, whether you buy or not.

RAILROAD STORE,

115 MAIN STREET.

J. W. GARDNER.

The Mason and Hamlin

Organ Co.

Offer the largest assortment of the Best and Cheap-

est Cabinet or Parlor Organs in the world, of various

highest honors at every World's Exposition for twelve

years. Only American Organs awarded such at any

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.

LADIES' PURE LINEN

HANDKERCHIEFS, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, and 12 1-2 Cents.

GENTLEMEN'S PURE LINEN

HANDKERCHIEFS, 10, 12, 15, 20 AND 25 CENTS.

Another Lot of PURE LINEN SHIRT FRONTS, at 10 Cents.

Journal Club Column

NEARLY A GIVE AWAY.—Mr. Innocent returns to the bosom of his family at 12 P. M., and explains to his anxious and murmuring wife that he has been to the tabernacle to hear the Hutchinsons; didn't think of going when he left home or he would have taken his "little birdie" to hear the sacred music.

Mrs.—"Was the singing very good, dear?"
Mr.—"Oh, yes, especially that good old hymn 'Mustn't Touch.'"

Mrs.—"Mustn't Touch? That's a funny name for a hymn."

Mr.—"Yes, but you see its a temperance song; means you mustn't touch the wine when it is red within the cup."

Mrs.—"Oh, ah! that's it; I see. Were the dresses pretty? Tell me all about it."

Mr.—"Just gorgeous. One of them wore green silk slashed in front from the waist clean down, but the prettiest was the one in purple trunks—that is waist. Not much trimming, you know; very simple, but fitted like a glove. By Jove! she had the best shaped leg—"

Mrs.—"Leg? I'd like to know—"

Mr.—"Let me finish a word, will you? Leghorn hat, I mean. I suppose that's what you call 'em. Straw hat, you know. Shaker bonnet, or something of that sort. Antiquarian costume, you know."

Mrs.—"It must have been lovely. I wish you had taken me."

Mr.—"Yes, so do I, dear."

But he didn't. He lied about it, and when she saw him executing a solemn wink to himself in the glass, she had a faint suspicion that the Rentz troupe of blondes was in town.—*San Jose Herald-Argus.*

The Rev. A. B. Kendig, pastor of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal church in Worcester, made a prayer before his recent farewell sermon in which, after having prayed for every member of the church, the choir, organist, sexton and ushers, he finally prayed for the "one who, although hidden from sight, but contributes so much to the musical part of our worship," ending, "O, Lord, I mean the boy who blows the organ."

An artist went to his doctor for a remedy for a cold which kept his wife at home. "Paint your wife's back with iodine," was the injunction. In the evening the artist set to work. His artistic fancy got the better of him. He sketched a landscape, with a river in the foreground, mountains in the background, and introduced bits of still life. "Have you not finished?" asked his wife, impatiently. "Yes," he replied, "one half-minute more to put my name in the corner."

An exchange, recently, in alluding to a politician, called him a "well-known rigger." This the intelligent compositor transformed into "well-known nigger," while the proof reader, to tone it down a little made it read "the well-known negro," and now that politician, with blood in his eye, is anxiously inquiring for the whereabouts of that editor.

The musical ratta-tats of the tack hammer that the family man has been dancing to the past few days are about silenced, and the grown stalwart boys that put in their time lounging on street corners sadly sing, "Mother, is the cleaning season ended? Are the carpets down once more? Are the summer trousers mended, and can't we rest on the parlor floor?"

The wife of a printer in New Haven has applied for a divorce, on the ground that her husband has no style about him. He wouldn't brace up, had no dash, out no figure, had no point, lived up to no rule, was of bad form and make-up, wasn't a man of letters, or up to the period, was a poor type of the genus, was out of quoin, and couldn't impose on her any longer.

Mrs. Whitefour had company. Now, if there was one thing more than another on which Mrs. Whitefour prided herself it was her cooking. "Will you try some of my sponge-cake, Mrs. Tattlelongue?" she said; "it isn't very good, to be sure. I never had such poor luck in my life as I did in making it." "Why, ma," cried Johnny, in amazement, "You said yesterday it was the best sponge-cake you ever made!" Tableau.

A man and his wife can never agree upon what constitutes a tidy-looking room; a woman will grow irritable when she finds half a dozen cigar stumps sticking to the scorched mantel-piece, and he can't be expected to keep calm when he finds a bunch of long "combs" in his shaving-mug.

One was a Baptist and the other was a Congregationalist. The waiter asked them what they would order. "A little dipped toast," said the Baptist. "You may give me toast, also," said the Congregationalist, cheerfully; "but don't dip it—sprinkle with a little butter."

A little seven-year-old girl was in the sitting-room alone with her uncle, and dreamily looking from the window. Without turning her head she said, "Uncle Horace, eight and seven make fifteen, don't they?" He replied that she was right. "Then," said she, in half soliloquy, "it is only eight years before I shall have a bean, and oh! I dread it!"

He was sitting silently by her side one chilly evening last fall, thinking of something to say. Finally, he remarked, "How said it is; the frost has come, and it will kill every thing green." Thereupon the young lady extended her hand, and said, in a sympathetic tone, "Good-bye."

A rustic youngster, being asked out to tea with a friend, was admonished to praise the eatables. Presently the butter passed to him, when he remarked, "Very nice butter—what there is of it," and observing a smile, he added, "and plenty of it such as it is."

"Fit for tat—Mam (to Hamilton, who has been put in the corner because he would not say 'please')—'You may come out now, Hamilton!' Hamilton—'Not till you say 'please,' mother!'"

A hairpin is a very useful article to a woman. It serves the purpose of toothpick, button hook and hair fastener, but this is no excuse for having one in your vest pocket, when your wife doesn't know where it comes from.

Miscellaneous.

UNDRESSING LITTLE NED.—"What, is that 'Whisky Bill,' who used to drive that old white horse in front of a twenty-five cent express wagon?" repeated the man in tones of surprise.

"Yes."

"Well, now, it's a curious case," he slowly continued. "We all thought he'd gone to the dogs, for sure, for he was drinking a pint of whisky a day, but a few months ago he braced up, stopped drinking, and now I hear he is in good business and saving money. It beats all, for the last time I saw him he seemed half under ground."

When you go home at night and find that all is well with your own flesh and blood, do you go to sleep reasoning that the rest of the world must care for itself? Do you ever shut your eyes and call up hundreds of faces you have met during the day, and wonder if the paleness of death will cover any of them before the morrow? When you have once been attracted to a face, even if it be a stranger's, do you let it drop from memory with your dreams, or do you call it up again as night comes down, and hope it may lose none of its brightness in the whirling mists of time?

So "Whisky Bill" was hunted down. An inquiry here and there finally traced him to a little brown cottage on a by-street. He sat on the step in the twilight, a burly, broad-shouldered man of fifty, and in the house three or four children gathered around the lamp to look over a picture book.

"Yes, they used to call me 'Whisky Bill,' down town," he replied as he moved along and made room, "but it is weeks since I heard the name. No wonder they think me dead, for I've not set eyes on the old crowd for months, and I don't want to for months to come."

"They tell me you have quit drinking. One could see that by your face."

"I hope so; I haven't touched a drop since February. Before that I was half drunk day in and day out, and more of a brute than a man. I don't mind saying that my wife's death set me to thinking, but I didn't stop my liquor. God forgive me, but I was drunk when she died, half drunk at the grave, and I meant to go on a regular spree that night. It was low down, sir, but I was no better than a brute those days."

"And so you left your motherless children at home and went out and got drunk?"

"No, I said I meant to, but I didn't. The poor things were crying all day, and after coming home from the burial I thought to get 'em tucked away in bed before I went out. Drunk or sober I never struck one of them a blow, and they never ran from me when I staggered home. There's four of 'em in there and the youngest isn't quite four years yet. I got the older ones in bed all right and then came little Ned. He had cried himself to sleep and he called for mother as soon as I woke him. Until that night I never had that boy on my knee, to say nothing of putting him to bed, and you can guess these big fingers made slow work with the hooks and buttons. Every minute he kept saying his mother didn't do that way, and he hid his head under the quilts to drown their sobs. When I had his clothes off and his nightgown on I was ashamed, and when the oldest saw tears in my eyes and jumped out of bed to put her arms around my neck I dropped the name of 'Whisky Bill' right then and forever."

"And little Ned?"

"Mebbe I'd have weakened, but for him," replied the man as he wiped his eyes. "After I got the child's nightgown on, what did he do but kneel right down beside me and wait for me to say the Lord's Prayer to him! Why, sir, you might have knocked me down with a feather! There I was, mother and father to him, and I couldn't say four words of that prayer to save my life! He waited and waited for me to begin, as his mother always had, and the big children were waiting, and when I took him in my arms and kissed him, I called Heaven to witness that my life should be changed from that hour. And so it did, sir, and I've been trying hard to lead a sober, honest life. God helping me, no one shall call me 'Whisky Bill' again."

The four little children, little Ned in his nightgown, came out for a good-night kiss, and the boy cuddled in his father's arms for a moment and said:

"Good-night, pa—good-night, everybody in the world—good-night, ma, up in heaven—and don't put out the light 'till we get to sleep."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A FRAUD.—One pleasant night, in a lonely spot in the Faubourg du Temple, a pedestrian was halted by a robber, who threatened to kill him unless he voluntarily subscribed to the campaign fund. The pedestrian calmly drew a pistol from his pocket, and placing it to the highwayman's head, marched him to the nearest police station, where he gave him in charge and told the story to the sergeant.

"Very good," said that vigorous official; "and now have you a permit to carry a pistol?"

"I have not."

"In that case I shall be compelled to hold you on a charge of carrying concealed weapons."

"But if I hadn't had my pistol with me I would probably have been murdered."

"That is quite likely, but the law takes no cognizance of little things like that. The law is the law, and must be obeyed."

"Very well; but is there any ordinance against carrying a pistol that won't shoot?"

"No; of course not."

"Then if you will be so good as to examine this deadly weapon you will perceive that there is no trigger to it. It is one of a friend gave me to take to the armorer's, and have repaired."

"Lemme go!" yelled the captive highwayman; "I was kidnapped and inveigled here under false pretences. This is a charge of a fraud by a fraud."

The vigilant sergeant was about as deeply disgusted.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

There is still extant in the Postoffice Department at Washington a small folio ledger of not more than three quires of paper, upon which Franklin, when Postmaster General, kept all his accounts for two years.

The idea of reforming the intemperance by setting up cheap coffee-houses in the neighborhood of the rum shops has been tried with much success in England, so great, in fact, that they have in many cases compelled the rum dealers near by to close their resorts had drawn away from them. In Bristol the rum-sellers, hearing of the proposed trial of the plan there, hired every available location in their quarter, and at first it seemed that the reformers were thwarted because of their inability to secure available rooms, it being considered necessary to have the coffee-houses in the vicinity of the places where the laboring people were wont to resort for their morning and evening drinks. The coffee-men, however, out-generalled the rummies by sending out a wagon every morning and evening and peddling the hot coffee and tea for a penny a mug. The success was so great that a number of benevolent individuals have started coffee-wagons, and have all they can do to supply the demands of the thirsty throngs which morning and evening besiege the wagons.

COMPRESSED FLOUR.—It is said that a French chemist some time since conceived the idea of subjecting flour to pressure, for the sake of economy of space in packing. In order to test its effect on the quality of the article, he exposed a quantity of flour to a hydraulic pressure of 500 tons, which reduced the volume to a fourth its original bulk. On examining the flour thus pressed, he found its quality in no wise impaired. In order to try what effect time would have upon it, he packed both pressed and unpressed in tin boxes, and sealed them up. At the end of three months he examined both sorts and found that the pressed flour had kept better than the unpressed. He had a portion of each sort baked into bread, and bread made from the compressed flour showed a decided superiority. After the lapse of a year he repeated the experiment, and found that the unpressed flour had turned bad, whilst the pressed flour was sweet and made excellent bread.

THE DEAD SEA.—I went on, and came near to those waters of death. They stretched into the southern desert; and before me, and all around, as far away as the eye could follow, black hills, piled high over hills, pale, yellow and naked, walled up in her tomb forever the dead and damned Gomorrah. There was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air, but instead a deep stillness; no grass grew from the earth, no weed peered through the void sand; but, in mockery of all life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood; and these grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shores, spread out their grim, skeleton arms, scorched and charred to blackness by the heats of the long, silent years.—*Alexander Ringlake.*

Looking over an old ledger we see a long array of names of former subscribers who are indebted to us. Some of them have moved away, and some are lost to sight, although to memory dear. Others are carrying the contribution boxes in our most respectable churches, and others have died and are now angels in heaven; but they owe us just the same.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

"Now, James, don't go off to any other place after work; something will turn up for you here, I know," said the anxious wife, "and you know a 'rolling stone gathers no moss.'" "And a setting hen lays no eggs," gruffly responded James. "But she keeps her nest warm, and that is a good deal in these hard times," was the unanswerable woman's argument.

Have patience with the little folks. It may be troublesome to spend an hour and a half disentangling the boy's kite-string, but it will do him so much good, that he will go right out doors, and snarl it up again with the brightest bloom of joy upon his countenance.

"Dot 'Pinafore' expression vos a noonsance," remarked a Teutonic gentleman yesterday to a genial companion. "Auf you tole a veller somethings, he speaks nodding von bloine English aber he say 'Vot hardly, sometimes nefer?' Vot kind of language is dose?"

If ever a man feels like writing Sunday-school hymns, it is when on returning home late he finds the gas out and that the servant maid with thoughtful carelessness has placed the ash-box on the hall stairs.

SLIGHTLY AMBIGUOUS.—An enterprising druggist advertises his cough medicine in the following manner: "Cough while you can, for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture you can't."

A son of the Siamese twins is achieving high honors in an eastern college, which leads a funny man to ask: "Why shouldn't he rise in the world? His father was well connected."

The tack-makers of New England threaten to strike. Great goodness! is it possible that at the fall house cleaning we'll have to fasten down our carpets with railroad spikes?

A little urchin being asked, "What is Rhode Island noted for?" replied, "It is noted for being the only one of the New England States which is the smallest."

A young man in Nebraska sent an offer of marriage to a girl whom he fancied, and in reply received a telegram—"Come on with your minister."

A young man in Brooklyn boasts that he has kissed his girl 450 times in six hours and three laps, and thinks he has won the match.

An Atlanta darkey who tried to send one of his children through the post office has been arrested for an attempt at blackmailing.

He who cannot keep his own secret ought not to complain if another tells it.

Sharp practice—learning to strap a razor.

DRUGS
—AND—
MEDICINES.

The undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that having bought out the interest of F. B. CAMPBELL, and having furnished an entire new stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Also, a complete assortment of

DRUGGIST'S SUNDRIES,

Consisting of

COMBS, BRUSHES, SOAPS, PERFUMERIES, HAIR OILS, POWDERS, PUFFS, FEEDING BOTTLES,

And many articles too numerous to mention, respectfully solicits the patronage of the general public.

Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded.

WARREN D. BARTLETT,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

125 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT to and in execution of the power and authority contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Timothy Pachy, of Woburn, to Joseph B. McDuff, dated June 1, A. D. 1878, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, libro 1355, folio 56, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, being the granted premises, on Monday, the twenty-third day of June A. D. 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to wit:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on the northerly side of a new street, leading from Beach street, in said Woburn, to the laundry in said town. Said lot of land is bounded as follows, viz:—Commencing at a stake and stone, on the northerly side of said new street, at the southerly corner of the premises; thence the line runs easterly, on and by said new street, about ten rods, to a wall, at land of Aurora H. C. Phelps; thence northerly on and by said wall, to land of said Woburn, thence by said W. C. Phelps, westerly about ten rods, to another stake and stone, at land of John Nelson; thence southerly by land of said Nelson, about twenty-seven rods, to the point of beginning, consisting of one and one-half acres, be the same more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to said Phelps, by John Nelson, of Woburn, by his deed of October 30, A. D. 1873, recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, libro 1287, folio 111.

Terms made known at time and place of sale. JOSEPH B. McDUFF, Mortgagee. J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney. Woburn, May 28, 1879.

M. ELLIS & Co., BUILDING MOVERS.

Office Basement of Post Office, WOBURN, - - MASS. M. ELLIS. 183 JOSEPH COLE.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT. To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of Thomas R. Andrews, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

GREETING: WHEREAS, a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Martha Andrews, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of June instant, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

SHERIFF'S SALE. COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. MIDDLESEX, ss.

Woburn, May 30, 1879. Taken on execution and will be sold at public auction, on Saturday, the fifth day of July next, at nine o'clock, A. M., at my office No. 172 Main street, Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, all the right interest of Patrick Fitzpatrick, thence southerly by said Fitzpatrick's land, 116.50 feet; thence easterly to and to the following described mortgaged real estate, viz:—A certain lot of land situated in the southerly part of said Woburn, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northerly corner of the premises, on Arlington street, and at land of one McHugh, thence the line runs southerly by said Arlington street to land formerly owned by heirs of Lemuel Richardson, deceased; thence westerly by land formerly of heirs of said Richardson to land formerly owned by Horace Conn; thence northerly by said Conn to the corner of the premises, thence running northerly still by land last mentioned to Patrick Fitzpatrick, thence southerly by said Fitzpatrick's land, 116.50 feet; thence easterly to land of said McHugh, 159 feet, to a corner; thence northerly still by land last named, 127.50 feet, to land of said McHugh; thence by said McHugh's land to the point of beginning. Also one other lot of land with the buildings thereon standing situate on said Arlington street, containing one and one-quarter acres, more or less, and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the northerly corner of the premises, on said Arlington street and at land now or formerly of Joshua E. Littlefield, thence the line runs northerly by land now or formerly of said Littlefield and by land of J. A. Boutelle to a corner; thence southerly by said J. A. Boutelle to a corner; thence westerly by land formerly of said Welch and by land now or formerly owned by one Billingsley to said Arlington street; thence northerly on said Arlington street to the point of beginning. Said premises are sold subject to any right of way contained in deed recorded in Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1283, Page 635, of Abbott to Fitzpatrick.

HORACE COLLAPOLE, Deputy Sheriff.

Mortgagee's Sale. PURSUANT to and in execution of the power and authority contained in the Mortgage given by George H. Cutter and Abner M. Cutter to George Stratton, dated October 7th, A. D. 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, libro 1183, folio 19, for breach of the condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, George L. Stratton, administrator of the estate of George Stratton, deceased, will sell at public auction on the premises hereinafter described (being the premises described in said mortgage), on Monday the thirtieth day of June, A. D. 1879, at half past five o'clock in the afternoon, a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, and all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, situated in Lexington, in said County of Middlesex, on an avenue leading from Hancock street, called Hancock Avenue, bounded and measuring as follows:—Beginning on said avenue at a point about two hundred and twenty-two feet distant from said Hancock street, at a corner of said Hancock street, and running easterly and southerly, and running on said land of said Walter and Stratton, one hundred and fifty-six feet and six inches to the corner of Joseph Eaton's place, thence running on said land of said Eaton, seventy-six feet to other land of said Walter and Stratton; thence running and running on said land mentioned land, one hundred and sixty-four feet and six inches to said Hancock Avenue; thence running and running on said avenue seventy-two feet and six inches to the point of beginning, being the premises conveyed to the said Abner M. Cutter by the said Walter and Stratton, by their deed of even date with said mortgage. The equity of redemption in said premises is believed to be in the heirs of said Abner M. Cutter, deceased, and said George H. Cutter is believed to be interested in the same as tenant by the courtesy.

Two hundred dollars will be required to be paid in cash at the time and place of sale.

GEORGE L. STRATTON, Administrator of the estate of George Stratton. A. E. SCOTT, Attorney. 1 Pemberton Square, Boston. June 2, 1879.

1851. 1879.

THE
Woburn
JOURNAL.

29th VOLUME.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

THE STORIES

which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor.

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in the shape of stories, original and selected, sketches, paragraphs, &c., together with all the news, and discussions of current topics. The above has made and will maintain it as the

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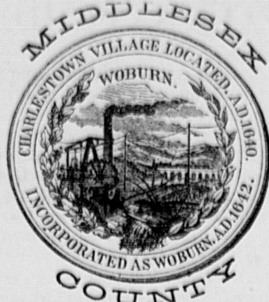
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WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1879.

NO. 25.

Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865
Parks & Freeman,
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81 MANUFACTURER OF
STEAM ENGINES,
Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shafting
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fitting up Tanneries and Curing Shops.
SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

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Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for
Sleighing or Dancing parties. With one of the best
dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for
caring for parties, the Central House will be found to
answer all the requirements of the traveling public.
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Catering on the most satisfactory terms a
specialty.

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Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on
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G. F. JONES, Proprietor

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Photographs in Every Style made and finished in the
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and families, 12 tickets for \$10. Copying of all kinds
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seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Of-
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

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Creamed Castor Oil.

Creamed Castor Oil is not in any sense a patent medicine or a substitute for Castor Oil, but is the pure
oil prepared in such a manner as to make it pleasant to the taste and perfectly easy to swallow.
All mothers who have had to give their children Castor Oil, will know the difficulty of administering
it. This article children really like and take it as readily as they would fresh cream.
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merits, and congratulated us on its elegance as a triumph of pharmaceutical skill.

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friends and the public generally, that having bought
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Orders by mail should be
accompanied by measure
from right front button over
right shoulder to left back
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Where all the leading novelties in Gentlemen's wear
are made to order. Spring Overcoats are a good thing
to have on hand. If you want a Nobby Business
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FISH.
Oysters, Clams and Lobsters in their season.

198 Main St., Woburn.

I shall endeavor to continue the business to the entire
satisfaction of customers, and have secured the
services of Mr. J. A. GRIFFIN, who will be
happy to meet all his old friends.

W. F. ESTABROOK,

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Carpenters.

J. Horace Dean & Co.,

Carpenters and Builders,

Shop, Central Square, Woburn.

All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-
tended to.

Poetical Selection.

MY TRAMP.

That's he again! I know his whoop
As he sallies down the lane.
No need to stay still he calls for "grub"
With his face against the pane.

As I set me here in my easy chair
I can note the swaggering gait
Of his sunburnt feet, but I'll go to once,
My tramp doesn't like to wait.

Little brown breeches and blouses hat!
I could tarry me yet for a while,
And ponder, my young king-democrat,
With a mother-philosopher's smile.

The possible future of your young rule,
The imperious doctrine learned
So early, ah! "Ho meat! ho bread!"
Of the store you have never earned!

Could divine, of the little tanned, tired feet,
What sort of a road, by and by,
They would travel apace, and at even time
To what sort of home would lie.

"Ho bread! ho meat!" would he find them there?
These are all the names he knows
For the great God love that makes the home,
For the fulness, the repose.

Ah, apple cheek and chestnut curls
That are lying upon my breast!
I wonder if this is typical
Of the day's end and the rest!

And I lay my little tired, worn-out tramp
On his little bed all white,
As I pray that the blessed Saviour's arms
May gather him in that night.

Selected Story.

THE RACE FOR LIFE.

Toward the middle of July, 1840, a party

of city-bred mortals determined to take
a cruise upon the salt water, and no sooner
did the idea present itself than we set about
putting the plan into effect. At Atkins's

Wharf, at the North End, we found a small
schooner, the "Othello," of about a hundred
and twenty tons burden. She was a Balti-

more built craft—regular clipper shaped,
long and handsome, carrying fore-top-sail
and topgallant-sail, and a gaff-top-sail upon
the main. She had been used in the West

India trade and perhaps for other trades.
She had four port-holes, and some of our
party could detect marks upon her deck
where gun-carriages had run, though the

faint marks might have been made by a
thousand other things just as well. The
owner's name was Johnson—a short, dark-

complexioned lane man, but a good seaman
and a good man. The moment we proposed
hiring his schooner for a pleasure trip he
was pleased with the idea. He proposed

that we should furnish a new mainsail, and
provisions and other necessary fixings, en-
gage our own skipper, and take him as a
private member of the party. He asked no

more. Of course we accepted his offer.
We found Tom Phillips lying on his oar.
He was kind to be a good shipmaster, and

we engaged his services. Then we got a
good cook, a steward, and one other expe-
rienced seaman, and finally all our arrange-

ments were made and on the 17th of July
the "Othello" left Boston harbor, under a
fair breeze, and with a happy crew on board.

There were twenty-four of us in all. John-
son had had the vessel thoroughly cleaned,
and she was not only neat and tidy, but we

found her also a splendid sailer—gliding
through the water like a dolphin, and rid-
ing like a duck for gracefulness and ease.

As soon as we were out of sight of land
we took a vote to decide which course we
should pursue. There were twenty of us

privileged to vote, and each one having
written upon a piece of paper the place he
wished first to visit, it was deposited in a

box by the binnacle. When the votes were
all in, we examined them. Sixteen were
for Havana, one for Gibraltar, and three for

"Anywhere." So to Havana we went.
We had a splendid run, and when we reached
the queen city of Antilles, we found no dif-

ficulty in landing. We remained there a
week, and having taken in a good quantity
of fruit, we prepared to set sail again.

"Which way now?" asked Senor Torri-
jos, as we were preparing to leave.
"To Saint Domingo," answered Phillips.

"A fine trip," returned the old merchant;
"but," he added with a sort of a serious
smile, "you may meet Traddillo on your

way."
"Traddillo?" repeated Phillips; "who is
he?"

"What, have you been here a week, and
not heard of Traddillo? Why, he is one of
the most daring villains that ever lived—a

pirate who has infested these seas for over
three months, and whom no amount of
strategy has been able to conquer. His

hand is turned against the world, and he
fears nothing. He has a crew as bold and
bloody as himself, and he leaves no wit-
nesses to tell of his deeds."

"Yes, he goes upon the principle that
'dead men tell no tales.' He was formerly
a native of this place; but some time during
the year 1836 he was apprehended for rob-

bery, and condemned to be whipped, and
then imprisoned. He was whipped in public,
but he made his escape from prison, and now
he has made his appearance among our
islands as a most terrible avenger. But he

must soon be apprehended, for many vessels
are after him."

"From two sources. He has written two
letters to the captain-general; and three
men escaped from him about a month ago.

They were in a brig that he captured at
night, and they jumped overboard with life-
preservers on, and were picked up in the
morning."

"And is he about here now?"
"There is no knowing where he is. The
last we heard of him, he took a French

barque off Anguilla, and murdered the
whole crew. But I guess there won't be
much danger, for I think it very likely he is
down on the Brazil coast now."

This was not very cheering intelligence,
but then we had no real fears—our hearts
were too light for that. It was after dinner,
when we were up on our anchor and made sail,

and before dark we had passed the headland
of Matanzas harbor. Through the night we
had a northerly wind, and kept our course
with flowing sheets. We concluded to run

to the north of the island of Hayti, and on
the morning of the fourth day from Havana
we had made the northeasterly cape of the
island. Here we had the wind from the

southeast, and we had to make a tack to the
eastward. The wind was steady, and we
chose to make a "long leg" on the easterly
tack, so as to come down well on the next

one. Our course by the compass was east-
by-north, and by looking at the map it will
be seen that this course lay clear, to the
northward of all the islands.

It was about seven o'clock in the morn-
ing when we lay to on this tack, and in half
an hour afterwards we were once more out
of sight of land. I was sitting

upon the main hatch, engaged in peeling an
orange, when some one sung out, "Sail-ho!"
"Where away?" I returned sportively.
And then Phillips asked the same question.

"Right there—just over the starboard
quarter," returned the man who had spoken.
We looked, and sure enough, there was a
sail in plain sight, which must have come

out from behind Samana. Johnson went
below and got his glass, and when he re-
turned he examined the stranger, and he was
soon confident she must be a schooner.

"Suppose it should be the pirate!" sug-
gested one of our party, a Milk street book-
keeper named Paine. There was a tremu-
lousness in his tone as he spoke.

"No, there's no danger of that," said
Phillips. "I don't imagine we're going to
fall in with a pirate so easily. I've followed
the sea now going on twenty years, and

never saw one yet."
"Unless that's one," persisted Paine.
"Pooh—nonsense!"

Our vessel was close-hauled upon the
starboard tack, and the stranger was coming
down almost before the wind, with fore-
top-sail and topgallant-sail set, and starboard

studding-sails drawing. In half an hour
more the fellow was in plain sight. It was
a schooner, long, low and black, and just
such a one as Senor Torrijos had described

the pirate to be. There was no mistaking
this. And then her deck was full of men,
we could plainly see with the glass.

"What'd ye think now!" asked Paine,
tremulously.
"By the piper, there may be a snuff of

powder here, after all," returned Phillips,
rather dubiously.
Minutes fled rapidly, and ere long the

schooner was within a couple of miles.
There was no more room for doubt. Her
whole contour was rakish and bloody, and
then no other craft would carry such a

quantity of men.
"Well, boys," said Phillips, "there can't
be any mistake about that fellow, and now,
what shall we do?"

"Why—run, of course," said Paine; and
we all coincided.
So without further consideration our helm

was put up, the sheets eased off, and in a
few moments more we were bowling off
before the wind in fine style. For some ten

or fifteen minutes we watched the pirate
with the utmost anxiety, and at the end of
that time it became evident that he was
gaining upon us. The thought was a fear-
ful one.

"They never spare anybody," whispered
a young seaman, by the name of Bolster.
He spoke to Phillips, and seemed to hope
that something might be done to increase

our speed.
But Bolster was not the only one who
bore fear marks upon his face. I think we
all came in for our share of that. Whether

the pursuer was a pirate or not had been
settled in our minds, and the only thing upon
which we now hung was the thought of
escape. To be captured was sure death,

and that, too, most horrible.
"Can we escape?" was a question asked
by more than one, and asked by one more
than once. Capt. Johnson knew most about

our vessel's sailing qualities, and he was
appealed to; but he only shook his head in
doubt.
It was a stern chase, and we felt sure it

must be a long one. Perhaps we could hold
off until night, and then steal away.
"I'm afraid not," said Phillips, who had
been watching the pirate narrowly, as the

hope was spoken to him. "The case'll be
settled before night."
It was now ten o'clock, and the wind was

moderate, our schooner running off seven
knots. It was a fixed fact that the pirate
was gaining upon us—it was very slowly
done, but yet we could see it. The fellow's

hull became gradually more plainly de-
veloped to our sight, and one after another
of his ropes became defined against the blue
sky. It was just twenty-five minutes past

ten when he fired a gun. We had not been
able to see any ports before, but now that
point was settled.
"That means for us to heaven-to," said

Johnson, as the sound of the report had
fairly died away.

"But we won't heaven-to!" exclaimed half
a dozen voices.
"Of course we won't!" cried Paine.

"We'll use the only means of safety we've
got while it lasts."

And this was the general impression. To
calmly stop and let the rascals come up and
cut our throats was something we were not
prepared to do, for though the pirate was

gaining upon us, yet it was so slowly that
there was a strange sense of hope while the
distance was anything between us. Perhaps
some other sail might heave in sight, and

perhaps a great many things might happen
to help us.
At eleven o'clock we could plainly see
the heads and shoulders of the pirates, and

we could now see that her ports were open,
and the guns run out. They were brass
guns, for we could see them glisten in the
sunlight. There was not now much over a

mile between us. But remember a mile
at sea does not look like a mile on land. Go
on the frozen lake, when the ice is clear and
smooth, and you will skate a mile and think

it but a few rods. We could see the white
crest that rolled away from the pirate's bows,
and we fancied we could hear the rushing of
the water as she cleared it. At any rate,

we could see the dark faces of the crew, and
fancied we could detect the scowls of triumph
that lighted up their diabolical features.

By-and-by another gun was fired, as
before, to leeward; but of course we took
no notice of it. At twelve o'clock the villain
fired again. He was gaining on us.

"Look!" spoke Phillips. "She's yaw-
ing."
"Going to steer off?" breathlessly ques-
tioned Bolster.

"Rather guess not. That's for a shot at
us."
And so it proved; for hardly had the words

passed from our skipper's mouth when a
wreath curled up from the fellow's deck,
and just as the report reached us a shot
came plowing up the water under our quarter

rail. A score of cheeks turned pale. Pow-
der was ahead of wind at that game. A few
shots like that upon our deck would be
dangerous. We were not fighting men—not

even sailors; injured to no hardship but of
sea-sickness, and all of us wanted to get
home again safe and sound. We could see
four-and-twenty bloody corpses on our deck,

and we were to make the scene. It was an
hour of terrible trial. We looked involun-
tarily for a means of escape. Had there
been a stone wall, a fence, a wood, a hill,

or even a few trees, we might have had some
hope; but nothing of the kind was to be
seen. Only that endless, boundless waste
all about us! We had our limbs free and

strong—only cooped within those fatal
limits.
Another shot struck the water alongside,

and sent the spray dashing upon our deck.
The pursuer lost something in distance by
this firing, for she had no bow-port, and
consequently had to yaw in order to bring

her guns to bear. It was just one o'clock
when she had more than gained all she had
lost by firing, and at that time she fired the
fourth gun. The ball struck the main

thrust-halys, and the sail was on the next
instant flapping.
"We are lost!" gasped Paine, as he saw

what had happened.
And so it would seem, for our headway
was checked, and ere we could splice the
halyards the pirate would be up with us.

We turned our eyes over the taffrail and
there was the villain not over half a mile
distant, his deck bristling with men, and
their polished arms plainly to be seen. But

while we were thus lost in fear, Capt. John-
son and Frost (the latter was the seaman
we had engaged) had spliced the halyards,
and the gaff of the mainsail was again in

its place. Hope had once more dawned
dimly upon our deck, when a savage mes-
sage came and drove it all away.
The pursuer was now within a quarter of

a mile, and as the smoke curled up again
from her gun, a round shot and a stand of
grape came upon us—the former carrying
away our fore-topmast, and the latter tear-

ing the throat of our foresail in pieces.
"By heavens! boys, let's not die like
cowards!" cried Johnson. "We have guns
on board—muskets—which we brought to

shoot birds with. We ought to have thought
of them before; but it is not too late now.
Let's load 'em at once, and when we've
fired 'em we can use 'em for clubs."

We had taken a lot of fowling-pieces
with us, and in a few moments they were
brought upon deck, and each man requested
to take one and load it. I was fear struck,

I acknowledge it, very much so, but yet I
knew there was a smile upon my face as I
looked around upon some of my compan-
ions, whose excited faces had also quite un-

manned them.
In ten minutes from the time our fore-
topmast came down the pursuer was along-
side. I uttered one prayer, gave one

thought to home and friends, and then turned
to the coming enemy. Our vessel had
brought to and as we lay with our head
half up to the wind, the pursuer came

up under our lee quarter, and in a moment
more a score of men were upon our deck.
I looked at them, and their leader I recog-
nized. I had known him on board the old

Brandywine.
"Rogers!" I gasped, starting forward.
"What! old mate, is

Journal Club Column

A Maine parson who announced from his pulpit that a circus was about to visit the town, and that if any of his flock should attend he would gladly give them a letter of dismission, was somewhat mollified in his wrath when a bright and bold little Sunday-school scholar of eight presented himself at the pulpit with, "Please, sir, will you give me the ticket to the circus that you promised?"

"What are you looking for?" asked one of the widow Bedott's two daughters, who were entertaining their young fellows on the piazza rather late one night last summer, of their mother, who seemed to be hunting for something around the front door yard. "The morning papers," answered the widow. The young men left.

A Seymour, Indiana, man picked up a stick of cordwood the other night, and chased a cat across the back yard. He didn't catch the cat, but he caught the clothes-line between his teeth, and now when he smiles the corners of his mouth pass each other at the back of his neck.

The Gazette says Clara Louise Kellogg went from the Music Hall to the Parker House, changed her dress, locked her trunks, and left the Providence depot for New York, all in 26 minutes. This is about the quickest work ever done by a Singer machine.—Commercial Bulletin.

Elder sister (to little one, who appears to take great interest in Mr. Skibbons):—Come, little pet, it is time your eyes were shut in sleep. Little pet:—I think not. Mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Skibbons were together.

An Irishman at the imminent risk of his life stopped a runaway horse a few days ago. The owner came up after a while, and quietly remarked, "Thank you, sir." "An' faith, an' how are ye a goin' to divide that betwene two of us?" replied Pat.

Last Sunday a Sunderland superintendent, after the lesson was closed, asked the little boys the following question:—"Who knows better than father or mother?" A little five-years-old promptly answered, "I do."

"What a rough fellow that Sniggins is!" petulantly exclaimed the Hopetown girl after a struggle with the aforesaid Sniggins at Copenhagen. "He nearly smothered me!" "And did you kiss him for his smother?" asked the other miss, naively.

"Do you know what you are eating?" whispered one of the boarders, as he watched his neighbor wrestling with a piece of leathery pie. "Alas," sighed the martyr, "I know too well. 'Tis but a little faded flour." And he passed his plate for another slice.

A little girl where a minister had been invited to dinner was privately placed on her good behavior. Finding a lull in the conversation at the tea-table she folded her hands and said:—"O God, please pass the butter."

A bright boy was walking along the street with his mother, and observing a man with a peculiar hitch in his gait approaching he drolly exclaimed:—"Look there, mamma; see how that poor man stutters with his feet!"

At a recent performance in the New Haven opera-house, as a number of students left their seats between the acts, a good lady was heard to observe:—"Ain't it too bad those fellows have to go home and go to studying?"

There is said to be a man in Worcester who has lived so long on corn bread that his voice has become husky, his hair has turned to silk like that which grows on the grain, and his toes are covered with corns.

"Dear me, how fluidly he talks," said Mrs. Partridge, recently, at a temperance meeting. "I'm always rejoiced when he mounts the rostrum, for his eloquence warms every cartridge in my body."

"Oh yes," she said, "I'm very fond of little boys; and, as she tripped on a string stretched across the pavement she added:—"I feel as if I could eat a couple of 'em this minute, raw."

Time, 12 o'clock. She—"George, are you to exhibit in the dog show?" He—"No; why?" She—"Oh, nothing; only you are such a remarkably fine setter." Exit young man.

A Modoc Indian who had taken to farming, and raised a pretty good crop of corn, asked a white neighbor, "How do white men cook corn so he drink him out of a bottle?"

"Ah," said the fly as it crawled around the bottle. "I have passed through the hatching age, the creeping age, and now I am in the moulting age, and—there it stuck."

Whipping a big boy in school is looked upon by the New Orleans Picayune as a mastery effort. The big boy broke a rule and the master broke a ruler.

"Go out, young man, she's not here," said a Kentucky preacher in the midst of his sermon, to a youth who was hesitating in the doorway.

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped on the icy pavement. "Going to get up!" was the blunt reply.

There is very little difference between a man who sees a ghost and one who swallows a bad oyster as far as looks are concerned.

A lady in Fairhaven got her foot stuck in a soft spot in a concrete walk. Sing "hey the merry maiden and the tar!"

"There was nothing to mar the pleasure of the occasion," she said. Her mother had remained at home.

"When is a man a coward?" asked a teacher. "When he runs away from a cow," answered a pupil.

It takes a pretty smart woman to do the spanking, when triplets start up an avvil chorus about midnight.

Nothing makes a bald-headed man so mad as a fly that doesn't knock when it has enough.

Miscellaneous.

TOO SURE.

"What is the time, John?"
"Ten minutes to nine."
"I thought it was later."
"Did you? I am sure it is what I say."
"Thank you."
The boy who had inquired of John, and who trusted to his word, ran down the street.
"That's good," he said to himself. "I shall just have time to do what I wish and get back to school by nine o'clock."
He ran as fast as he could for three minutes. Then he stopped, for he heard a sound. The church bells were striking five.

Very vexed he felt as he retraced his steps as quickly as he could.

But when he reached school he found the door was shut.

He went in among the "late boys," and consequently lost his place in the class.

"It was too bad of you to deceive me, John," he said, as he passed him. "If it had not been for you I should have been early."

"I suppose it was later than I thought," said John.

"Yes, but you should not have told me you were sure unless you had been so."

"That is just like John Stevenson," said another boy, "he is always so sure about things."

There was no time for further remarks, as the boys were obliged to take their places.

"John Stevenson, look over the exercises in dictation," said one of the teachers. John did not particularly like that work.

The exercises had been written by the younger boys, and most of them had plenty of mistakes to correct.

John read the first dozen lines on each slate. If they were correct he did not like the trouble to go on, but wrote the word "Correct" at the bottom of the slate.

If there were errors in the first dozen, he concluded there might be others, and therefore read the whole.

It took him nearly half an hour to do it. When it was done he returned the slates to the teacher.

"Have you marked all the errors, John?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure you have overlooked none?"

"Quite sure," said John.

But casting his eyes swiftly over the uppermost slate, the teacher found towards the bottom two mistakes that had been overlooked.

"You should be more careful before you make an assertion, John," said he, when he had called John's attention to them. "It is very dishonorable to say you are sure of a thing when you are not at all sure."

When the morning lessons were nearly over, the master called for the ciphering books.

"Is this sum correct, John?"

"Yes, quite correct, sir?"

"Have you done it carefully?"

"Yes, I am sure there is no mistake."

"You are much too sure," said the master. "If you work it again you will find that one figure is incorrect."

John was not much pleased at that. He wanted to go home with the other boys, and now he was obliged to remain and get the sum before he left.

When he was ready to go, the master spoke a few special words to him.

"Three times this morning, John Stevenson, you have said you were sure of what you asserted, and each time you were wrong. You are too self-confident. You should take the trouble really to satisfy yourself as to the correctness of a thing before you declare it to be so. I hope you will learn the truth that you are very likely to be mistaken, and that, therefore, you should be exceedingly particular about what you say."

But the habit which John had formed was too deep to be easily altered, and although he did try to be a little more careful before he made an assertion, he was just as self-confident as ever.

Some time after John left school, and was apprenticed to a draper.

He was quick to learn, and when he had only been in the shop two or three months he began to serve customers. He thought it very unnecessary indeed for one of the older persons to stand by and see that he did it properly.

"I'm quite sure I know how to do it," said he.

But other people were not quite so sure and thought it better that he should have some supervision.

"Have your bills examined always, Stevenson," said the foreman.

"That is too bad," thought John. "As if I did not know how to work a little addition sum like that!"

It always vexed him to have to take his bills for examination, but of course he had to conform to the rules.

On one occasion, however, a lady was in a hurry, and did not want to be kept a moment longer than was necessary. John made out a bill and she paid it.

"Is it right, Stevenson? Let me see," said the foreman.

"I am sure it is right, said John, "and the lady does not want to stay."

So the money was paid, and John gave the lady the change.

But in the evening when the checks came to be examined, a mistake was discovered. The next morning John was summoned into the office, and asked to account for the deficiency.

So John paid it; and was very short of pocket-money for several weeks afterwards in consequence.

But it did him good. He had been made to see that he was not nearly as infallible as he had supposed himself to be. It taught him to be careful. And taught him humility, too.

In future, when he was tempted to be too sure about anything, he thought of the half sovereign which he had lost, and was always willing that others should test what he had done, so that there might be no mistake.

A NEW FEATURE IN CHURCH FAIRS.—It has grown into a fashionable custom of late to have a mock auction sale of the prettiest girls at church festivals. It tends to increase the resources of the church, and at the same time very clearly demonstrates in which way the affections of youth are best. For it is reasonable to suppose that no ambitious young man will permit his sweet-heart to be knocked down to a rival until he has expended his last cent in the effort to become the fortunate purchaser. Acting upon this idea a fashionable church in Denver is preparing for a festival, in which the auction business is to form a prominent feature. It has put the young ladies in quite a flutter of excitement, and unhappily at this early stage of the novelty—for, however common in the East, it is a novelty here—has come very near wrecking the future happiness of two estimable young creatures. The facts in the case are these: A young gentleman, who confesses to an amiable weakness for one of the young ladies who is to be disposed of on the occasion referred to, called on his dulcinea a few evenings since, and very naturally the subject of the festival came up.

"I'm to be sold, Charley, did you know it?" exclaimed the enchantress.

"No! are you, though? I suppose I shall have to buy you."

"Of course. But how much do you reckon I will sell for?"

"This is a naive inquiry, but it led to a moment of brief sagacious speculation. If he had any rival the girl was likely to go high: if he didn't have any it would appear as if he was investing in an exceedingly cheap article."

"I don't know." The words were long drawn out, and his face was grave. "I suppose a dollar or two?"

If he had reflected a moment longer he never would have made this observation. It was born, however, of a sense of economy, and he had no idea of what it would lead to. But as the words fell from his lips he looked at his innamorata and caught the flash of indignant blue eyes which his made heart sink.

"One or two dollars, indeed! I'll sell for fifty at the very lowest."

"I can't buy you, then?"

"Sir!" and the lady's face was rigid with amazement.

"That is—I mean to say—blame it, Maria, I can't spare the money," and the poor fellow looked appealingly at the divinity which was about to shape the end of his purse. But the disaster had come. The young lady rose from her seat like a queen, and with the cruel remark that a gentleman who thought so much of \$50 was not a suitable person to encourage as a lover, sailed majestically from the room.

And now that young man's soul is convulsed with anguish, and his remarks upon church festivals are fearful to contemplate.—Denver (Col.) News.

ALTOGETHER TOO QUICK.—One morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M.'s store, with very angry looks. He had left a team in the street, and had a good-sized stick in his hand.

"Mr. M.," said the countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts; and that's the young villain I bought them of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell the man walnut for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready answer.

"You lie, you little villain," said the countryman, still more enraged at his assurance.

"Now look here, you old goose," said John. "If you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in the walnuts gratis."

"O, you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well, now, if that aint a young scamp," said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin, as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would always stop to weigh before they blame others.

"LEAVE IT OPEN."—"Yes," observed the boy as he went down stairs, "this is world of changes. It wasn't over three months ago that 'ere lawyer gin me a blowin' up cos I didn't shut the door when I went out, and now he turns around and jaws cos I didn't leave it wide open. I didn't know nuthin' 'bout law, but seem to me these 'ere fellows who can't stick to one thing more'n three months at a time can't be of much 'count."

At Napa, Cal., a Frenchman named Petit was flourishing a pistol in an excited manner. A passer-by called out to him, "Don't shoot; you'll scare my horses!" Bowing, the Frenchman politely replied, "Excuse me, sir." An hour afterward he committed suicide.

"That man is rich," said the conductor. "You know him, then?" said a companion. "No; but he groaned when he paid his fare!" "Does every rich man groan when he pays his fare?" "No; but everyone who does groan is rich!"—Rochester Express.

No comedian can make as laughable a face as is made by a small boy when he brings a jelly jar down from the closet shelf and discovers it to be full of ten-penny nails.

An Ithaca (N. Y.) poor-master went to a circus the other day and found five men, whose families were supported by the town, buying tickets for the show.

Mortgagee's Sale.

PURSUANT to and in execution of the power and authority contained in the Mortgage given by George H. Cutter and Abbie M. Cutter to George Stratton, dated October 7th, A. D. 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1182, Fol. 19, for breach of the condition of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, George H. Stratton, administrator of the estate of said George Stratton, deceased, will sell at public auction on the premises hereinafter described (being the premises described in said mortgage), on Monday the thirty-first day of June, A. D. 1879, at half past five o'clock in the afternoon, a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, and all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, situated in Lexington, in said County of Middlesex, on an avenue leading from Hancock street, called Hancock Avenue, bounded and measuring as follows:—Beginning on said avenue at a point about two hundred and twenty-two feet distant from said Hancock street, at a corner of land of Sargent C. Whittecher and George I. Stratton; thence running on said land of said Whittecher and Stratton, one hundred and fifty-six feet and six inches to land of Joseph Eaton; thence turning and running on said land of said Eaton, seventy-six feet to other land of said Whittecher and Stratton; thence turning and running on said last mentioned land one hundred and sixty-two feet and six inches to said Hancock Avenue; thence turning to the right and running on said Hancock Avenue, six inches to the point of beginning, being the same premises conveyed to said Abbie M. Cutter by the said Whittecher and Stratton, by their deed of even date with said mortgage. The equity of redemption in said premises is believed to be in the hands of said Abbie M. Cutter, deceased, and said George H. Stratton is believed to be interested in the same as tenant by the entirety.

Two hundred dollars will be required to be paid in cash at the time and place of sale.

GEORGE L. STRATTON, Administrator of the estate of George Stratton. A. E. SCOTT, Attorney. 1 Fenborton Square, Boston. June 2, 1879. 246

BY GEORGE M. ATWOOD, Government and General Auctioneer, Office 209 Washington St., Boston, Room 2. Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate, IN WOBURN.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Joseph McCarthy to Samuel Jenison, dated October 19, A. D. 1871, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1182, Fol. 25, and in the County of Middlesex, in said County of Middlesex, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, on Monday, the 30th day of June, A. D. 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the premises hereinafter described, to-wit: A certain lot of land situated in the Eastern part of said Woburn, on and near Railroad Street, and bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the Northern corner of the premises, at the widening of Railroad Street, the line runs Southeasterly by land now or formerly of Daniel Ayer, as the wall now stands, to a corner of the fence; thence Southeasterly by land of James Tweed and Nathaniel Wade, now or formerly as the fence stands to a corner of the fence; thence Northerly by land now or formerly of one Farrell, as the fence now stands, to the widening of Railroad Street; thence Northerly on Railroad Street to the point of beginning, containing a little short of eight acres, and the said more or less land described in said mortgage as the same property conveyed to said Joseph McCarthy by Augustus E. Bachelder, by deed dated July 20, 1868, and recorded with Middlesex S. D. Deeds, Lib. 1049, Fol. 489, to which deed and the deed therein mentioned, and the record thereof reference may be had. The premises are described as subject to a right of way over and across the same to lands now or formerly of Nathaniel Wade and James Tweed, and are now intersected by a road called Green Street, recently made over them.

One hundred dollars to be paid by purchaser at time and place of sale. Other terms and conditions made known then.

SAMUEL JENISON, Mortgagee. Boston, June 2, 1879. 238

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate PURSUANT to and in execution of the power and authority contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Ebenezer Reed and Lucy A. Reed, his wife, in her own right, to John Madan, dated December 1st, A. D. 1870, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Lib. 1142, Page 84, which said mortgage was assigned by Parker L. Converse, executor of the Will of John Madan, to Ellen F. Cooper, by deed of assignment dated April 27, 1874, and by Ellen F. Rand (formerly said Ellen F. Cooper), by deed of assignment dated September 16, 1878, both which said assignments are duly recorded, for breach of the condition of said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Monday, the seventh day of July, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: A certain lot of land situated on and near Chestnut street, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing five thousand nine hundred and ninety-five feet and six inches of said Chestnut street, and beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises, on said street, at a stake at land of George Flagg, the line runs westerly on and by said street, fifty feet to a stake; thence southerly by land of said Flagg, one hundred and twenty feet to a stake; thence easterly, still by land of said Flagg, fifty feet to a stake; thence northerly, still by land of said Flagg, one hundred and twenty feet, to the point of beginning. Said lot of land is the same conveyed to said Lucy A. Reed by George Flagg, by deed dated November 2, 1870, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1138, Page 420.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

ALFRED G. CARTER, Assignee and present holder of said Mortgage. J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney. Woburn, June 11, 1879. 261

FIRE WORKS, FLAGS AND LANTERNS, FOR JULY 4TH.

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VOL. XXIX.

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NO. 26.

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Why these sad complaints and rumors,
Rumors loud about delinquents,
Who have read the paper weekly,
Read what they have never paid for,
Heard with pleasure and with profit,
Read of church affairs and prospects,
Read of news both home and foreign,
Read the essays and the poems,
Read the table of the markets,
Carefully corrected weekly—
Should you ask me, Why this dunning?
We should answer, We shall tell you.

From the printer, from the mailer,
From the kind old paper maker,
From the landlord, from the "devil,"
From the man who takes letters
With a stamp of Uncle Samuel—
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him;
From them all there comes a message—
Message kind, but firmly spoken—
Please to pay the bill you owe us.

Sad it is to hear such message—
When our funds are all exhausted;
When our greenback thin has left us,
When the nickels all have vanished,
Gone to pay the paper maker,
Gone to pay the tolling printer,
Gone to pay the clerk and devil,
Gone to pay the faithful mailer,
Gone to pay old Uncle Samuel—
Gone to pay for beef and Bridget,
Gone to pay our faithful parson.

Sad it is to turn our ledger,
Turn the leaves of this old ledger,
Turn and see what sums are due us,
Due for volumes long since ended,
Due for years of pleasant reading,
Due for years of anxious labor,
Due despite our patient waiting,
Due despite our constant drumming,
Due in sums from one to twenty.
Would you lift a burden from us?
Would you drive a splinter from us?
Would you taste a pleasant slumber?
Would you have a quiet conscience?
Would you read a paper paid for?
Send us money—send us money!
Send us money—send us money!
Send the money that you owe us!

Selected Story.

AT MISS QUIGLEY'S.

"I think, girls, we ought to apologize,"
Joan Bramley said, as with her three com-
panions, she sat in the school-room Chris-
mas morning. "I was dreadfully imperi-
nent about the widow, though I'm sure I
had no idea what I was saying. And that
image was too bad."

"It was too funny for anything," laughed
Lou Taylor. "If I hadn't laughed when I
did, I know I should have gone off like a
torpedo!"

"But if we apologize," suggested Sue, "it
will look as if we wanted to get rid of our
impositions."

"I'm sure I do, for one," sighed Claire,
who was not the most brilliant scholar of
them all.

"We can do them first," said Joan, "and
then go—"

"In solemn procession," interrupted Sue;
"in sack-cloth and ashes. If we tie our
papers with crape it will add to the effect."

"I've a crape tie you may use," said Lou.
"But, seriously, I think Joan is right. I
am ashamed to think that Miss Quigley saw
that image."

"Well, then," said Sue, "let's work like
Trojans now."

While the four were busily at work over
the books, we may take the time to relate
the transgression for which they were thus
condemned to do tasks upon a holiday.
They were the only boarders remaining at
Miss Quigley's boarding-school through the
holidays. Their homes were in East
Machias, a town so far "down East" in
Maine that in winter there was no getting to
it without a voyage, besides which a trip to
the North pole was a trifle; so they were to
remain at school for the entire year. Lou
and Sue were sisters; Joan Bramley their
cousin, and Claire Thornton an old neighbor.

The day before Christmas Claire had said,
sadly enough, that this would be the first
Christmas of her life without a tree.

"Let's have one, then," said Sue, boldly.
"It is impossible!" said her sister.

"And what's impossible can't be,"
And never, never comes to pass."

"The great Napoleon," returned Sue,
"has the credit of remarking that impossi-
ble is the adjective of a very helpless sort
of people. Why shouldn't we have a tree?
Don't we know how to fix one?"

"If we had one to fix!"

"Oh, dear!" sighed Claire; "and there's
woods and woods of them over there."

"I'll tell you!" cried Sue, jumping up
and sending the contents of the work-basket
in all directions, "Tommy Twinx!"

"Tommy Twinx?"

"I wish, Sue," remarked Lou, with an
air of pathetic resignation, "that you
wouldn't box the compass so often with the
things in your basket. What has Tommy
Twinx to do with the tree?"

"We'll have him get it!"

"Good!" said Joan, grimly. "Miss
Quigley has never seen me speak to Tommy
Twinx but once, and to pay for it, I had to
add a perfect ocean of figures!"

"Remember," added Lou, "How awfully
shocked the Griffliness was when she heard
me say, 'There's millions in it!' 'Slang,
Miss Taylor!' she said. 'You may add the
same figures, and you will receive two de-
merits.'"

"I'll see to Tommy," said Sue, when they
had done laughing at her sister's imitation
of Miss Quigley. "But how will you get
the tree into the house?"

"Have him leave it under the window
behind the fence, and we'll pull it into the
room."

Of course, the girls were delighted with

the boldness of the plan, and entered into
it with all zest. Tommy Twinx was the son
of a widow who lived next door to the
school, and who did washing for the pupils.
Tommy's clothes, as Lou said, were "a
miracle of patches," but both they and he
were always clean and tidy. He was re-
garded as an ally of the girls, and did vari-
ous errands, which, although not very harm-
ful, were to be kept from the knowledge of
"The Griffliness," as Miss Quigley was
called.

And that brings us to Miss Quigley her-
self, who, as head of the school, certainly
deserves to be honored with some particular
notice. She was a tall, dried-up lady, with
erect figure, a nose like a hawk's beak, and
piercing, black eyes. Her thin hair was
brushed back from her face, and twisted
into a compact knob at the top of her head;
there was a tradition in the school that when
this was untwisted Miss Quigley's form lost
its erectness, her dignity fell away from her,
and there remained but a wreck of the
severe teacher. She moved with a spas-
modic, automatic motion, as if she was con-
trolled by machinery within, of which, it
may be surmised, her knob was the key.
She shook hands with a rapid, fiery jerk,
sweeping down upon a visitor with a side-
wise motion, not unlike the pounce of a
fish-hawk.

The worthy lady was much afflicted with
neuralgia, for the relief of which painful
diseases he had swallowed unheard of quan-
tities of anodyne liniment, until she seemed
to be quite soaked full of that odoriferous
compound, and all her garments, and her
every breath shed pungent fragrance on the
breeze.

"She will never die like other folks," Sue
said; "she will turn into congealed liniment,
something like spermaceti. A tree for the
healing of the nations will probably grow
out of her grave. Her breath grows
stronger as she grows weaker, and I don't
think death will ever be able to take it."

The lady had very strict notions of prop-
erty, and allowed her pupils very little
freedom. All their pocket-money she took
charge of; and, having been told that her
own ill-health was the result of too free
indulgence in sweets in her youth, she took
good care that the girls should escape a like
danger.

But, while we have thus digressed to tell
of Tommy Twinx and Miss Quigley, Sue
has concluded her arrangements with the
former, and has been promised the "best
little tree in McKeen woods."

The girls were busy all day, making gifts
or arranging for the festival.

"I say, Lou," Claire remarked, "if I put
on my crape tie for you, will you look as-
tonished, and pretend that it is new?"

"Of course; only don't rob yourself."

"Oh, I can't wear it," answered the other,
with the utmost candor. "It is too much
soiled."

"Large was her bounty, and her soul
sincere," returned Lou, who was forever
quoting something.

"Girls," said Joan, in her solemn voice,
which meant that something important was
coming. "Let's ask Slavey."

"What?"

"Invite Slavey."

"The Griffliness would tear her limb from
limb if she found it out," said Lou, "and
probably devour her with liniment-sauce af-
terward."

"But she won't find it out," urged Joan.
"It is Christmas, and Patty won't have any
good time if we don't invite her."

Slavey was a tiny maid-of-all-work, with
large eyes, apparently strained open by the
extremely tight braiding of her hair; she
moved about with a frightened air, every
step an apology for her presuming to walk
at all.

"Well, ask Slavey, then," Sue said, "and
all save your cookies from supper. They'll
help make a show. If the Griffliness did not
count them we might have more."

"We must stop abusing old Quig," said
her sister, thoughtfully. "It would trouble
mamma."

"Blessed little mother!" sighed Sue.
"She'd never say harm of a mosquito, and
that I take to be the pinnacle of human
meekness."

"So the girls chatted, and the day wore on.
Supper

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL.—The examinations at the High School took place on Monday. There were five recitations by each of the teachers, and at the close a musical and rhetorical exercise in the School Hall. Wednesday afternoon the graduating exercises took place. Lyceum Hall was beautifully decorated. An evergreen arch supported by evergreen columns and stayed by floral lines appeared in the front, while the edge of the platform and the screens were adorned with ferns and blossoms. At the back of the stage were the figures "75" and "79," and the class motto "Palman qui meruit, ferat" (Let him who has won it, bear the palm). On one side of the stage on a table was placed a floral violin, in memory of Herbert L. Moody, a member of the class who died the previous year. The hall was usually crowded. The exercises began promptly at two and were as follows:—

Anthem, "Worship and Praise be to God on High"; Essay, Work vs. Luck (with Salutatory); Miss Sweetser; Essay, Using the Eyes, Miss Gould; Song, Forever and For Aye, Miss Whittemore; Original Declaration, Hamilton and Jefferson, Master Ward; Essay, The Discipline of Difficulties, Miss Gage; Chorus, "Here in the Cool Gro and Mossy Cell"; Discussion, The Comparative merits of Tennyson and Longfellow, Misses Bosworth, Davis, Stevens and Carter; Original Declaration, Gradation, Master French; Song, Blossoms, Miss Richardson; Essay, What's in a Word? Miss Crosby; Reading of an Original Paper on the subject of Practical Education, Master Parks; Discussion of the Paper, Masters Converse, Mills, Pierce and Perham; Piano Solo, Wedding March, Miss Lang; Essay, Excellence, Miss Jones; Original Declaration, The Fall of the Roman Commonwealth, Master Perkins; Chorus, "Mark the Merry Elves"; Chronicles, Miss Sherburne; Prophecies, Master Wheeler; Quartette, Dreams of Home, Misses Richardson and Lang, Masters French and Pomfret; Original Declaration, Personality in European Politics, Master Cummings; Presentation of Diplomas; Chorus, "Our Ours with Feathered Spray"; Valedictory, Palman qui meruit, ferat, Master Lounsbury; Class Song, selected.

We give below the "Prophecies" of Master Wheeler, which created much amusement:—

Behold this band of pilgrims. They have come to where their paths may needs diverge. Some in pursuit of knowledge choose to travel over thorns and rocks, but less perhaps besides. Others—by no means the majority—prefer to frisk down grassy slopes accompanied by cats and dogs. Wisdom urged but the other day to choose a prophet by all means, and with good reason, for neither they nor wisdom being fatalists, it was clearly shown that if their prophet should foretell disastrous things, they might with trembling change their action for a better end. Soon then they choose me, as attended at the thought. How's this, Jerry. I trace my ancestry back to one named Adam, whose wife was Eve, as some may now, diverge. Some in pursuit of knowledge choose to travel over thorns and rocks, but less perhaps besides. Others—by no means the majority—prefer to frisk down grassy slopes accompanied by cats and dogs. Wisdom urged but the other day to choose a prophet by all means, and with good reason, for neither they nor wisdom being fatalists, it was clearly shown that if their prophet should foretell disastrous things, they might with trembling change their action for a better end. Soon then they choose me, as attended at the thought. How's this, Jerry. I trace my ancestry back to one named Adam, whose wife was Eve, as some may now, diverge.

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as a sculptress. Her first work was to chisel in enduring marble, the heads of her six classmates who were with her in the Greek class. She gave them to be placed in the High School hall. It is a truth that is fast becoming historic, that the scholastic radiance which lights up the faces of the immortal six from the prominent position given them in the hall, has been of immense influence towards furnishing inspiration to the pupils of the school, to emulate their virtues and attain to their profundity of erudition. Thus in successive dreams the future appeared to your prophet. But each time, when disturbed by harsh reproach, or striking clock, or wilful appetite at the hour when men and beasts most frequently do lie, "he saw 'twas all a dream and he is glad of it. All are yet with us, and all have the full knowledge that the memory of life is eternal and what makes it; and forever joyous will they be who make it blessed.

Hon. J. G. Pollard, Chairman of the School Committee, being absent from town, Charles D. Adams, Esq., Secretary of the Committee, presented the diplomas to the following graduates:—Full course, Hattie Bosworth, Clara Ina Carter, Annie Etta Crosby, Lillian Marie Davis, Carrie Elizabeth Gage, Nellie Grace Gould, Fannie Sherwood Jones, Alice Josephine Lang, Anna Frances Richardson, Emma Jane Sherburne, Edie Caroline Sweetser; College Department, Edward Cummings, Edward Haskell Lounsbury, George Herbert Perkins, Winfield Scott Ward. Three years' course, Clara Trelbert Stevens, Alonso Lawrence Perham; College Department, Albert Franklin Converse, Enoch Winfield Emerson, Herbert Elmer Mills, Charles Wellman Parks, Sumner Young Pierce, Edward Francis Wheeler, Marcia Grace Whittemore.

METHODIST S. S. ANNIVERSARY.—The 28th anniversary of the M. E. Sunday School was held Sunday evening. The school was decorated with evergreens and flowers, hanging baskets, and bird cages with feathered songsters. The mottoes "The Lord has been mindful of us," and "1851-1879," were conspicuously displayed. A chorus of children directed by Mr. C. W. Nute, occupied the choir. The exercises opened with a voluntary by Miss Ella Nute. The children sang "Hail the day of Jubilee." Responsive Scripture reading by the Superintendent, Mr. Thomas Wilson, and the children, followed. Rev. Franklin Keyes offered the opening prayer. The children sang "We will rally to the standard." Little Hubert Grey recited "Christ and the Little Ones," and Blanche Grey told "The Sweet Story." A floral exercise by eight young ladies was given with very fine effect. As each repeated an appropriate selection, she handed a bouquet to the Superintendent who inserted it in an evergreen. The next recitation was "The Child's Creed," by Genie Fish. Claude Burdick recited the temperance alphabet. Singing "We shall meet again," by the school. Marian Grey recited the story of the "Two Siblings," and Birdie Grey sang "Wildfowl were." Miss Addie E. Mason sang "Angels ever bright and fair." Annie E. Wheeler recited the "Evil Tempter," the effect of which was heightened by the singing of an invisible trio. Emma Stewart next gave a recitation. Singing "Give cheerfully give" was sung by the school, and followed by a collection. Rev. W. C. High, of Somerville, then delivered an address. Referring to the dates 1851 and 1879, he spoke of the great changes of that period of time, and thought the present a good time to take account of stock, and see what has been accomplished by superintendent and teachers. A teacher he said should have three things:—1st, good common sense; 2d, love and interest in the work; 3d, piety. The end of Sunday School teaching is to teach the truth as it is in Jesus. Referring to the ease with which children pass out of the influence of the school he urged the teachers to greater efforts to retain their hold on the pupils. If the teacher really loves his work and loves his scholars, he cannot conceal it, and his hold on them will be strong. The example of the love for their church manifested by Catholics was instanced, and the same loyalty urged on the school. The valedictory was spoken by Louis Staples. "We shall meet by and bye" was sung, and the benediction closed the services.

THE RAILROAD STORE.—This well-known grocery has again changed hands, Mr. George H. Biddle, of Dover, N. H., becoming the proprietor. We find in the Dover Democrat the following notice of the new owner:—George H. Biddle of the Boston Branch has projected or annexed another Branch, this one reaching to Woburn, Mass. He has purchased outright a first-class grocery store, having a front of 100 feet, and 80,000 last year. Mr. Biddle will keep but of his stores running here, and send one of his trusty clerks to chiefly manage the one in Woburn. We are glad to know that the store has been so well chosen, and we believe to be meritorious and deserving. We believe the people of Woburn will find Mr. Biddle to be a thorough, go-ahead, sound business man, and as such we commend him to their good will and patronage.

ALBERT G. HILLS.—We regret to record the death of this well-known reporter, who for many years contributed to the pleasure of the readers of the Boston Journal by the products of his pen. He was well-known in Woburn, being frequently assigned to duty here on public occasions. He was present at the Grand Army Camp Fire, and visited town in search of facts in relation to Fannie McConlogue. Mr. Hills had a large circle of acquaintances, and had a happy faculty of retaining friends. With one exception he was the oldest reporter on the Boston press. His death was caused by Bright's disease. He was in his fifty-fifth year.

ALARM OF FIRE.—About half-past three Wednesday morning, the Winchester gong blew an alarm. Subsequently Shaw's whistle took it up, and the Woburn gong then blew District Five. The Department went to Pond Street, and finding that the fire was in Winchester, were ordered by the Chief to put up.

RECEPTION.—The graduating class of the High School were given a reception Wednesday evening, at the house of Deacon G. H. Gage, on Montvale Avenue, in honor of his daughter, who was a member of the class.

THE MASS. PRESS ASSOCIATION. started on their annual excursion Tuesday morning. The Journal is represented by Fred F. Green.

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Massachusetts Press Excursion.

Written for the Journal.

On Tuesday morning quite a large number of Massachusetts intellectual people met at the Fitchburg depot, Boston, and embarked for a trip to Saratoga, Howe's Cave, Saratoga, Leigh Valley, Mauch Chunk, Mt. Pisgah, and Delaware Water Gap. The cars in which they left Boston were new, just out of the workshop, and were furnished by Gen. Burt, of the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel and Western Railway. They were very nicely upholstered, the painting was quite fine, and very easy riding. For the first few miles out, we saw towns of large size, containing many very pretty residences; but on we sped, as though we were going by electricity. An object would come in view that we wished to look at for a time, but in an instant it was lost to our view. The scenery was magnificent. The trees, the mountains, the valleys, the rivers and the villages all seemed to bring tidings of peace and happiness. The air was fragrant with wild flowers, new-mown hay and pine trees. The towns seemed to be quite lively. Work must be good, we think, for we saw but few who were idle. Men were farming, while their wives were busily engaged in picking potato bugs off the vines, and thus saving these relishable vegetables from the destruction of this ravenous bug. The train sped on and on; we were now fast approaching the Hoosac Tunnel, and all were anxious when we came in sight of this grand piece of mechanism. The tunnel, next to Mount Ceniz Tunnel, is the largest in the world. Those who wish to comprehend the structure, as well as the great rapidity with which the train goes, would do well to get on the rear platform. Though fully warned of the disagreeableness of so doing, owing to the dense smoke and cinders which are flying, yet the writer was fortunate to obtain the opportunity of being on that platform. There were quite a number of others who were also eager to obtain the best of opportunity of seeing this underground route. It is practicable to those only who have a strong will and a steady head. It is a peculiar sensation which comes over one, as he looks back upon the fast-disappearing pleasant world, which is for a few seconds framed in by the arch of the tunnel, growing smaller and smaller, fainter and fainter, till it is entirely lost to view, and then you begin to realize that you are being carried through the heart of the Berkshire Hills. Around you, utter darkness prevails, darker even than the most stormy night that was ever seen. The light of the car lamps only goes to make the scene more gloomy and profound. The quick flash of the tunnel lights, which mark the distances, is gone almost before you are aware that you have reached them, and have apparently become mere gleams of light in far-off distance. It brings to mind, while we are so pleasantly riding through the tunnel, that what if the hill above should cave in; or that a railroad accident should occur; but our thoughts on the latter are only a mere bit of foolishness, for when we find out that the double tracks are perfectly straight, and that there is not a switch in the whole tunnel, there is no need of having a fit of the horrors. An accident under such circumstances is entirely out of the question.

As the train emerges from the western end of the Tunnel, we enter into one of the finest sections of our State, which is North Adams. The most popular hotel here is the Wilson House. At Eagle Bridge we crossed over to the route which is known as the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel and Western Railway. Gen. W. L. Burt, of Boston, is President and Manager. This is the road that has been so much talked about in the papers, but when it is entirely finished, it will be one of the finest, and the most excellent scenery may be observed from its handsome and commodious cars. We arrived at Saratoga at the point of destination for the first day, at four o'clock, which was one half hour late; but we were fully re-vised from our weariness by the thoughts of the large bottle of "Vegetine" that the gentleman from Albany had given to each of the party, and which we had taken about us for the first day, at four o'clock, which was one half hour late; but we were fully re-vised from our weariness by the thoughts of the large bottle of "Vegetine" that the gentleman from Albany had given to each of the party, and which we had taken about us for the first day, at four o'clock, which was one half hour late; but we were fully re-vised from our weariness by the thoughts of the large bottle of "Vegetine" that the gentleman from Albany had given to each of the party, and which we had taken about us for the first day, at four o'clock, which was one half hour late; but we were fully re-vised from our weariness by the thoughts of the large bottle of "Vegetine" that the gentleman from Albany had given to each of the party, and which we had taken about us for the first day, at four o'clock, which was one half hour late; 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Continued from first page.

Poor Joan was too anxious about Patty's feet to have any clear idea of what she was saying.

"You are very impatient," began Miss Quigley; but she caught sight of the figure of herself, which none of them had remembered to pull over. "What!" she exclaimed. "A figure of me! With a bottle too! I thought you better bred. And it does not look like me. I never should know who it was ment for."

This was too much. She could contain herself no longer. She burst into a perfect shout of laughter, in which the others joined all save Patty, who was as frightened as a mouse in a trap.

"Miss Taylor," demanded the indignant mistress, advancing, with a great crushing of peanuts under her feet, "what does this mean. What is that on your face?"

"But Sue could do nothing but laugh and laugh and laugh, and Miss Quigley, whose knob, after all, may have been rather loose twisted that night, couldn't help laughing too, at the fair face all streaked with black from the mustaches and surrounded by a tangle of golden hair. Miss Quigley hastened to preserve her dignity by a precipitate retreat.

"Young ladies," she said, in her grandest manner, "you will bring a translation of the first fifty lines of the second book of the *Enéid* to-morrow."

Without another word she left them to put the room to rights, send Patty trembling to her attic, and get to bed themselves.

As all were young and healthy, and very tired beside, I do not know that they slept any less soundly than usual, but they awoke with somewhat troubled minds that Christmas morning.

"It is not the getting into scrapes, but the getting out," Sue remarked, dolefully, as she paused in her boot-lacing to crack and eat a stray peanut; and they all agreed with her.

However, as we saw at the beginning of this story, if the reader is kind enough to remember, they concluded to make the best of things, and honestly to acknowledge their fault.

Before their dinner the tasks were all completed, even to Claire's, and delivered to Miss Quigley with what Sue called "truly edifying penitence."

Miss Quigley smiled benignly at their contrition.

"I am sure, my dear young ladies," she said, "I am happy that you are willing to own your fault. I am not so hard-hearted but that you might have had your fun for the asking; but never mind that now. I thought you would be lonely, and I had asked Deacon Woodard to take you down to Bath in his chaise this afternoon. I am very glad you have done your tasks so that you can go."

"Girls!" cried Lou, as soon as they were out of "the presence," "isn't my hair all burned off? Such coals of fire! And after that image, too!"

I leave it to your imagination to paint their ride: but be sure they had a glorious time, and all fell in love with Deacon Woodard, who might have been grandfather to any of them. And that night, when they went up stairs to bed, Sue burst out with:

"The blessed old Quigley! If her breath is as strong as a monsoon, her heart isn't so bad, after all. She is terribly hard on the candy question; but that's only natural, perhaps. Catch me ever calling her a Griffling again!"

And so said they all.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.—The Malden *Mirror* thus accounts for the crooked channel of the Saugus River:—"Once upon a time an Indian suddenly came upon a gigantic serpent, with crested head, coiled up on the ground. Seizing a club, this son of the forest showered vigorous blows upon the serpent, which rapidly uncoiled, and commenced gliding away in a sinuous course peculiar to serpents, and in so doing wore a groove in the earth. The rain came and filled the basin which had been worn by the unfolding of the serpent coils, in what is now known as Lake Quannapowitt, in Wakefield, and flowed into the sinuous track of the serpent, now the Saugus river."

KEEP QUIET.—The Clinton *Courant* tells of a dog that was so severely bitten in the side that the vital organs were exposed. If any man had been so wounded he would probably have called all the doctors in town, worried himself into a fever, and then die; on the contrary, the dog took good care of himself, kept quiet (mentally) and has come out of the dilemma as good as new.

AN AUTHORITY ON PEDESTRIANISM truly says:—

"There is still one more lesson which every pedestrian should write on the walls of his bedroom, in letters of living light. Long-distance travelling requires combined strength and endurance. This strength and endurance come from food, not stimulant. Beef can outwalk whiskey, and mutton can distance champagne. To sum it all up in one golden sentence: Alcohol is not food."

A strict and sleepless watch is being kept on the fruit growing in this district. The urchins of the place have formed themselves into a committee of observation—a committee of the whole, with leave for any member to report when anything particularly good attracts his attention. At the proper time squads will be detailed to gather the fruit, without expense to the owners.—*Bunker Hill Times*.

"I practiced baby-farming," says Buttercup; and now the daily papers are calling attention to the extent of baby-farming in Boston, and the depravity it has developed. It appears that "mixing them up" is so very mild in its nature compared with other practices, that it can hardly be called a crime.

A printer doesn't rush off to the doctor every time he is out of "sorts."

How to get up a Spring meeting—put two fat men in a light buggy.

"Hay-rack, Beeswax and A-bad-negro" is the way a naughty scholar puts it.

Hard pressed—Cheese.

Striking objects—Clocks.

AROUND THE WORLD.

The following letter is taken from *Munson's Phonographic News* for June, and is a continuation of the interesting series of letters to that publication by Mr. De Buys. We have already published one of the series, and this one will be found fully as entertaining.

It is only 18 miles from Yokohama to the capital of Japan, the imperial city of Tokio, or Yedo, as it was formerly called. A railroad built by English engineers connects the two cities. I notice on the locomotive with his hand on the lever, a burly, stolid faced individual, who looks about five times as big as his short nervous assistants, and who evidently belongs to John Bull's ubiquitous family. The other employees are natives, but wear the European dress—white duck or blue flannel uniforms. Half a dozen foreigners seem to have undisputed possession of the first and second class carriages. The great current of travel crowds into the third-class cars, at the windows of which one sees a compact mass of native faces one above the other, the owners thereof sitting, squatting, standing, occupying all available room. As our train goes gliding over the perfectly smooth roadway, I cannot but be impressed again by the peculiar character and charm of Japanese landscape. What a contrast between this green and garden-like country, and the immense burnt-up wastes of our Pacific coast, where we were travelling a month or two ago! During one of our stoppages, my attention is called to a man cutting some kind of grass with a pair of shears such as are used in our country to clear wood. In California we had seen "headers" or mowing-machines drawn by 12 horses, at work in fields thousands of acres in extent.

Less than an hour's trip brings us to the station at Tokio. "*Seiyokien*," we cry out to a couple of those useful ginriksha-men, who combine in this country the duties of horse and driver. They grin from ear to ear, bow to the ground, and without a word more get into harness and whirl us through the streets of the capital to the hotel which we had named. It is a very comfortable establishment—the "*Delmonico*" of Tokio—kept by Japanese, but provided with a civilized cook and positive tables, chairs, beds, etc., as any European hotel. The bill of fare is printed on one side in Japanese, on the other in French. It is highly amusing to notice with what relish some of the Japanese who frequent the place take to French cookery and claret.

We are again in ginrikshas, roaming through the immense city. Our "steeds" have received instructions from the hotel clerk before starting and know where to go. When, however, we wish to turn in some particular direction, we poke them in the back with our umbrellas, and point. This proceeding seems to afford them unmixed delight. From a high terrace, on top of which stand a temple and a tea house (inseparable institutions in this country), we obtain a good view of the city. It lies in a great plain, and covers a vast extent. In the middle, on extensive grounds surrounded by a double moat, where the Shogun's castle rose formerly, the Mikado has his residence. Inside of the first moat, or immediately adjoining it, we notice a number of large barracks-like buildings—the former yashikis of the daimios or nobles, where they dwelt with their retinues, when paying homage to their feudal lord, the Shogun. Here and there a mass of foliage indicates a park or a temple; hardly anything else rises above the uniform level of the agglomeration of countless small dwellings which compose the city and spread over an area 9 miles long and 8 miles wide. There 800,000 people work, laugh, and live in perfect content, if we are to trust appearances—all but the daimios, whom the last revolution has dispossessed.

The houses are nearly all of wood and present the same diminutive and flimsy character as our tea house at Kanasawa. I now begin to understand the telegrams which occasionally appear in the newspapers:—"Great fire in Japan; immense destruction of property; several thousand houses burned down; loss, two or three thousand dollars." At intervals, especially in the commercial streets, one sees another class of buildings, covered over with a thick, black fire proof mortar or cement. To these a general transportation of valuables takes place, on the breaking out of a fire, the oxygen inside being exhausted by placing in the interior lighted candles, and hermetically closing the whole establishment. On the Tori, the Broadway of Tokio, the government has erected recently a more substantial style of two-story brick buildings. We go through miles and miles of streets of the same general appearance; on either side, in the open shops and houses, the people are playing, in the public view, the thousand avocations and trades that make up the life of a large city. As soon as we stop, a crowd gathers curiously but good-naturedly around us; we are evidently quite as great a "show" to them as they are to us.

We had met, by the greatest good fortune, a Japanese acquaintance who had crossed the Pacific with us, and who kindly accompanied us during a portion of our rambles. Now we had to part, and we were left again alone with our four ginriksha-men, for we had double teams. We steered them, however, very successfully with canes, which we had bought for that very purpose, and we had all confidence in them. On coming to a halt, however, after a long ride, their behavior assumed puzzling characteristics. They insisted on bringing us up a little lane to see something or other. We were, by this time, quite tired and signified in the best way we could that we did not care to go. They became more urgent; we placed our hands on our eyes to indicate that we did not want to see anything. They still insisted and then began a singular pantomime. Pointing to a little pool near by, one of them drew his hand rapidly across his neck as if to cut off his head, and followed this motion with a gesture as if to throw what he had cut into the pool. This was not re-assuring; we started to enter our ginrikshas. But no; they almost detained us by force, holding on to the lapels of our coats and exhibiting unaccountable pertinacity. Then the pantomime began again; this time all of them at once imitated the process of ripping open their abdomens according to the national custom of harikiri. This was becoming decidedly alarming; we

felt a growing regret at having left our revolvers at the hotel. True they were laughing all the while, but we had heard before of transactions very pleasing to one side, but not quite so to the other. We computed mentally the chances of a contest: we were two strangers in the midst of a strange people. A little tea-house stood close by; there we retreated, and sat down, not that we experienced any weakness in the knees, but to think the matter over. I could not but make some bitter remarks as to the imperfect teaching of foreign languages in our schools: here I was, a N. Y. reporter, quite unable to say to these good fellows that I regretted exceedingly if I had poked them too hard with my cane, and that I never intended to do them harm. We exchanged, my friend and I, a variety of unsatisfactory conjectures and finally turned to a book on Japan which we had with us, to see if we could find any mention of a similar phenomenon. "The 47 Rounsins." Rounsins? Why, that was the word our men had kept repeating this half hour. What was it? Who were these Rounsins? Was it an association of banditti? Were our men Rounsins? My friend read the article—I used to consider myself a pretty fast writer, but, strictly in confidence, I don't think I could have taken down a tenth part of what he read—so fast did he rattle on: I give it to my deliberate opinion that he must have gone on at the rate of at least three thousand words a minute. But, when the reading was ended, the mystery was cleared. We did not throw up our hats, did not make any demonstration of relief and joy. We looked gravely into each other's faces, finished quietly our tea, and then followed slowly our exultant ginriksha-men to the burial place of the 47 Rounsins, for there it was that they wanted to lead us. I suppose all the readers of the "*Nues*" know the story of the 47 Rounsins. Should there be, however, some "*Munsonians*"—say, for instance, way up in some remote canyon of the Rocky Mountains—who have never heard of the 47 Rounsins, I will tell them that in the 17th century a certain daimio (or nobleman) in a fit of righteous indignation drew his sword and wounded a courtier of the shogun, who had insulted him. For this he was sentenced to commit harikiri, which he did with stern courage, trusting to his followers to avenge his death. He was buried in the cemetery of Sengakuji. Of his 300 Rounsins or followers, only 53 agreed to the proposition of Korusnoske, the secretary of the dead master, that they should kill the man who had insulted their lord and caused his death. They dispersed themselves over the country to avoid suspicion, and throw their enemy off his guard. Korusnoske even simulated habitual drunkenness, being found repeatedly in ditches and other preposterous places, on one of which occasions a man of the people spat upon him in disgust at his forsaking his master's cause. But the hour had come. A year had elapsed since their lord's death. Korusnoske came to Yedo and met 46 of his comrades—the other six having died in the meantime. On a dark night they attack the house of their enemy, overpower his bewitched retainers, cut off the head of the murderer of their lord, and bear the gory trophy to Sengakuji, where they wash it in the pool or well, and place it upon their avenged master's tomb. After praying here for some time, they send back the head to the son of its former owner, and wait quietly in the temple adjoining the cemetery, while three of their number inform the government of what has been done. They are apprehended, surrendering without resistance. At the trial none tried to exculpate himself; each gloried in the deed with solemn firmness. They were condemned to death, but in consideration of the nature of their offence they were allowed to die the death of honor, by performing harikiri. They all ripped themselves up without complaining. They were buried in the Sengakuji cemetery, near the master whose memory they had so well cherished. 47 upright stones in a small enclosure shaded by tall trees, indicate their resting place; there is a 48th tomb, covered with a wooden paling; it is that of the man who had spit upon Korusnoske, and who afterwards committed harikiri before the tomb, to atone for his insult to the hero and in admiration of his valor and loyalty. There is no more familiar history to the Japanese household than that of the 47 Rounsins, there are no more popular heroes than they, and to this day their tombs are always adorned with flowers. We lingered long in the sacred place—all the longer, perhaps, on account of the shade—and after depositing an enormous bunch of flowers on Korusnoske's own tomb, which produced a decided impression on the crowd that had followed us, we departed amidst the most enthusiastic manifestations of friendship and good-will, every one bowing low and repeating some unintelligible words of farewell, as we entered our ginrikshas and drove off.

One of Hudson's most stalwart citizens, distinguished like a Dutch galliot, for breadth of beam and depth of hold, stepped into the restaurant in the Fitchburg depot at Boston, one afternoon last week, to obtain a slight refreshment. As he came out he met another Hudsonite, who stopped and spoke to him, he in the meantime leaning against the restaurant counter on the outside. Just then the proprietor reached across the counter and tapping him on the shoulder, said, "Young man, you're hiding about two hundred dollars worth of goods." Not quite understanding the purport of the remark, and somewhat astonished withal he said, "What?" To which replied the vendor of edibles "You're hiding about two hundred dollars worth of goods." Considering there was not a soul in sight from which to hide them, and that the place where he stood was freely concluded he must have great hiding capacity. He said he knew he was pretty broad shouldered, both above and below the belt, but had no idea he could hide two hundred dollars worth of pea-nuts.—*Marlboro Times*.

MIND THE SWITCH.—According to the last monthly report of train accidents on the railroads of the United States, misplaced switches caused about four times as many of them as did any thing else. This fact alone should prove a solemn warning to railroad employees everywhere.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

All persons interested, take notice.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Jacob C. Whitaker, of Woburn, Mass., to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation established within and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and having its usual place of business in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Mass., libro 1191, folio 79, recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds, for the County of Middlesex, Mass., libro 1191, folio 79, to be sold at public auction on the premises, on Wednesday, the sixteenth day of July, 1879, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely—a certain lot of land near the center of village of and in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake at the junction of Mount Pleasant and Prospect streets, thence the line runs northerly, on and by said Prospect street, sixteen feet to a stake, and a half feet to a stake, at land of J. B. McDonald; thence easterly by land of said McDonald, twenty-six feet to a stake, at land now or formerly of Lake Fowle, deceased; thence a little east of south, by land last named, two hundred and sixty-eight feet to a stake, at land formerly of said Whitaker, deceased; thence westerly by land last named, three hundred ninety-two and seven-tenths feet to a stake; thence northeasterly, still by land last named, one hundred and fifty feet to a stake, at said Mount Pleasant street; thence southerly, along said Mount Pleasant street, to the center of said street, one hundred and thirty feet to the point of beginning. Said premises will be sold subject to the following reservations contained in said mortgage deed, viz:—The right of S. O. Pollard, et al., and their heirs and assigns, the right forever to pass and repass over, and use for all proper purposes of a street or pass way, a strip of land, forty feet wide, along the northerly and easterly sides of the premises, with the right to grade and repair the same, and the uninterrupted right of way through the said premises, either as the brook now runs or in some other place equally convenient, that said Whitaker may elect for the purpose of carrying away the waste water from the laundry of said S. O. Pollard, et al., situated on Eastern Avenue in said Woburn.

\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, Mortgagee, and present holder of said mortgage, By James N. Dow, Treasurer, Woburn, Mass., June 21, 1879. 279

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

All persons interested, take notice.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Patrick McMurray, of Woburn, Mass., to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation established within and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and having its usual place of business in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Mass., libro 1242, folio 425, to be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Wednesday, the sixteenth day of July, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely—a certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the southerly part of said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake, at the northwesterly corner of the premises, from thence southerly, along said street, with a private street, one hundred feet to a stake; thence north of east by land of Joseph Buck, Jr., ninety-five feet to a stake, at land of Andrew Conway, eighty feet to a stake, at land of Thomas Richardson, and thence southerly, along said street, to the point of beginning. Said lot contains eight thousand six hundred and eleven square feet. Said lot of land is the same described in a certain deed of Thomas Richardson to Susan McMurray, dated April 27, A. D., 1871.

\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, Mortgagee, and present holder of said mortgage, By James N. Dow, Treasurer, Woburn, Mass., June 21, 1879. 279

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

Persons interested, take notice.

PURSUANT to and in execution of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Ebenezer Reed and Lucy A. Reed, his wife, in her own right, to John Madan, dated December 1st, A. D., 1870, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1142, Page 84, which said mortgage was assigned by Parker L. Carter, executor of the Will of John Madan, deceased, to J. Cooper, by deed of assignment dated April 27, 1874, and Ellen B. Reed (formerly said John Cooper), assigned to Alfred C. Carter, by deed of assignment dated September 16, 1878, both which assignments are duly recorded for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Monday, the seventh day of July, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing, situated on the southerly side of Chestnut Street in the County of Middlesex, containing five thousand nine hundred and ninety-five square feet, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises, on said street, and running southerly, along said street, fifty feet to a stake; thence southerly by land of said Flagg, one hundred and twenty feet to a stake; thence easterly, still by land of said Flagg, fifty feet to a stake; thence northerly, still by land of said Flagg, one hundred and twenty feet, to the point of beginning. Said lot of land is the same conveyed to said Lucy A. Reed by George Flagg, by deed dated November 3, 1870, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1188, Page 49.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

ALFRED C. CARTER, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage, J. W. JOHNSON, Attorney, Woburn, June 11, 1879. 261

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of Kin, Creditors, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of Walter Fowle, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, Intestate: WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Oliver B. Fowle, of Stoneham, in the County of Middlesex; and you are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of July next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same. And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three consecutive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn Journal, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

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PEARLINE

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and the only one that abolishes toil and drudgery without injuring the finest fabric. No family should be without it. The saving of Labor, Time, and Soap, will prove astonishing.

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Woburn.

1851. 1879.

THE

Woburn

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of Thomas R. Andros, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court for Probate, by Martha Andros, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of June instant, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three consecutive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn Journal, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

J. M. TYLER, Register.

Coal, Wood & Lumber

WILLIAM N. ARNOLD,

Dealer in all kinds of

LUMBER,

WINCHESTER, MASS.

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